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HEART OF AMERICA READERS



A FIFTH READER

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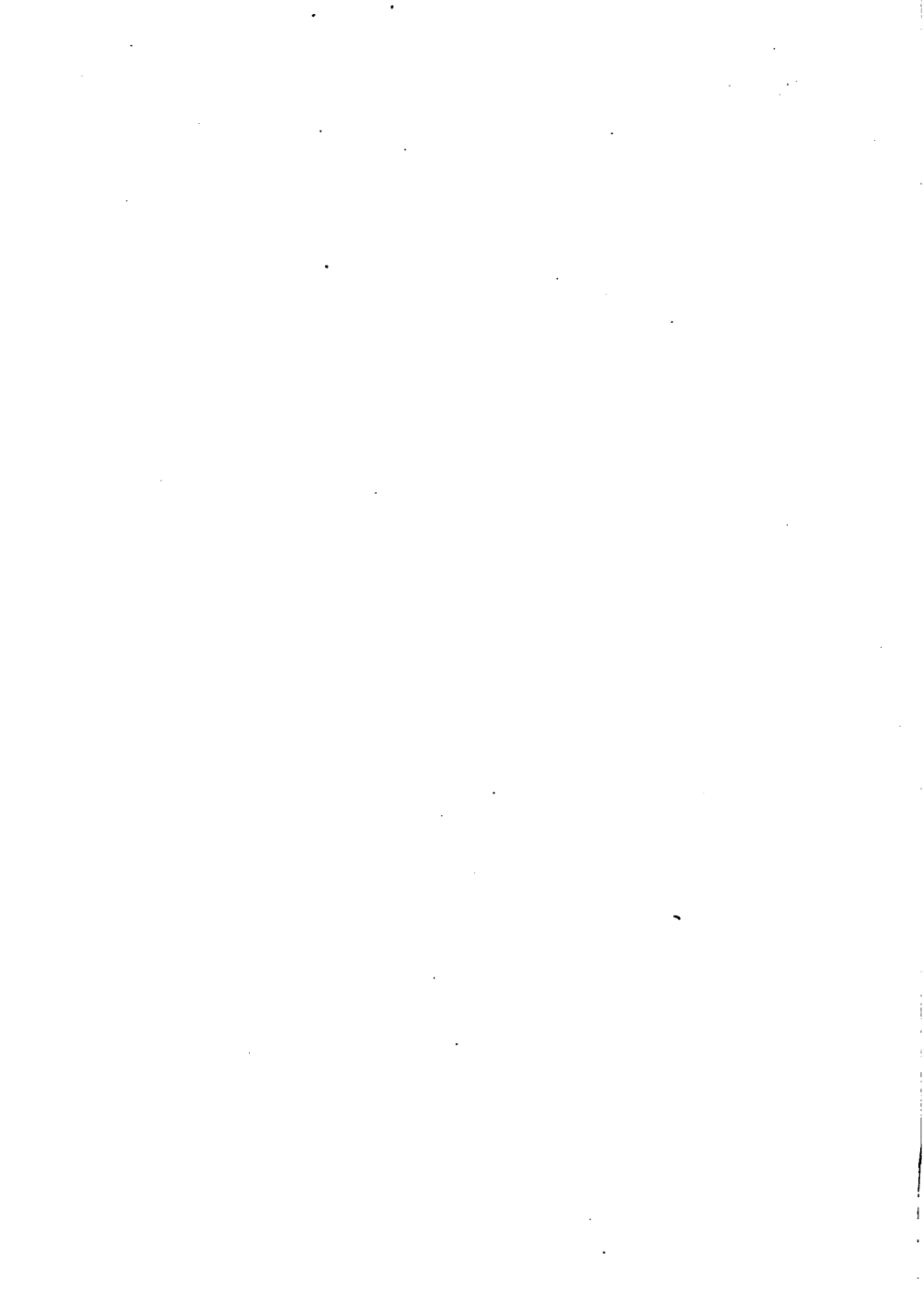
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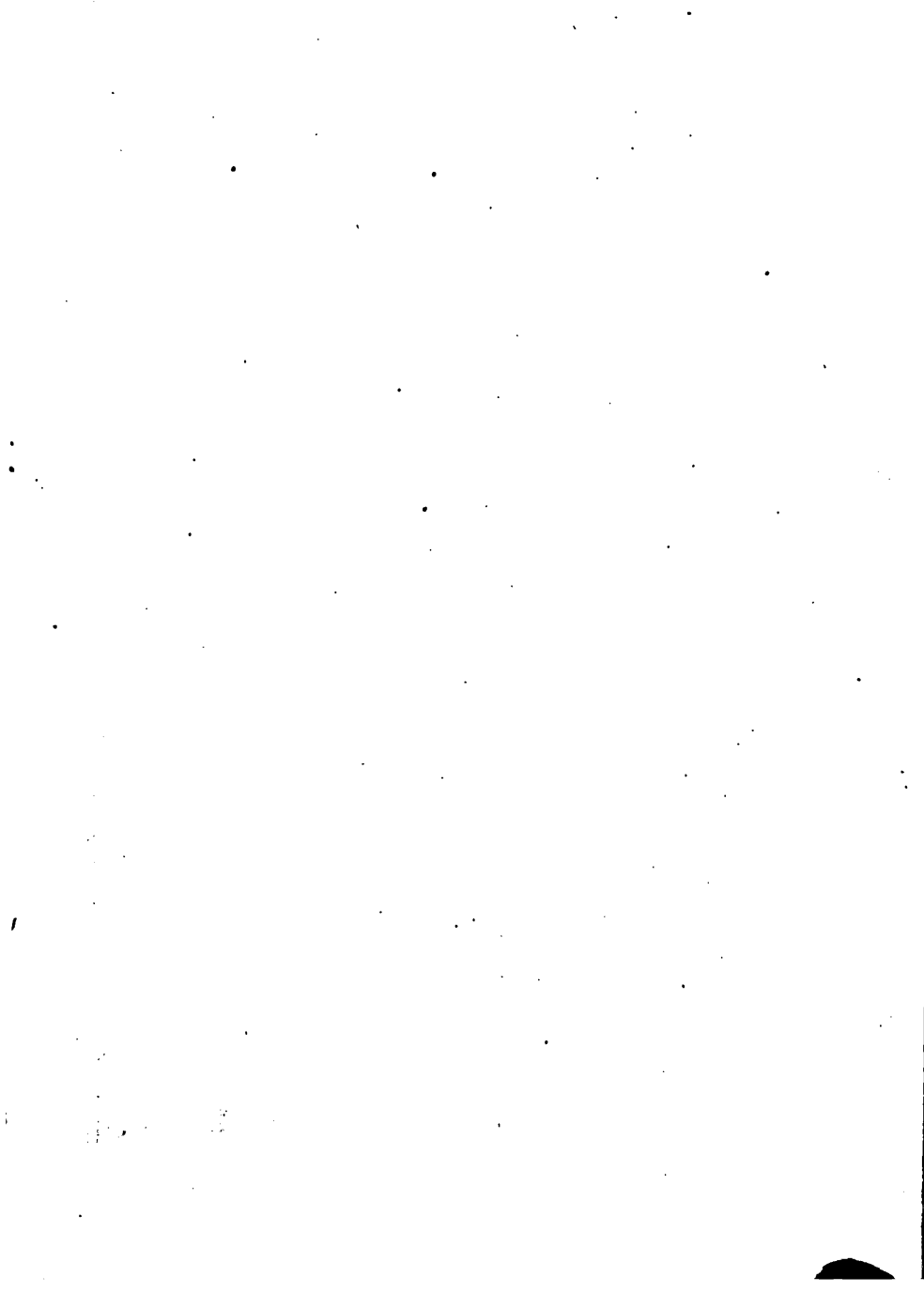
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HEART OF AMERICA READERS

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, LITERARY EDITOR

A FIFTH READER

BY

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

WILL D. HOWE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY

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PRINCIPAL, EVERETT SCHOOL, BOSTON



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THE HEART OF AMERICA

A FOREWORD

The Heart of America is your heart and my heart. Our country, great and powerful as it is among the nations, depends for the continuance of its greatness and power upon the renewal in the hearts of the youth of to-day and to-morrow of those impulses and aspirations, the fidelity and courage, that are the essence of Americanism. There is an old saying that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link; and it is equally true that America is weakened by every one of her citizens, young or old, who does not, with undivided allegiance, love and serve America.

To love our country we must know her history and the character and aims of the men and women who won American freedom, and the purpose and spirit of those others who have defended and preserved the institutions of which liberty is the corner-stone. When we think of America we think of the wisdom, courage, and foresight of the creators of the nation. We remember those who have guided it safely in peace and war. But we owe an equal debt of gratitude to thousands of humble folk, unnamed in history, who from the beginning, by their fortitude, their labor, their vision, made possible the America of to-day.

Of heroic mould were the pioneers who plunged into the unknown to establish homes in wilderness, prairie, and mountain, strengthened and sustained by the hope

and confidence that they were widening the bounds of freedom for all men. In remote places boys and girls grew to manhood and womanhood without ever looking upon the American flag; but the ideals it represents were written in their hearts, and its protecting power shone in the sun by day and spoke to them in the stars by night.

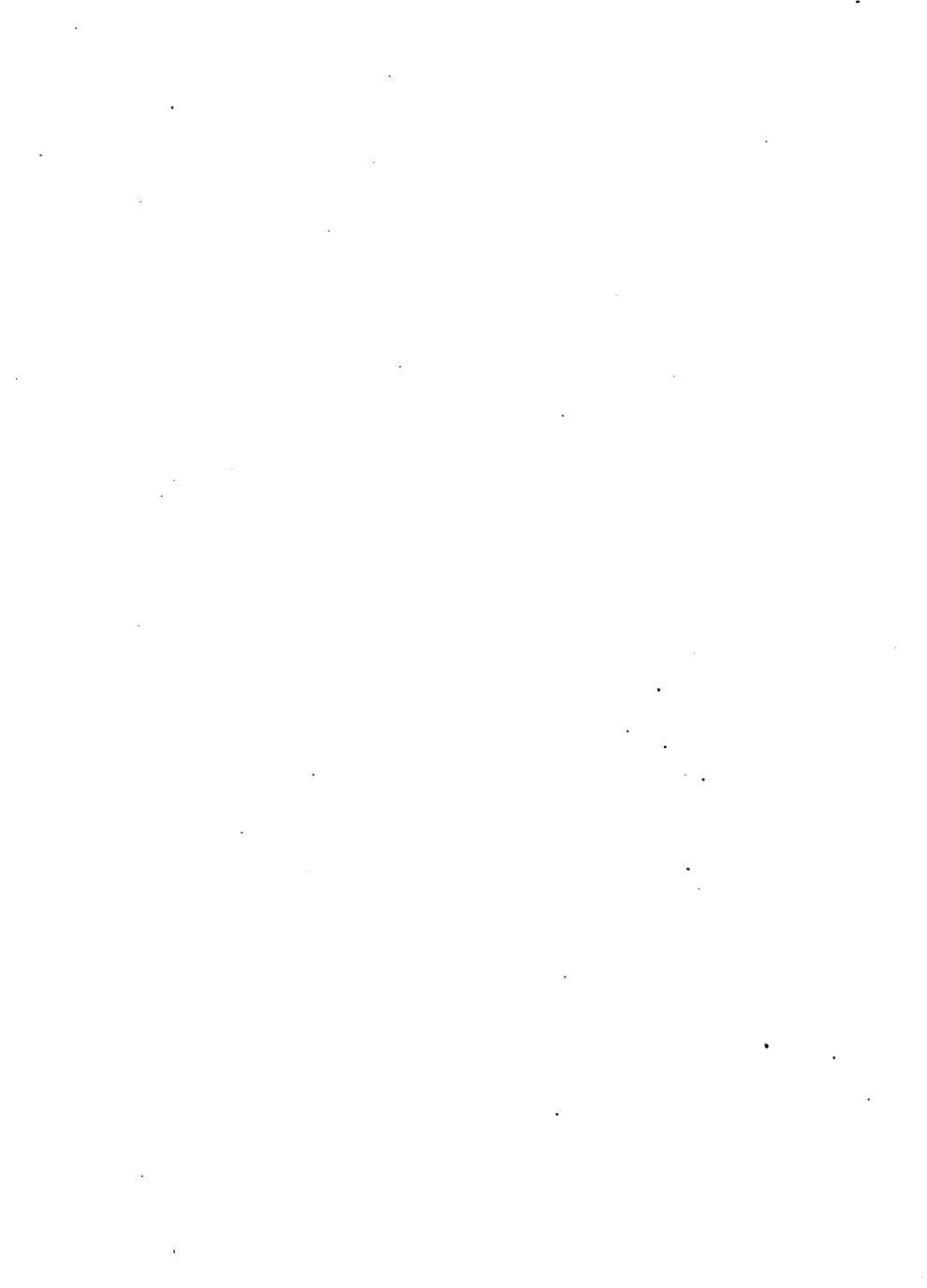
The farm, the mine, the mill, the ships on river, lake, and ocean, all bear testimony to the service of labor in the development of the nation. No romance that was ever written equals, for variety and interest, the story of American achievement. It is the greatest story in the world, for it is a record of the realization of hopes men had carried in their hearts through all the ages. The smoke of the camp-fires of explorers and hunters marked the advancing line of a nation. Men built homes and founded commonwealths in regions only vaguely sketched on the maps. This is finely expressed by Emerson in the stanza:

“I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.”

There is no labyrinth of mysteries through which youth need grope for the fundamental ideas of American democracy. America is only you and me. America is all of us, animated by the same spirit of duty, sacrifice, and love. There can be no pause in the flow of the nation's life. The broad stream moves steadily on, bringing to every door a daily obligation to understand the need and to translate it into terms of service.

The American spirit speaks to the youth of America in a universal language of conduct, loyalty, courage, and aspiration. To illustrate the elements and qualities that quicken the heart of the nation is the aim of the Heart of America Readers.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.



HEART OF AMERICA READERS

A FIFTH READER

SUNSET

The soldiers of the great cantonment collected, company by company, in front of their barracks for what they called their evening devotions.

Each company drew up in line before its barracks, their captains, lieutenants, and non-commissioned officers in their prescribed places. A bugle sounded with a thin, sweet note. Each captain called his command to attention. A great silence fell upon the teeming, active cantonment. The sun flattened along the western horizon was bowing its good night.

From an elevated point the military band struck the opening chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Every man and officer stood at salute while the hymn swelled through the evening air. The great flag gathered in its rosy sails and slowly descended from its lofty moorings.

Hearts swelled to the meaning of it all. Those straight, young, khaki forms, getting ready to offer themselves on Freedom's altar for the sake of suffering, starving, oppressed humanity, were a moving spectacle.

The sun sank from sight. The flag lay prone, sheathed for the night. The band ceased. Once more, each cap-

tain faced his command. In unison hands descended
from hat-brims. The day was ended.

Give in your own words what has just been described.

Why are we so moved by the sight of our flag?

What does it mean to all true Americans?

Why should we love it?

AMERICA FOR ME

HENRY VAN DYKE

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the
kings—

But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full
of star..

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study
Rome;

But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

From the "Poems of Henry van Dyke," copyright, 1911, by Charles
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I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains
 filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a
 day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her
 way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
 lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking
 back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the
 rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the
 ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
 stars.

Locate these famous cities of the Old World: London, Paris, Venice,
Rome, Versailles. Why would you like to visit each of them?
In what does the poet find the Old World lacking?
For what does he say we "love our land"?
What does he call our country?
Why did the poet enjoy European travel?

Commit this line to memory: "Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

Discuss:

"The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free."

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute-makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street-sweep, cook, counsellor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the

makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.’’

Franklin K. Lane is Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson’s cabinet.

Who are the flagmakers? Are you a flagmaker? How?

What does the flag mean to you?

Repeat the salute to the flag. Do you mean that?

Discuss: “The work that we do is the making of the flag.”

Commit to memory the last paragraph.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,

Behind the Gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores,

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: “Now we must pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?”

“Why, say, ‘Sail on! sail on! and on!’”

“My men grow mutinous day by day;

My men grow ghastly wan and weak.”

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

Used by permission of Harr Wagner Publishing Co., publishers of “Complete Poems of Joaquin Miller.”

“What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?”

“Why, you shall say at break of day:
‘Sail on! sail on! and on!’”

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—”

He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

“Sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Tell of the effect on you of a sympathetic reading of this poem.

What lay behind Columbus? What ahead?

Contrast the courage of the mate with that of Columbus.

Compare the dauntless spirit of Columbus with that of (1) the Pilgrim settlers in New England, (2) the pioneers of the west.

Select the lines that describe the sea.

What is the effect of the last line in the first four stanzas?

What is the effect of the repetition in the fourth line of the last stanza? How should that line be read?

What do you understand by these lines:

"He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"

Explain: "Gates of Hercules"; "shoreless seas"; "starlit flag unfurled."

What lesson and inspiration do you get from this poem?

LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS

It was not until the 21st of December, in the stormy weather, that they landed and began their settlement at what Captain John Smith had already named Plymouth. Here were a brook of fresh water, cultivated land, and a fairly good site for a town, with a hill near by, for a fort,

just as at Leyden. On the shore lay a boulder, one of the very few large stones anywhere in the neighborhood, which had taken a ride on some prehistoric glacier or ice-berg, and had thus been carried down from regions farther north in Canada. This they made their first wharf or landing-place, the tradition being that Mary Allerton was the first woman who stepped upon it.

The men went daily to and from the ship, in the wet and stormy weather, occasionally remaining several days and nights on land, but every day working hard, putting up log houses and covering them with thatch. As in all new colonies, there were great dangers from fire, for evidently these people were not accustomed to build houses and to make good chimneys; but though the roofs were several times burned off, the log walls remained unhurt.

The settlement at Plymouth was a good deal like that in Leyden, with houses in rows, with one wide street between, and the hill fort, in which they mounted their four little cannon. Their food was rather poor, but they managed to vary it with a few wild ducks and geese. The provisions and stores were landed and put under shelter, late in January, by which time they had roofed the Common House, which was at once filled with the sick and dying. It was not until late in February that their fort was in sufficiently good order to be considered capable of withstanding an attack. No human being of the country visited them until the middle of March.

By this time contagious consumption had broken out,

which quickly carried off whole families, and diminished their number nearly one-half; so that only a few able-bodied men were left. Nevertheless, when the *Mayflower* went away, not one of the colonists returned in her. Even the ship became a pest-house; for many of the sailors that were living in the germ-infested quarters of the late passengers sickened and died. With such brutal and profane sailors in a floating coffin, it is no wonder that the Pilgrims, even if any of them had a longing to run the risk of imprisonment and death at the hands of their country's rulers, preferred to trust in God and stay on the bleak shores of Massachusetts.

What was the year of this settlement? Who were the Pilgrims? Why had they left Europe?

Tell of some of the experiences of the Pilgrims during their first years in Massachusetts.

Who was Captain John Smith? When had he been at the place he called Plymouth?

Did the Pilgrims intend to land at Plymouth, or farther south?

What is a glacier? Are there any evidences of a glacier in your part of the country?

Why were there "great dangers from fire"?

Why did not the sides of the houses burn when the roofs burned?

Where is Leyden? Why did the Pilgrims build houses in this country as they had built them in Leyden? Why did consumption break out among the colonists?

What is the other common name for consumption?

What is now being done in America to stamp out consumption? How can you help?

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men;
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink,
A new world reached and raised an old world link,
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set;
Where all the people, equal-franchised, met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world!

"Here, on this rock" refers to what?

"The feudal bars the Normans brought" refers to the subjugation of the English by the Normans in 1066.

"Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake" refers to a Saxon court or assembly held monthly by an earl for the benefit of the hundred of people of a county in England.

"Where all the people, equal-franchised, met" refers to the early New England town-meeting.

"Where crests were naught" refers to the absence of titled classes in our country.

Read the lines which illustrate democracy.

OUR FUTURE

JOHN IRELAND

A noble nation is before my soul's vision. Giant in stature, comely in every feature, buoyant in the freshness of morning youth, matronly in prudent stepping, the ethereal breezes of liberty waving with loving touch her tresses, she is, no one seeing her doubts, the queen, the conqueror, the mistress, the teacher of the coming ages.

To her keeping the Creator has intrusted a great continent, whose shores two oceans lave, rich in all nature's gifts, embosoming useful and precious metals, fertile in soil, salubrious in air, beauteous in vesture.

For long centuries had He held in reserve this region of His predilection, awaiting a propitious moment in humanity's evolutions to bestow it upon man, when man was ready to receive it.

Her children have come from all countries, bearing with them the ripest fruit of thought, labor, and experience. Adding thereto highest inspirations and generous impulses, they have built up a new world of humanity. This world embraces the hopes, the ambitions, the dreamings of humanity's priests and seers.

To its daring in the face of progress, to its offerings at the shrine of Liberty, there seems to be no limit; and yet, prosperity, order, peace, spread over its vast area their sheltering wings.

The nation of the future. Need I name it? Your hearts quiver, loving it:

“My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.”

We commemorate the discovery of America four hundred years ago. Behold the crowning gift to humanity from Columbus, whose caravels ploughed ocean's uncertain billows in search of a great land, and from the all-ruling Providence, whose wisdom and mercy inspired and guided the immortal Genoese mariner—the United States of America!

What country is here described?

From what nations have its settlers come? What have they contributed to it?

What great thing has this nation done to advance the cause of democracy in the world?

Do you think America is “the teacher of the coming ages”?

To what is the nation compared in the first paragraph?

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,

While its broad folds o'er the battlefield wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindles its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

—From “God Save the Flag,” by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WHAT TO DO

LYMAN ABBOTT

In visiting colleges I find hundreds of young men on the threshold of life perplexed by the problem what to do. There appear to be already enough lawyers, doctors, ministers, manufacturers, merchants. Where shall the thousands of young men who graduate find a place? They forget that these thousands of college graduates create a demand as well as a supply. The doctor will want a lawyer to collect his bills, and the lawyer a doctor to visit him when sick; and both a manufacturer to make cloth and a merchant to sell them clothing. Every new man creates a new demand as well as brings a new supply. There is plenty of work to be done; enough, if society were rightly organized, to give work to all who are willing to do whatever their hands find to do, whatever it is and wherever it is found.

There are some who do not wish to work. They believe that the world owes them a living; and the world thinks it owes them nothing. Of these, some are rich and some poor; but, rich or poor, they constitute the lazy unemployed and are the world's paupers. There are others who do not wish to work, but think they do. They begin well, but never finish. They come to a difficulty, and it halts them; they find the load heavy, and they balk. They go from one unfinished job to another, and never

finish anything. Their life is full of undertakings and barren of achievements. They do not mean to be idle, but they are hopelessly inefficient. The third class are willing to work, but are incompetent. The incompetence may be physical or intellectual or moral; they may have flabby muscles, inert minds, or feeble, vacillating wills. But some infirmity forbids effectiveness.

My first advice to any man out of a place is to take the first place that offers. No employment is ignoble which renders a real service to the community. The work that you would like to do some one else may be doing; but there is some needed work waiting for a worker.

The successful men in America did not begin by doing what they wanted to do; they began by doing what their hands found to do.

The law of the hand is that it should do with its might whatsoever it finds to do, wherever that work is found.

What does Dr. Abbott say is the problem that perplexes so many young men?

To what class do you belong, those who do not wish to work, or those who do?

What is Dr. Abbott's advice?

How did the successful men in America begin?

What is the absolute "law of the hand"?

Is the possession of wealth an excuse for a boy's not working?

Is the idle rich boy happy? Is the idle poor boy happy?

What does the word "perplexed" mean in the first sentence?

SAVING THE "SEASIDE SPECIAL"

DWIGHT B. PANGBURN

A good many people thought Fred Kingsley extravagant when he bought a new, electric-lighted and equipped motorcycle. From the time of his appointment as station-agent at the little town of Eastbridge he had lived in the village, since the old Kingsley homestead was located about three miles away and he felt he could not afford to waste his time going back and forth, especially as he did not finish his work, oftentimes, until late in the evening.

But now a new State road had been built, which passed directly by the Kingsley place and also by the station. So when the rest of the family seemed to believe that he was spending his money foolishly, he was soon able to convince them to the contrary.

"Of course," he said, "I would rather live at home anyway; then I can ride down from here along the new road as quickly as I could walk to the station from my boarding-house in town, or from any other place where I could get board; and lastly, I have given an order for the telephone we have all been wanting so long, to be put in right away, so I can be reached from headquarters; and what I save on the difference between the cost of living here and in town will pay for both motorcycle and telephone in about a year, not to mention all the pleasure and use we'll get from the machine."

So Fred rode to and from his work, and to explore the country round about when he had any opportunity. He particularly appreciated being able to get home so quickly and easily at the end of a long day's work when he closed up the office at 10.30 P. M., after he had reported "by" on Number Eight, the "Seaside Special."

One hot Saturday night in July Fred was sitting at his key, idly counting the cars on Number Fifty-two, the pick-up freight, and waiting to report its passing. Between Eastbridge and Eastbury, the next station up the line, the road passed for a little over ten miles and a half through a very hilly region without anything in the way of a station except a couple of flag-stops. The track lay through a very narrow and tortuous valley on the other side of the range, with a rising grade for nearly half the distance, then through a tunnel and down a similar valley on the other side of the range until comparatively level country was reached at Eastbury. Virtually the entire distance between the two stations was single-tracked, owing to the construction difficulties and the tunnel. Sometimes the freight would stop at Eastbridge to wait for the flier, which ran only during the summer season, and sometimes, if it was a little earlier or the fast train was late, it would be sent through to Eastbury to save it from standing idle so long.

To-night the crew evidently had instructions to go through to Eastbury for Fred had received no orders for them. It seemed pretty late, however, to him. "The

flier must be behind time," he thought, "and I haven't heard it reported because I've been so busy."

The tail-light on Number Fifty-two was just rounding the curve beyond the station when he reached for the key to report it as "by." Then to his horror he heard Eastbury reporting Number Eight as having just passed there, only two minutes late. Instantly he saw what it meant. Number Eight, with its heavy Pullmans, crowded with passengers from the hot city above, all intent on a week-end of rest and recreation at the shore, fearless in their confidence of the skill of the railroad men, was charging at forty-five miles an hour along the same rails and head on to Number Fifty-two, with its twenty-five loaded freight-cars.

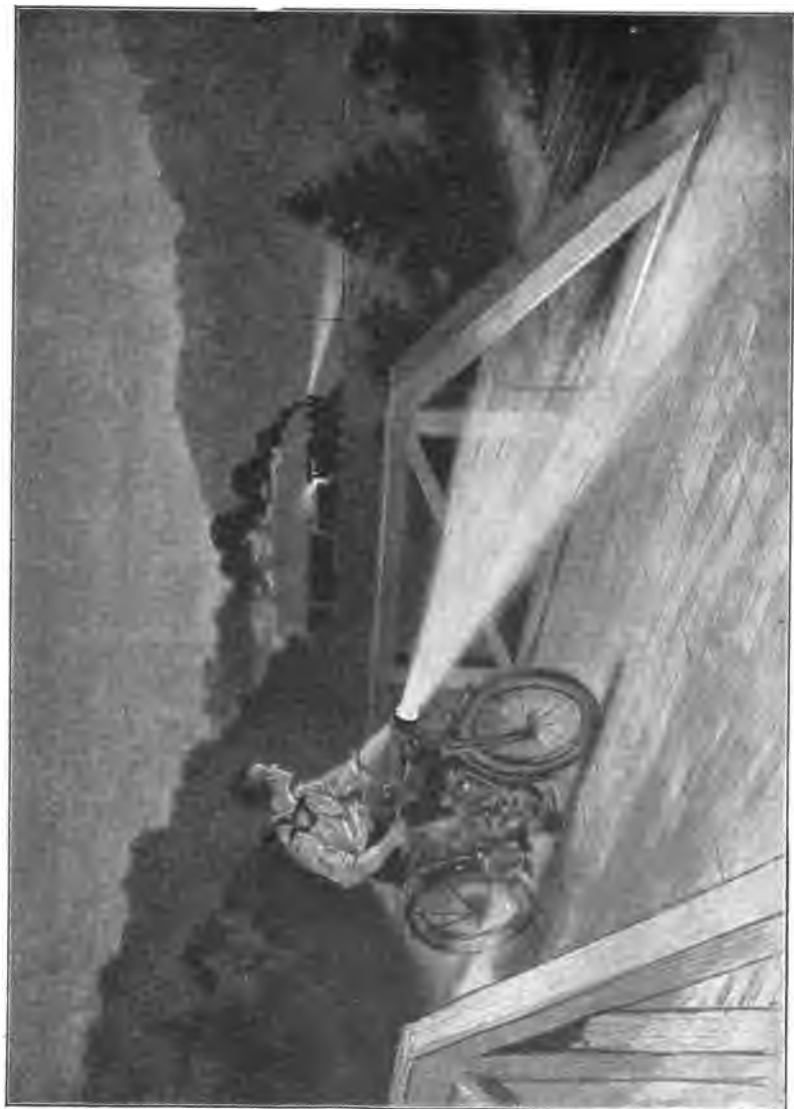
There was absolutely no way to prevent the collision! Not a station between, not a siding! Not a person that could be reached to give a signal! And if there were any one, there was hardly time to do anything. The combined speed of the two trains was over sixty miles an hour. They would meet in less than nine minutes, and, to add to the terror of the disaster, they might meet in the tunnel—a curving tunnel, to make matters worse!

Fred was stupefied for a moment at the impending tragedy. It shot through his mind that the crew of Number Fifty-two must have mistaken Eastbridge for Eastbury on their orders, as they sometimes stopped at one and sometimes at the other. But that didn't help matters any.

Then a sudden inspiration wiped the cobwebs from his brain. Maybe he could do something yet. To his fevered mind it seemed as if he had been sitting motionless for an hour since the shock came, but a glance at the clock as he tore out of the office showed him that if Number Eight had left two minutes late, as reported, she was only one minute out. It would be wasting too valuable time to inform the despatcher, so he didn't stop for that. He seized several torpedoes and a couple of fusees, set his station-signal at red, and dashed across the platform to his motorcycle.

The State road nearly paralleled the railway over the divide; in fact it was in sight of it nearly the whole ten and a half miles to Eastbury, except where the road went over the hill and the trains went through the tunnel. In a few seconds Fred was speeding up the valley after the freight. The turns were so many and so sharp that he dared not go at full speed, but inwardly he thanked Heaven for his decision to have his machine equipped with the electric system, for the powerful headlight made the white road almost as bright as day for forty rods ahead and enabled him to go as fast as the curves permitted.

He figured that he was averaging not less than forty-five miles an hour. At that rate, even if the freight had a mile the start of him, as it probably had, and was making a speed of twenty-five miles an hour against the up grade, he ought to catch it in a little over two miles.



That meant a little under three minutes. But he must have miscalculated somehow, for he shot across the bridge over Elk Creek, three miles from Eastbridge, just ahead of the laboring freight-engine.

He rushed on until he was a quarter of a mile ahead of the train, when he jammed on the brakes, vaulted the fence beside the road, ran across the narrow field between, and placed two torpedoes on the rail. Then he dashed along the track a short distance and put down a single one. When the first pair of torpedoes exploded they would signify to the engineer of the freight that a preceding train had called in a flagman at that point, that it was necessary to proceed with caution, and to slow down.

Fred knew that until very recently two torpedoes followed by a single one meant for a train to stop entirely; and though the rule was no longer in force, he hoped that it had been so recently been revoked that the engineer would obey it, especially as he also stuck a lighted fusee between the rails. It would burn red for three minutes, and hold the train that long at least. Then it would burn yellow, and the engineer might go on. He hoped not, but at any rate he had no time to stop and explain matters, for his greatest duty lay with the approaching passenger-train.

He sped back to his machine, and a hurried glance at his watch showed him that the flier was six minutes out of Eastbury, which meant she was probably four miles

out or three miles away. That being the case, he only dared go about a mile farther to meet her, and leaping into the saddle, he rushed on even more recklessly than before. Fortunately, in that thinly settled district in the hill country, there was little traffic at night, and he met no one.

His objective now was the only straight stretch of track in the valley, nearly half a mile long and ending at the curve leading into the tunnel. He safely reached the upper end of this tangent, as the engineers call it, set a red light, visible from both ends of it. Then he hurried toward the tunnel mouth and put down torpedoes. Even as he did so he heard the rumble of the approaching train, like a volcano growling in the mountain. Then the bright eye of the locomotive flashed into view, the torpedoes banged, the engineer saw the light, the brakes groaned and shrieked, and the heavy train came to a standstill on the straight track.

Out popped the conductor to see what was the matter, followed by a number of the more curious passengers. Fred explained the trouble in a couple of words. "I'm going back now and get Fifty-two out of your way," he said. "I'll let you know when the track is clear."

But he didn't have to go back for just at that moment, having waited its three minutes until the fusee burned yellow and then started on again, Number Fifty-two appeared, sliding cautiously around the curve onto the lower end of the tangent, and stopped a hundred

yards away. The matter was quickly cleared up when the orders of the freight were examined and it was found, just as Fred had supposed, that the crew had mistaken Eastbridge for Eastbury. Thoroughly scared, and chastened in spirit, they started back to the siding where they belonged, while Fred rode back as fast as possible to his post.

When he stepped once more into his office, the clock showed that he had been gone just seventeen minutes, and his call was clicking like mad on the telegraph-sounder. The despatcher was anxiously inquiring for Number Fifty-two, and told him to hold it there till Number Eight had passed. Fred acknowledged the order. Then headquarters wanted to know why he hadn't been able to get the station for the last quarter of an hour, told him to pay better attention to his business or he'd have trouble, and asked what he had been doing.

That was too much, after what Fred had been through. He looked out of the window.

"Number Fifty-two is on the siding," he reported. "Number Eight is by." Then he added, smiling grimly to himself: "I've been taking a quiet evening spin on my new motorcycle. That's why I didn't answer before."

Back came the reply, ticked off by a different hand, as he recognized: "You can spend all your time on your motorcycle after this. You will be superseded at 7.50 A. M. to-morrow. A. B. Howe, Div. Supt."

But the next morning it was none other than the

superintendent himself who swung off the cars at East-bridge. He grasped Fred's hand.

"I was a little too hasty last night," he said; "though you'll admit that that reply of yours was some provocation, after your being off duty so long. But I know all the circumstances now. We won't have any more mistakes like that one. To guard against such accidents in the future, this station will henceforth be called 'Kingsley' station, after you, and you are reinstated in your place here. Further, since your motorcycle has been of such service in preventing a terrible disaster, the company takes pleasure in joining with some of the passengers on the express in handing you this check to cover the cost of the machine."

Do you think Fred had in mind that his motorcycle would ever be used for any purpose other than his own convenience and pleasure?

Was it his business to interfere to prevent results brought about through another's error?

Would he have been within his rights if he had said to himself: "It is not my mistake; it is none of my business; it is too late anyhow"?

What was his chief fear in the case?

Note that Fred knew not only his duties as station-agent, but exactly what to do in an emergency. He had something to do; he knew how to do it; he did it.

What one word tells what he did?

Do you know the last line in the poem—"Abraham Davenport," by Whittier?

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
A Horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp

To hear the down-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as He looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
“It is the Lord’s Great Day! Let us adjourn,”
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. “This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord’s command,
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles.” And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,

The roots of true success are well grown in the hearts of men who dare to fail. During the state convention in Springfield, Ohio, in 1858, Lincoln read his speech to twelve men in the library of the State House.

"Too advanced," said all but Herndon.

Lincoln rose, walked to and fro, stopped, and said:

"Friends, I have thought about this matter a great deal, and have weighed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if I must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth—die in the advocacy of what is right and just."

So spoke the man who felt to the full the danger to himself, but flinched not a hair's breadth from what he felt was his path of duty, who figured on character, not consequences.

Do you think you would undertake a task if the chances for success or failure were about equal?

Should a failure daunt the spirit of effort?

Recall the story of Bruce and the spider.

What do you think is the effect on the will of one who tries?

Was Lincoln right or wrong in the stand he took?

Did Edison succeed at his first trial? Recall the experiences of Howe, Goodyear, Morse, Bell.

Should a pupil skip a problem or a task he does not think he can do?

Does half-hearted effort merit success?

Discuss: Whatsoever your hands find to do, do with all your might.

Which is better, to try and fail, than not to try at all?

THE FATHERLAND

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Where is the true man's fatherland?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,

Where God is God and man is man?

Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear

Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,

Where'er one man may help another—

Thank God for such a birthright, brother—

That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is the world-wide fatherland!

What does the poet mean by "the fatherland"? What is the "world-wide fatherland"?

Where is the true man's country? Read again the last stanza.

Compare the thought in this poem with that of Scott's "Breathes there a man with soul so dead." Which poem do you prefer?

NOLAN'S SPEECH

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream, but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

—From "The Man Without a Country."

AN INDIAN FEAST

JAMES CAPEN ADAMS

One morning very early, as we were all sleeping about the camp-fire, I was aroused by an Indian yell; and, supposing an attack, I jumped up, with my rifle in my hand, ready to fire. An evil result might have come from this manner of entering my camp; but the well-known appearance of Old Pompey and two of his Indian friends, who stood before me, in a moment dissipated all cause of alarm. They came, so they informed me, from their chief, Kennasket, who proposed giving a great feast, and desired me to furnish as much game as possible for the occasion, as it was some great anniversary in their tribe.

The feast, they said, was to take place on *lunar* day—referring probably to some change in the moon, which would be two days ahead; and, as a distinguished honor, I was especially invited to be present. In accordance with my general principles of intercourse with the Indians, I readily consented to all that was asked, but required the Indians to remain and assist me. . . .

After this, we proceeded till within a few hundred yards of the village of Kennasket, when an Indian went forward to announce my arrival. In a short time after-

From "The Adventures of James Capen Adams," by Theodore H. Hittell, copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ward, one of the chief's wives came out with a wreath of wild flowers, which she placed upon my head, and then conducted me to the lodge, where Kennasket, his wives, and chief men had assembled to receive me.

As I entered, the company knelt, and the chief made a speech calling me friend and brother; after which, a circle was made around me, and, while I in turn knelt, they all placed their hands upon my head and danced and sang, repeating the words of the chief: "Good is the White Hunter, who comes with much game from the east. No thief is he, but friend and brother of the Red Men. He is welcome."

Much the same ceremony was performed over Sykesey, when he and his party arrived, which was not long afterward. As he approached, a squaw advanced and placed a wreath of vine leaves upon his head. Now Sykesey, though he had lived much in Indian countries, knew little of Indian customs, however much he pretended to know; and, therefore, out of curiosity, I watched him as he entered the lodge. He was already alarmed regarding the crown about his head, not knowing what to make of it; and, as I seized an opportunity to tell him when to kneel, he supposed that he was being led like a victim to martyrdom. His eyes stared wide; and he replied that he would not kneel, that he had never done so in his life.

"But," said I, "you can surely kneel to say your prayers."

At this, he was still more alarmed; but, added I: "Pluck up your courage and die like a man." More like a ghost

than solid flesh, did he stand there, and, had he fainted, it would not have surprised me. However, he got through the ceremony safely, and managed to fall upon his knees at the proper time; yet when the women placed their hands upon his head and danced in a circle around him, he appeared really more dead than alive.

This curious ceremony of reception being over, I had a laugh with Sykesey about his fright. We then unpacked our mules, and spread forth the game. Kennas-
ket, who stood by, was much pleased with the show, ordered our mules to be put out to good pasture, and invited us to amuse ourselves; and "this night," said he, "you shall sleep in my lodge." "The White Hunter," I replied, "never sleeps under cover." At this answer the old fellow replied that the white man should please himself. He then pointed to some beautiful mats which hung in his lodge, and gave me to understand that they were at my service; but I replied: "No; the White Hunter prefers his blankets and the ground."

When supper was announced, we sat down to one of the most curious meals it was ever the fortune of white men to partake of. Two large wooden tureens were placed upon the ground, containing a kind of mush, which was made by mixing grass-seed, meal, and water in the tureen, and then throwing in hot stones, till it was cooked. At the side of these, were heaps of roasted meat, piled upon flat stones; and around these aboriginal dishes we sat flat upon the ground—and a curious sight we made.

But however strange the spreading of the board, much

more strange was the etiquette which governed at table. The chief gave us to understand that we must not be backward; and, as he did so, he scooped up three fingers full of mush, which he transferred from the common bowl to his mouth, with remarkable agility. The other Indians followed his example, each dipping for himself; for such things as spoons, these fellows seemed to have no idea.

Now, I am as free from prejudices as almost any man, but, I confess, this method of eating mush rather staggered my tastes, and made me confine myself to the meat exclusively. Although the chief repeatedly urged me to try the mush, commending it with a hearty smack of the lips at every mouthful, I assured him that I never ate mush, but that the meat was superb. The meal lasted till all the provisions were exhausted; when at a nod all knelt, and the chief muttered over a prayer to the great Spirit, entreating him to be propitious to the feast of the morrow; after which we all rose, and soon afterward retired.

Meanwhile, as it commenced to grow dark, I began to think of camp and the poor pets. I feared they could not fare well alone, and I could not bear the idea of remaining away, though such had at first been my intention. Therefore, I requested of the chief one of his best horses, to ride back, promising to return early in the morning. He replied, that if I were determined to go, I should take his fleetest animal; but if I did not return

in time, to beware of his displeasure. He need not fear, I answered; and mounting a splendid courser, galloped off; and in a short time, after looking to the pets, I turned into my blankets, under my own tree, in my own camp.

The next morning, I rose before dawn, and mounting my horse, rode back to the village, where I arrived at daybreak. All was still and quiet; not a watcher waked; and even the makers of the approaching festival continued to slumber. I thought to rouse the sleepers, and usher in the day with sport; and, accordingly, spurring my horse, and rushing furiously through the village, I cried with all my might, "*Chawawi! chawawi!*" which is an Indian note of alarm. The whole people rallied, and rushed out of their lodges, with their hair on end, and their eyes distended with surprise. As soon as they collected, I informed them that they need not be alarmed; the White Hunter had only taken this method of announcing his arrival, and his heart was merry.

As soon as breakfast was finished, preparations were made for the celebration. The meats were carried to the places assigned for them, the fires were kindled, the cooks were stationed; and in a short time barbecues gave forth their pleasant flavors on every hand. When the grateful smells ascended, the chief and his household made their appearance, decked and painted in all the splendor of barbaric display; and, following in the train, came the whole people and their guests, about eight hundred persons, all in the costume of Indian festivity.

It was, indeed, a great sight to see them in their finery, with their beads, feathers, and painted bark, their furs and woven garments, and themselves painted; to watch their stately and solemn steps, as they marched into the circles; and to behold their wild and curious dances, so full of meaning and character, when seen in their native places. The music of these dances was a kind of chant kept up by several of the Indians who stood outside the circles.

About the middle of the afternoon, the chief announced dinner; after which would take place the great club-dance. The meats—which consisted of bear, deer, antelope, and many other kinds, in all about two hundred animals of various sorts and sizes—were now spread forth on pieces of bark and flat stones, in a large circle upon the ground. There were also about a dozen large tureens of mush, made in the same way, and intended to be eaten in the same manner as that of which I had had previous experience. There were also buckets or large bowls of water in abundance; but no liquor. Around these viands the feasters were arranged in circles; some sitting, some standing, and all with ravenous appetites.

The feast began at a signal from the chief; and such a destruction of food as then took place was astonishing to all my ideas of human capacity. But the banquet progressed well; great enjoyment prevailed; the bucks became lively, and shouted, hallooed, and whooped, as if mad, and the governor himself could barely restrain his

enthusiasm; but, suddenly, in the midst of the merriment, he jumped up, and, commanding silence, harangued the people upon the great deeds of his younger days, the glory of his tribe, and the greatness of his nation. Others followed, descanting upon the same fruitful topics.

After dining, the warriors returned to the circles, and the club-dance began. This remarkable ceremony consisted of a dance of braves, with war-clubs in their hands. It took the form of a battle; each warrior flourishing his club against his neighbor. It seemed as if forty skulls would certainly be broken every instant; but such was the dexterity shown in the dance that not a blow was given. It was, indeed, a great spectacle.

After the club-dance, other dances began, in some of which the squaws participated; and great was the pleasure with which they entered into the spirit of the scene. At the same time, exercises in archery took place in another portion of the green, and great skill was shown. These Indians are wonderfully correct with their arrows; I repeatedly saw small balls of wood pierced at thirty yards' distance; and, on several occasions, an Indian would hold a nail in his hand and allow others to shoot at it.

Toward evening, the archery ceased, and all crowded into the dance. Large fires were lighted about the field; and, as the night grew darker, the scene became romantic. The forms of the plumed and painted Indians, as they passed to and fro in the ruddy glare of the night fires; the dark shadows and the flickering lights on every side,

presented a spectacle which will remain indelibly impressed upon my memory.

About midnight, the dancers resorted again to the viands, and cleared the abundant supply to the last fibre; then, again, they took up the dance, and continued doubtless, until morning warned the revellers that the day and night of celebration were past. As for myself and companions, we withdrew shortly after midnight; and, returning to our camp, tired and weary, turned into our blankets and slept out the short remainder of the night.

This is a description of a feast among California Indians when Mr. Adams was trapping animals in that State. The time is about 1850.

How long ago is it since Indians were living where you now live?

Select and read the scene in this description that is most picturesque.

Comment on the Indians' hospitality, reverence for their tribe, and for the Great Spirit.

Describe their food and manner of eating, their shelter and clothing.

What can you say of the Indians of to-day?

Make a list of the difficult words in this selection and look them up in a dictionary.

THE HOME OF THE INDIAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they had lived from childhood, and where they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. To their keen eyes, trained for generations to more than a wild beast's watchfulness, the wilderness was an open book;

nothing at rest or in motion escaped them. They had begun to track game as soon as they could walk; a scrape on a tree-trunk, a bruised leaf, a faint indentation of the soil, which the eye of no white man could see, all told them a tale as plainly as if it had been shouted in their ears. With moccasined feet they trod among brittle twigs, dried leaves, and dead branches as silently as the cougar, and they equalled the great wood-cat in stealth and far surpassed it in cunning and ferocity. They could no more get lost in the trackless wilderness than a civilized man could get lost on a highway.

Moreover, no knight of the Middle Ages was so surely protected by his armor as they were by their skill in hiding; the whole forest was to the whites one vast ambush, and to them a sure and ever-present shield. Every tree-trunk was a breastwork ready prepared for battle; every bush, every moss-covered boulder, was a defense against assault, from behind which themselves unseen, they watched with fierce derision the movements of their clumsy white enemy. Lurking, skulking, travelling with noiseless rapidity, they left a trail that only a master in woodcraft could follow, while, on the other hand, they could dog a white man's footsteps as a hound runs a fox. Their silence, their cunning and stealth, their terrible prowess and merciless cruelty, make it no figure of speech to call them the tigers of the human race.

What was the home of the Indian? How did he dress? What did he hunt? What are moccasins?

How were the knights of the Middle Ages dressed for battle?

Why was it so difficult to catch the Indian?

Do you think the Indian more clever than the civilized man of to-day?

What can you do well that the Indian boy could not do? What could he do better than you?

Why does Mr. Roosevelt call the Indians "the tigers of the human race"?

EXCUSES

GAGE TARBELL

There is no excuse for excuses. They weaken character; they make a person after a while a walking apology instead of a man who has a right to hold up his head and walk fearlessly and have his word count in council. The world has no use for a weakling with ready tongue for excuses, but unwilling hands and brains for work. The best word of advice I could give a young man starting out in any business is, avoid the necessity for the first excuse. Master the first task that is given to you, and master the next, and the next—don't let them master you. In this way and in this way only, will you grow strong and courageous, able to do many things that at first seem beyond you. But if you begin life with an apology for something not done, you have already entered the path of unsuccess and mediocrity.

What is an excuse? Which is easier, to do the task or to offer an excuse?

Compare and contrast excuse, pardon, explanation.

Are you to look out for the easier way of doing a task? The lazy boy is always ready with excuses.

What do you predict will be the future of the boy who tries to excuse his failure to do his work with, "I forgot"?

What is "mediocrity"? What is "success"?

Discuss: He who excuses, accuses.

THE OPEN FIRE

HENRY VAN DYKE

Man is the animal that has made friends with the fire.

All the other creatures, in their natural state, are afraid of it. They look upon it with wonder and dismay. It fascinates them sometimes, with its glittering eyes in the night. The squirrels and the hares come pattering softly toward it through the underbrush around the new camp. The deer stands staring into the blaze of the jack while the hunter's canoe creeps through the lily-pads.

But the charm that masters them is one of dread, not of love. It is the witchcraft of the serpent's lambent look. When they know what it means, when the heat of the fire touches them, or even when its smell comes clearly to their most delicate sense, they recognize it as their enemy, the Wild Huntsman whose red hounds can follow, follow for days without wearying, growing stronger and more furious with every turn of the chase. Let but a

From "Fisherman's Luck," copyright, 1899, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

trail of smoke drift down the wind across the forest, and all the game for miles and miles will catch the signal for fear and flight.

Many of the animals have learned how to make houses for themselves. The *cabane* of the beaver is a wonder of neatness and comfort, much preferable to the wigwam of his Indian hunter. The muskrat knows how thick and high to build the dome of his waterside cottage, in order to protect himself against the frost of the coming winter and the floods of the following spring. The woodchuck's house has two or three doors; and the squirrel's dwelling is provided with a good bed and a convenient storehouse for nuts and acorns. The sportive otters have a toboggan-slide in front of their residence; and the moose in winter make a "yard," where they can take exercise comfortably and find shelter for sleep. But there is one thing lacking in all these various dwellings—a fireplace.

Man is the only creature that dares to light a fire and to live with it. The reason? Because he alone has learned how to put it out.

It is true that two of his humbler friends have been converted to fire-worship. The dog and the cat, being half-humanized, have begun to love the fire. I suppose that a cat seldom comes so near to feeling a true sense of affection as when she has finished her saucer of bread and milk, and stretched herself luxuriously underneath the kitchen stove, while her faithful mistress washes up the dishes.



As for a dog, I am sure that his admiring love for his master is never greater than when they come in together from the hunt, wet and tired, and the man gathers a pile of wood in front of the tent, touches it with a tiny magic wand, and suddenly the clear, consoling flame springs up, saying cheerfully: "Here we are, at home in the forest; come into the warmth; rest, and eat, and sleep." When the weary, shivering dog sees this miracle, he knows that his master is a great man and a lord of things.

After all, that is the only real open fire. Wood is the fuel for it. Out-of-doors is the place for it. A furnace is an underground prison for a toiling slave. A stove is a cage for a tame bird. Even a broad hearthstone and a pair of glittering andirons—the best ornament of a room—must be accepted as an imitation of the real thing. The veritable open fire is built in the open, with the whole earth for a fireplace and the sky for a chimney.

What animals like the fire? Describe some of the houses of animals which you have seen.

Do you like to be out in the open? Did you ever make a camp-fire? Don't do it unless you are sure it can be put out when you are through with it.

Have you ever slept out-of-doors with no roof over you but the heavens and the stars?

For what purpose is a "fire in the open"?

In northern climes where must man live in winter-time? In how many ways may his habitation be heated?

What does Dr. van Dyke call a furnace? A stove? A fire place?

To him what is the only "real open fire"?

Dr. Henry van Dyke, who lives at Princeton, New Jersey, has written many stories and poems. He is a famous fisherman, and has written many books of outdoor life in the United States and Canada. One book is called "Little Rivers," another, "Fisherman's Luck."

LIFE IN A GIRLS' CAMP

ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

Camp routine is much the same in all camps. The bugle-call which awakens the girls is followed ten minutes later by another, which summons all the campers to assemble for a short calisthenics drill and a run around the open court or a lively folk-dance. At one typical camp, "if you don't go to 'cal,' you can't go swimming all day." If you come in a bathing-suit, you can have a dip in the lake before breakfast.

After breakfast there is a lively scramble to put the tents in shipshape order for inspection. One tent mate may sweep up the tent floor, another pick up whatever is astray, another make the beds, while the fourth rolls the flaps just so. For there is a banner at the end of the season for the best-kept tent.

At nine is the assembly for morning prayers. A brief service, the announcements for the day made, various trips and parties planned, and then the camp-songs. Those good old camp-songs! Besides the good old songs there are many jolly camp-songs written by girls or councillors.

Craft-work keeps the campers busy until swimming hour. Girls come to camp "tired of books and lessons

and the dead routine of school," but they love to work at basketry, pottery, stencilling, jewelry, leather-work, book-binding, and carpentry. So fascinating is the craft-work that if the next bugle-call meant anything less than swimming there would be danger of its being unheeded. Each year Santa Claus is the custodian of attractive work-baskets, book-racks, stencilled curtains, embroidered centrepieces, and even hand-made necklaces which he carries at the end of December to proud and happy parents and friends.

The swimming at girls' camps has been carefully standardized. The different tests for advancement are based on self-control in the water, confidence, and good head-work rather than on exercise that greatly taxes heart or lungs. One of these is the "canoe test"—fifteen minutes above water. You may float or swim, as you like, and a boat keeps near you all the while. A girl may not go out in a canoe until she has passed this test.

Eleanor was the first girl in camp to take the canoe test. When she came in to dinner, very rosy and her eyes beaming, all the campers joined in a song in her honor. Eleanor blushed violently, but in the next few days she had a chance to sing to many of her friends. That afternoon she tried her canoe. An athletic councillor paddled in the bow, Eleanor in the stern. She turned too short and they capsized. They were quickly picked up and headed for camp in a rowboat. Eleanor was beaming when she saw the camp leader. "I wasn't afraid," said

she, "for I knew I was guaranteed to swim fifteen minutes."

After dinner every one has an opportunity to take "forty winks"; those who won't "wink" may write letters home; but every one must be quiet and give others a chance to rest.

Then follows the reading hour, under a big tree, with sewing, if you like; and the afternoon excursions are planned. It may be a long trip on foot or horseback; a night in the open, a trip to some distant mountain, with three nights on the way; a three-day gypsying trip with a wagon for the baggage; or it may be merely a quiet paddle along the lake-shore.

The lovely camp evening, with its baseball, tennis, a bonfire with camp songs and stories (or the fireside, if it rains), or a "sing" on the lake with all the campers in canoes, is brought to an end by the bugle again sounding in the deepening twilight. Taps, "lights out," find all quiet, except a giggle or two, hushed by an honor girl, and the happy day is done.

Compare this with the activities of Camp-fire Girls or Girl Scouts; or with pioneer life.

What hand-work and outdoor life can country girls get similar to that of this camp?

How does the "canoe-swimming" test bring confidence?

Note the bugle-call in the first and last paragraphs. What is its effect? Compare with the use of shadows in "Talks on a New England Farm."

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

What was the incident that inspired Emerson to write this poem?
What was "the rude bridge"? Why does he say "April's breeze"?
What is "a votive stone"? Who are "our sires"? Who are
"their children"?

Discuss the fourth line in the first stanza.

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION

GEORGE LIPPARD

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the centre of a great city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window-frames, and a massive hall-door.

Such is the State House of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red-brick State House, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue.

The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell-keeper was alone.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me." As the word was upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word: "RING!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Tell in your own words this incident which you have just read.

What had already happened in America?

Tell about the bell. Have you ever seen it? When and where? Why do we think so much more of this bell than of any other bell in this country?

What does it mean for us to live in a free country?

How can you make ours a better country?

What are the "strange words written upon the bell"?

How did the old man ring the bell? How are bells usually rung?

What great event was the ringing of the bell to announce?

What was the date of that event?

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

Sons of the youth and the truth of a nation,
Ye that are met to remember the man
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,
Honor him now; set his name in the van.
A nobleness to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages—
Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;
Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;
Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.
A majesty to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,
And bitterness break the gold links of our story,
Our father and leader is ever beside us.
Live and forgive! But forget not the glory
Of him whose height we try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting
Days, with the image of days long ended;
Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting
Unto the souls from his spirits descended.
His grandeur we will try for,
His name we'll live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Compare the second stanza with the portrait of Washington by Stuart.

Discuss: "Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation"; "Our father and leader is ever beside us."

What is meant by these phrases, and how can you "try for" them? —"A nobleness to try for"—"A majesty to try for"—"Of him whose height we try for"—"His grandeur we will try for."

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race.

Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show, at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories, a life

so free from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or explanation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and freshly to remember just what manner of man he was.

In the first place, he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful. As a boy, he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar farther than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses. As a young man, he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and his surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and he outdid the hardiest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams. This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox-hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and president weighed upon his mind and heart.

He was an educated but not a learned man. He read well and remembered what he read, but his life was from the beginning a life of action, and the world of men his school. He was not a military genius like Hannibal, or

Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant and Lee. He was patient under defeat, capable of large combinations, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper, or the savior of society.

He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he seldom talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling because of his silence and reserve. He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it. He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when once unchained.

But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.



But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those about him.

We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his great veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams, cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities—just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a “character for after ages to admire.”

After you have read this selection, describe the man Washington.

Where is Mount Vernon? For what is it noted? Have you ever visited it?

Tell something interesting about the men, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Marlborough, Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee.

What quality does Mr. Lodge say was Washington's most striking characteristic?

What is meant by "veracity of the mind"?
Why was Washington called the father of his country?
Compare the careers of Washington and Lincoln.

REUBEN JAMES

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

(August 3, 1804)

Three ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples
shore,
And the knightly King of Naples lent him seven galleys
more,
And never since the *Argo* floated in the middle sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur—how their names
ring out like gold!
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as
true and bold;
Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that
they won;
But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid
aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his
sword.

Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was
 running fast,
And they grappled and they struggled, and they fell
 beside the mast.
Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen undis-
 mayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword-arm, and he dropped the
 useless blade.
Then a swinging Turkish sabre clove his left and brought
 him low,
Like a gallant bark, dismasted, at the mercy of the foe.
Little mercy knows the corsair: high his blade was raised
 to slay,
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur strug-
 gling lay.
“Help!” the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty
 comrade sprung,
And his scimitar like lightning o’er the Yankee captain
 swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flashed
 on high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate’s taunting
 cry,
Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and
 true
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can
 do.

Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood around
his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance doubly
sweet.
Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head
below,
And upon his 'fenseless forehead Reuben James received
the blow!

So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor
died;
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame
and pride.
Yet we grudge him not his honors, for whom love like
this had birth—
For God never ranks His sailors by the Register of earth!

The historical fact upon which this poem is based is the defeat of the pirate-ships of Tripoli by a small American fleet sent to the Mediterranean in 1804.

Contrast the cruelty of the Turks with the valor of the American sailor.

What is the supreme sacrifice made by Reuben James?

Find the climax, or most exciting line, in this story.

In what sense is "knightly" used in the second line of the first stanza?

Discuss the last line of the poem.

OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY

DANIEL WEBSTER

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously in the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excel-

lence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

There is not one of us who does not experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Is this stirring appeal of Webster's addressed to a select few or to you and me?

Who are "ours"? What are some of the "institutions" Webster speaks about?

Why is our land called "the dear purchase of our fathers"? Who are meant by "fathers"?

If we cannot "pay the debt" what can we do?

What geographical facts serve to make this a "lovely land"?

In what ways do you "experience the influence and benefits of" this government?

What must we resolve to do?

What is meant by "those who would dispute against the sun"?

How is this "new era" "distinguished"?

If we would preserve this priceless liberty what must we, each of us, do?

THE CASH VALUE OF A BOY

"Queer, isn't it," remarked a gentleman who stood on the platform of a railroad-station and talked with an acquaintance who also waited for a coming train, "that a man should come to care for a freckle-faced little urchin like that?"

The remark was in the nature of an apology for a number of interruptions by a sturdy little fellow.

The boy was the banker's only son, the joy of his life and that of the boy's mother.

Another expression of parental pride occurred at a summer cottage. A pair of slim, restless lads played about the piazza, attracting attention from time to time while their parents were entertaining a caller from a neighboring cottage.

At one of their feats the neighbor remarked: "You have a couple of fine boys."

"Yes," the father answered, "we think so."

"Children are a great responsibility," added the mother. "We hope they will be worth while."

"These give promise of being worth while to the world as well," responded the neighbor.

The parents were evidently of foreign birth; the father was a foreman in a shoe-shop.

The talk which followed was upon the excellent opportunities of our free American public schools, and the particular lines of progress now open to intelligent boys.

"But they cost so much to keep," added the mother. "Their father is counting the time till they will be worth something for work."

"How much do you reckon it does cost?" asked the neighbor. "I mean what will house and clothe and feed one of these little lads for a year? The State, I notice, allows a couple of dollars a week when it boards them out—that does not supply clothes. Boys in a good home pull on the purse-strings for a good bit of money."

"Look here, my boy," said the neighbor as the elder of the boys came within the grasp of his hand, "do you know that you've cost your father a thousand dollars already? I don't pretend to say what you owe your mother."

"And that isn't the worst of it," said the father; "it will be more and more as they get older and larger."

"Do I cost all that?" asked the boy.

"Pretty near it."

"Before you are on your feet," said the neighbor, "you will be bankrupt in the sum of a couple of thousand, to say the least. What do you think of that? Will you ever make good?" But the boy had slipped away.

"But," continued the neighbor, "it costs the State as much, and it expects to get it back."

The mother pondered in her heart what was said. It was she who was most concerned to have the children kept in school.

"I don't see," she remarked, "how the State gets anything. It's the boy who gets the money."

"Yes," was the answer, "but the boy has put in good value for the money, and both boy and employer are the State. Did you ever look ahead," he asked the father, "and compute what you have been worth already and add to it what you expect to earn before you are too old to work? It gives one a feeling of importance. It will go over fifty thousand dollars, and you will spend it right here and that will multiply it to the State."

Turning to the mother he said: "If you two can stand it, it will be well worth while to keep the boys at school until they have intelligence enough and ambition enough to become skilled workmen. A boy at fourteen may earn a handy little sum toward his board and clothes, but he loses over the one who gets three or four more years of training. Eight or ten years later the trained boy should be well ahead.

"Stick to your studies, little men, as long as you can,

and get a vocation well under way," the neighbor said to the boys as he left to go back to his own cottage.

"If he thinks our boys are worth something, we ought to," concluded the father. "We'll give them all the help we can."

It has been figured out that the average boy of ten years of age is worth \$2,000; some boys are worth more, some less. If a 10-year-old boy is worth \$2,000, and a 20-year-old boy is worth \$4,000, what is a 15-year-old boy worth?

Do you think the cost of a boy helps to fix the value of the man?

Which is worth more in any trade or occupation, the boy with 8 years of schooling, or the boy with 12 years? Why?

How do the schools make a boy valuable?

Are schools a good investment for a town? Why?

Should a boy try to pay back the amount his parents and the town invested in him? How can he do it?

What is education?

THE HEART OF THE TREE

HENRY C. BUNNER

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants the friend of sun and sky,

He plants the flag of breezes free;

The shaft of beauty, towering high;

He plants a home to heaven anigh

For song and mother-croon of bird

In hushed and happy twilight heard—

The treble of heaven's harmony—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest-heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood
When in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

Select from this poem three aims in planting a tree.

Read line 3. Note here the labial sounds, p, b, f, formed by the lips.

Read line 4. What different sounds here?

Note the repetition of the phrase, "Who plants a tree." What effect is gained by such repetition of sounds?

Discuss these phrases:

"mother-croon of bird,"

"forest-heritage,"

"far-cast thought of civic good,"

"in the hollow of His hand."

WILD NEIGHBORS AND OURSELVES

ENOS A. MILLS

One winter a pair of rabbits occasionally played in front of my window. Noticing this, I placed food for them by their playground and in a short time they came daily to feed and to play for me. Lively plays they had. Often they raced in small circles; in the midst of this circling one would stop and stand erect for a moment and then circle while the other stood. They counter-marched and counterleaped; in this leaping they passed midway in the air.

With all possible speed they leaped back and forth, each apparently to alight in the spot from which the other leaped and then to wheel and instantly leap back. Sometimes one fooled the other by pretending to leap without doing so. Following a turn of this kind they jumped high, almost straight up, and as they faced or met in midair each tried to grab or to push the other. They danced queerly, slowly rotating; they went through a kind of stationary gallop, occasionally rising on hind legs to advance stiffly two or three steps.

One day they spied me watching through the window. For nearly half a minute they froze and watched me. As I did not move they presently went on with their play. After this we became better acquainted. I stood outside to watch them. At first far off, then closer, and finally

within a few yards. Toward the close of winter they came regularly into my cabin and ate off the floor. They declined to be touched, but this too could have been accomplished with a little longer acquaintance. But spring days came and they went off into the willows.

Any one can make friends with birds and animals. This is made much easier if all the people in a neighborhood are friendly to wild folks. Most birds and animals appear to desire human society. Birds leave the seclusion of the forest to build by the roadside where people pass. Other kinds of little feathered folk have deserted old nesting scenes and now nest by human homes. Robins, wrens, and bluebirds confidently raise their families in the scene where children romp and play.

Birds may come close for better food opportunities and increased safety from enemies, but it is also plain that many birds come chiefly to satisfy their desire for human society. It has been often demonstrated that shy, well-fed birds and animals are hoping and waiting for friendly advances on our part. Kindness and food will make most wild folks our friends. Wild neighbors are glad of the opportunity to call on us whether we break bread or not. They are also glad to have friendly calls returned.

Birds and animals have individuality. A recognition of this fact will make acquaintance with wild life more intimate. Food, kindness, also speaking to animals in the universal language, kind tones, are all means of pro-

moting acquaintance, but the recognition of individuality means intimate understanding.

Most wild life is wild from necessity and not from desire. In the past only the wary escaped with their lives and only the wild left descendants. How little we have known of the real character of animals! Wofully we have misunderstood them. Even to-day the general opinion of wild animals is that they are undesirable citizens. This bad opinion is based on myths. Stories by those who did not know or who do not know; careless observers and incompetent witnesses, and hunters who usually are prejudiced and generally not well informed are not good sources from which to form conclusions concerning the character of wild life.

For ages the large carnivorous animals have been considered ferocious. Strictly speaking, none of the animals are ferocious—they do not make wanton attacks on man. Our bears, lions and wolves fight only in self-defense or for the protection of their young. Domestic animals and human beings will also fight under these conditions.

Did you ever see rabbits play as Mr. Mills saw them?

What is meant by "stationary gallop"?

"They froze." What does that mean?

What makes animals afraid of people?

Do you believe "any one can make friends with birds and animals"?

Tell some experiences you may have had in doing this.

What is the "universal language" between animals and persons?

Why is it our duty to be kind to all animals?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

.
O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"*In God is our trust*";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Tell in your own words the incidents which led to the writing of
"The Star-Spangled Banner." Where was it first sung?

Why is the flag called "The Star-Spangled Banner"?

What do we do when this song is sung or played? Why do we do
this?

Name the national songs of England, France and Italy.

Who is Colonel Watterson?

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

HENRY WATTERSON

It was to secure the liberation of Dr. William Beanes, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave of the President to go to the British admiral under a flag of truce. He was conveyed by the cartel-boat used for the exchange of prisoners and accompanied by the flag-officer of the government. They proceeded down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac.

Mr. Key was courteously received by Admiral Coch-

rane; but he was not encouraged as to the success of his mission until letters from the English officers wounded at Blandensburg and left in the care of the Americans were delivered to the friends on the fleet to whom they had been written. These bore such testimony to the kindness with which they had been treated that it was finally agreed that Dr. Beanes should be released; but, as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, it was required that the party of Americans should remain under guard on board their own vessel until these operations were concluded. Thus it was that, the night of September 14, 1814, Key witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which his song was to render illustrious.

He did not quit the deck the long night through. With his single companion, the flag-officer, he watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, "listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed." While the cannonading continued they needed no further assurance that their countrymen had not capitulated. "But," I quote the words of Chief Justice Taney, repeating the account given him by Key immediately after, "it suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches

to see how long they must wait for it; and, as soon as it dawned and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy." Blessed vigil! that its prayers were not in vain; glorious vigil! that it gave us "The Star-Spangled Banner"!

During the night the poem began to form itself in Key's mind. With the early glow of the morning, when the long agony of suspense had been turned into the rapture of exultation, his feeling found expression in completed lines of verse, which he wrote upon the back of a letter he happened to have in his possession. He finished the piece on the boat that carried him ashore and wrote out a clear copy that same evening at his hotel in Baltimore. Next day he read this to his friend and kinsman, Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he carried it to the office of the *Baltimore American*, where it was put in type by a young apprentice, Samuel Sands by name, and thence issued as a broadside. Within an hour after it was circulating all over the city, hailed with delight by the excited people. Published in the succeeding issue of the *American*, and elsewhere reprinted, it went straight to the popular heart. It was quickly seized for musical adaptation. First sung in a tavern adjoining the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore, by Charles Durang, an actor, whose brother, Ferdinand Durang, had set it to an old air, its production on the stage

of that theatre was the occasion of spontaneous and unbounded enthusiasm. Wherever it was heard its effect was electrical, and thenceforward it was universally accepted as the national anthem.

The poem tells its own story, and never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood.

The Star-Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defense of his native land and holding it sweet to die for it—the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it—its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem, all live again in the lines and tones of Key's anthem.

Two or three began the song, millions join the chorus. Since "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written nearly a century has come and gone. The drums and tramlings of more than half its years have passed over the grave of Francis Scott Key. Here at last he rests forever. Here at last his tomb is fitly made. When his eyes closed upon the scenes of this life their last gaze beheld the ensign of the republic "full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured." If happily they were spared the spectacle of a severed Union, and "a

land rent by civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood," it may be that somewhere beyond the stars his gentle spirit now looks down upon a nation awakened from its sleep of death and restored to its greater and its better self, known and honored, as never before throughout the world.

THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

If one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars

gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people, for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

Do you look upon our flag merely as a handsome piece of bunting, a starry banner? Or does it mean to you all that Mr. Beecher says it means?

How did our flag mean Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill and the Revolutionary War, Declaration of Independence and the Constitution?

What is the supreme idea in our flag?

What is the difference between liberty and license?

Show how respect for law is loyalty to the flag.

What is meant by "not an atom of crown"?

Discuss: "Liberty through law, and laws for liberty."

THE BEST MAN ON THE TEAM

EARL REED SILVERS

The referee's whistle blew shrilly.

"Foul on Glenwood," the official called sharply.
"Holding!"

Tom Allen's black eyes flashed angrily. "I wasn't holding," he protested, "just trying to block the throw."

"Are you the captain?"

"No!"

"Double foul on Glenwood."

Without a word, the stocky guard of the Glenwood School took his place under the basket. The Highland centre walked leisurely to the white foul-line and held the ball rigidly before him. The gallery of the big gymnasium grew quiet—then suddenly a shrill cheer burst from the Highland rooters. Another point had been added to their total; the score now stood, Glenwood 33, Highland 32.

Again the visiting centre eyed the basket reflectively, twirling the ball carelessly with his fingers. Suddenly his body grew tense; the crowd resumed its attitude of expectant silence. The ball, turning easily, struck the iron hoop, balanced indecisively, and fell in.

Pandemonium broke loose; the score was tied and there remained only two minutes to play.

Captain Ned Bartlett slapped Tom Allen on the shoulder.

"Go easy on the holding," he cautioned. "The referee is watching you."

Tom's eyes gleamed resentfully. "I wasn't holding," he protested. "Anybody could see that."

The players glided to their places, eager, alert. From the north gallery rang the booming Highland cheer. Jennings, the Highland centre, tapped the ball lightly to a waiting guard, who had shifted to one side. Tom, rushing forward, snatched it from the other's hands and started to dribble it down the floor. The whistle blew.

"Held ball!" the referee called.

They jumped, and the opposing player, taller than Tom, knocked the ball sharply toward the basket. It struck the hoop and bounded back into Tom's arms. His opponent leaped at him, but Tom shot it to Bartlett who, in turn, passed it on a line to Bergin Merritt, who waited under the basket. A warning cry rang out from the Highland rooters. A visiting guard leaped desperately upon the boy prepared to shoot. The whistle blew.

"Foul on Highland, charging!"

Merritt smiled pleasantly, trotted to the white chalk-mark and, with a graceful, nonchalant movement, tossed the ball fairly through the basket.

The Glenwood supporters cheered wildly. Ned Bartlett, clapping Merritt upon the back, sped to his position, his eyes shining, his lips phrasing words of encouragement to the team. The centres jumped; the ball shot back and

forth; but suddenly a blue-suited youth dashed upon the floor, hand held high. The whistle blew.

"Time's up," the referee announced. He raised his hand for silence. "Glenwood wins, 34 to 33, and will play Millville next Friday for the county championship."

When the din of this announcement had died away, Tom Allen followed the other players into the dressing-room. He saw Ned Bartlett grasp Merritt's hand and tell him he had played a great game. In his heart there arose a sullen resentment against the brilliant forward whose work had made the victory possible.

He eyed his team-mates speculatively. Flushed with the thrill of victory, they chatted eagerly, mentioning this good pass, that sensational shot; and always Bergin Merritt was given the greatest credit.

Tom dressed slowly, pondering over the whim of fate which had led Merritt to return to Glenwood after a two years' absence. If he had only waited until after the basketball season, Tom would have been satisfied, for then there would have been no rivalry for the honor of being chosen the "best basketball man."

Basketball had taken a big hold on the people of Glenwood, not only among the students of the school, but also among the townsfolk. Alonzo Harding, the young president of the Glenwood Bank, who had played the game himself—and played it well—while in college, had given a silver trophy, surmounted by a silver ball, on which the name of the best man on the team was inscribed

at the end of each season. The practice had been in vogue for only one year, and but one name adorned the cup, that of Captain Ned Bartlett, who, although he had still a year to play, was voted the best man at the conclusion of his Junior term.

Everybody had believed that Tom Allen's would be the next name on the cup, and Tom himself had thought so until Bergin Merritt appeared to contest his claim. Bergin had been the star forward of the school, and in every contest he had accounted for the majority of the team's points. Tom, at guard, had done his very best, but his work was steady and consistent rather than brilliant, and Merritt had gradually become the favorite of the spectators. Tom, pondering rather sullenly over the probable outcome of the season, drew on his coat and made his way leisurely out of the dressing-room, meeting Ned Bartlett on the steps of the school.

"Some game, wasn't it?" The captain spoke enthusiastically. "All we have to do now is to beat Millville and the championship is ours."

Tom walked along silently, filled with resentment at Ned's light-heartedness. It was all right for *him* to talk; *his* name was already on the trophy. But to Tom, the winning of the championship was of secondary importance; the one thing that mattered was the honor of being chosen the best man on the team.

Suddenly he realized that all through the season he had been playing, not for the school, but for himself.

Slightly abashed at this disclosure of his selfishness, he walked along silently, answering in monosyllables Ned's attempts at conversation. He wanted his name on that trophy—but was he really deserving of it? He tried to convince himself that he was, and resolved to prove it.

On Monday afternoon he reached the court early, resolved to get in some extra practice before the other players arrived. For twenty minutes or so he tried long shots from the end of the court, with fair success. Ned Bartlett, standing on the side-lines, watched him for a time without speaking, a thoughtful light in his eyes. Finally, the others having arrived, he called the players together.

"I've got the Millville game all planned out," he announced. "We're going to play the short passing game. No long shots, no big chances; if we want to win, we'll have to use team-work."

"But we always did have team-work," Tom protested.

"Yes, not good enough to beat Millville. This time it's different. We'll have to keep one man free, and feed him."

"Who's the man?"

"Why, Merritt, of course!" Ned looked surprised. "He'll play hand forward and it's up to us to feed him all we can." He glanced at the clock. "Come on, we'll get in a good practice."

Throughout the afternoon Tom and the others "fed" Bergin Merritt. The new plan worked well against the

second team, and when the captain called a halt, the score stood 72 to 13. In the dressing-room the players bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"We'll play Millville right off her feet," Terrill, the second forward, announced. "With Tom as hand guard and the rest of us all over the floor, they won't stand a chance."

Even Tom admitted that Ned's idea was a good one. But with it, he saw his own hopes go glimmering. All through the week he pondered over the turn affairs had taken. It was hard to lose his one ambition when it was just within his grasp, doubly hard because of the manner in which it was being lost. Gradually his resentment grew. It wasn't fair! They had no right to take it from him!

On the night of the contest he made his way listlessly to the gymnasium. What he wanted most then was to have the game over with; he felt that he never wanted to see a basket-ball court again. Bergin Merritt smiled at him pleasantly, but Tom only nodded.

Outside in the "gym" the rival rooters were cheering noisily. Millville, thrice champions, had brought over a large band of followers; Glenwood, in her home court, was not lacking in supporters. It promised to be a great game.

In practice the Glenwood team worked smoothly; up and down the court they swept; their passing sure, deliberate, their handling certain. And always, when they

reached the basket, the ball was shot to Bergin Merritt, who tossed it neatly through the hoop. The Millville players watched closely. They were larger than the Glenwood boys; their brawny arms and sturdy limbs gave an impression of rugged strength.

At the sound of the referee's whistle, they took their places quickly, eagerly.

The ball shot into the air. Ned tapped it to Terrill; Merritt dashed across the floor, took the pass from his fellow forward and flung it cleanly into the basket for the first score. The Glenwood rooters cheered happily. Twice more the process was repeated before the Millville players became alive to the situation. But with the score 6 to 0 against them, they settled down to the game which had brought them a steady stream of victories throughout the season, until, at the end of one-half, the score stood 11 to 9 in favor of Glenwood. Bergin Merritt had been the only man to make a basket for the leaders; his three field-goals and five free throws had accounted for the Glenwood total.

The second half started much the same as had the first. Glenwood got the jump and scored three times before the visitors found themselves. And then, with his team eight points in the lead, Tom's long-nourished resentment suddenly found an outlet. He refused to play according to directions. Snatching the ball from his opponent, he ignored Ned's shrill warning and, aiming hastily, caged a neat basket from his end of the floor.

The Glenwood rooters cheered wildly, but Ned Bartlett faced him with flashing eyes.

"Cut out the long throws," he said shortly. "Pass the ball."

Tom took his place sulkily. Yes, that was it! Give Merritt all the glory! The ball flashed into the hands of his opponent, who in turn slipped it through the hoop for a basket. Tom had been caught unawares; his man had made a goal!

"Wake up!" Ned warned him. "Come on, fellows, get in the game!"

Play waxed fast and furious. The ball shot back and forth, bodies clashed, cheers shook the rafters of the building; occasionally the piercing whistle of the officials punctuated the din.

Gradually the Millville team cut down the lead which Glenwood had gained; try as they might, Ned and his team-mates could not stop the onward rush of the visitors. Twice Merritt broke loose and scored, but three times in succession the visiting centre found the basket.

Tom, in the thick of the scrimmage, played desperately, almost savagely. He followed his man closely, taking grim pleasure in thwarting his efforts to cage the ball. But in spite of all that he could do, the visitors gradually closed the gap. With but three minutes to play, the score stood 27 to 25. Then a Millville forward, making a sensational shot over his shoulder, counted two more points for his team, and the game was tied.

The players ran to their places and stood waiting, tensely alert. Ned Bartlett, arms raised, leaped upward, but his opponent, timing his jump, tapped the ball over the Glenwood captain's shoulder. Tom and his opponent rushed forward and seized it. The whistle blew.

"Held ball!"

They were directly under the visitors' basket. Tom, glancing backward, saw the danger, and jumped with all his might. But the Millville player, placing a heavy hand on his shoulder, held him down and knocked the ball cleanly through the hoop. The visiting rooters, rising from their seats, cheered wildly. Tom, suddenly beside himself with anger, rushed to the referee.

"It was a foul," he shouted. "He used his arm."

The official looked at him quietly.

"I think I'm capable of refereeing this game," he remarked. He held up his hand for silence. "Double foul—holding and talking to the referee."

Amid intense silence, the Millville centre took his place carefully on the white foul-line. Apparently unaffected by the tension of the occasion, he glued his eyes on the basket, the crowd forgotten. Slowly, deliberately, he raised his arms, shooting the ball squarely through the iron hoop. A cheer rose from the Highland rooters but died down as Bergin Merritt, with assumed carelessness, walked to the fifteen-foot line before his own basket. His hand was steady as he took careful aim. Suddenly the ball shot out, struck the base-board, bounded back, hit the

front of the hoop, wavered for a moment, and then fell—outside. A groan went out from the Glenwood section.

Ned Bartlett, eyes flashing with determination, sprang into position. His lips moved, but the noise was too great for the others to hear what he was saying. The ball shot upward, the players shifted, and suddenly Tom found the ball in his hands, the nearest man ten feet away. He took a step forward, and still no one came to intercept him. And then, out of the mass of players shot Bergin Merritt. For a brief instant he stood under the basket, uncovered, needing only the ball to bring victory to Glenwood.

In that brief instant, Tom Allen fought a fight with himself—and lost. All the pent-up resentment of a season of disappointment seemed to burst forth. He forgot the team, forgot the training of the past week, forgot everything except that Bergin Merritt was waiting for the chance to cover himself with glory. A Millville player rushed toward him; he dodged, stepped aside, and then hurled the ball in a graceful semicircle toward the basket. It struck the outer edge and danced crazily. A girl in the gallery shrieked hysterically. Tom watched, fascinated, as the ball rolled lazily around the edge, hovered uncertainly for a moment, and then dropped in. The whistle blew. "Time's up," the referee announced.

"Glenwood wins!"

A group of rooters climbed down from the gallery

and carried Tom in triumph to the dressing-room. Merritt clapped him enthusiastically upon the back, and the others hovered around, offering congratulations. Tom was the big hero; he had made the deciding basket, and had brought the championship to Glenwood. His cup of happiness should have been filled to overflowing.

But somehow, something was wrong. Even in the tense excitement of the moment, he noticed that Ned Bartlett, out of all the team, did not come forward to shake his hand. Ned stood at the edge of the crowd looking at Tom with a queer expression on his face. Over the heads of the others, Tom caught the look, and blushed crimson. The joy of victory seemed suddenly to have deserted him.

It took an hour or more for the team to dress; there was so much to talk about, so many plays to review, that it was after ten before they adjourned to the school office for the selection of the "best basket-ball man." After Ned had called the meeting to order, Terrill arose.

"I want to propose the name of Tom Allen," he said. "He's the man who won the game to-night; he deserves the trophy of the silver ball."

The others started to clap; all but Ned Bartlett, who sat with elbows on the table, his blue eyes fixed questioningly on Tom. And suddenly a new thought surged into Tom's almost reeling brain. He arose and held up his hand.

"I want to withdraw my name," he said, "and pro-

pose Bergin Merritt. He made the most points; he's been the star of the team all season."

Some one started to protest, but Tom shook his head.

"I nominate Bergin Merritt for the cup," he said.

There was no other objection, and the star forward was elected unanimously. Tom added his voice to the cheer which followed the announcement. His resentment had gone; he felt that he had paid in full for his mistake.

On the way out of the building, he met Ned Bartlett. "Good work, Tom," he said evenly. In the captain's eyes Tom saw a new look—a look of affection mingled with respect.

What motive inspired Allen to play as he did? Was the motive fair or unfair?

What is meant by "team-work"? Was it Allen's "team-work" or Allen's work?

Was he loyal to his team and school by his conduct?

Can one be loyal who does not obey?

What caused the change in Allen's conduct?

Do you think he was a coward when he deliberately played for his own interests?

What trait did he show when he proposed Bergin for the silver ball? Did it take courage to do that?

What do you think of Tom Allen as a player? As a boy?

If you were the captain would you select him for your team? Why?

Do you think Bergin was a better player than Tom?

If they were of equal merit as players, which one, then, deserved the ball? Why?

Did Tom win or lose the fight over himself?

THE BIRDS AND THE TREES

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

It was May Day. Half a dozen birds had collected in an old apple-tree, which stood in a pasture close by the road that passed the schoolhouse; some of them had not met for many months, consequently a wave of conversation rippled through the branches.

"You were in a great hurry, the last time I saw you," said the little black-and-white Downy Woodpecker to the Brown Thrasher, who was pluming his long tail, exclaiming now and then because the feathers would not lie straight.

"Indeed! When? I do not remember. What was I doing?"

"It was the last of October; a cold storm was blowing up, and you were starting on your southern trip in such a haste that you did not hear me call 'good-by' from this same tree, where I was picking insect eggs that expected to hide safely in the bark all winter, only to hatch into all kinds of mischief in the spring. But I was too quick for them; my keen eyes spied them and my beak chiselled them out. Winter and summer I'm always at work, yet some house-people do not understand that I work for my living. They seem to think that a bird who does not sing is good for nothing but a target for them to shoot at."

"That is true," said the dust-colored Phoebe, dashing

out to swallow a May beetle, which stuck in her throat, causing her to choke and cough. "I can only call, yet I worked with the best for the farmer where I lodged last year. I made a nest on his cow-shed rafters and laid two sets of lovely white eggs, but his boys stole them and that was all my thanks for a season's toil."

"Singing birds do not fare much better," said the Thrasher. "I may say frankly that I have a fine voice and I can sing as many tunes as any wild bird, but children rob my nest, when they can find it, and house-people drive me from their gardens, thinking I'm stealing berries."

"They treat me even worse," said the Robin, bolting a cutworm he had brought from a piece of ploughed land. "In spring, when I lead the Bird Chorus night and morning, they rob my nest. In summer they drive me from the gardens, where I work peacefully, and in autumn, when I linger through the gloomy days, long after your travelling brothers have disappeared, they shoot me for pot-pie!"

"It is a shame!" blustered Jennie Wren. "Not that I suffer much myself, for I'm not good to eat, and I'm a most ticklish mark to shoot at. Though I lose some eggs, I usually give a piece of my mind to any one who disturbs me, and immediately go and lay another nest full. Yet I say it is a shame, the way we poor birds are treated, more like tramps than citizens, though we are citizens, every one of us who pays rent and works for the family."

"Hear, hear!" croaked the Cuckoo, with the yellow

bill. He is always hoarse, probably because he eats so many caterpillars that his throat is rough with their hairs. "Something ought to be done, but can Jennie Wren tell us what it shall be?"

"I've noticed that most of the boys and girls who rob our nests and whose parents drive us from their gardens go every day to that square house down the road yonder," said Mrs. Wren. "Now, if some bird with a fine voice could only fly in the window and sing a song, telling them how useful even the songless bird brothers are, they might treat us better and tell their parents about us when they go home."

"Well spoken," said the Robin; "but who would venture into that house with all those boys? There is one boy in there who, last year, killed my mate with a stone in a bean-shooter, and also shot my cousin, a Bluebird. Then the boy's sister cut off the wings of these dead brothers and wore them in her hat. I think it would be dangerous to go in that schoolhouse."

"The windows are open," said the Song-Sparrow, who had listened in silence. "I hear the children singing, so they must be happy. I will go down and speak to them, for though I have no grand voice, they all know me and perhaps they will understand my homely wayside song."

So the Sparrow flew down the road, but as he passed in the lilac hedge before going in the window, he heard that the voices were singing about birds, telling of their music, beauty, and good deeds. While he hesitated in

great wonder at the sounds, the children trooped out, the girls carrying pots of geraniums, which they began to plant in some beds by the walk. Then two boys brought a fine young maple-tree to set in the place of an old tree that had died. A woman with a bright, pleasant face came to the door to watch the children at their planting, saying to the boys:

"This is Arbor Day, the day of planting trees, but pray remember that it is Bird Day also. You may dig a deep hole for your tree and water it well; but if you wish it to grow and flourish, beg the birds to help you. The old tree died because insects gnawed it, for you were rough and cruel, driving all the birds away from hereabouts and robbing their nests."


"Please, ma'am," said a little girl, "our orchard was full of spinning caterpillars last season and we had no apples. Then father read in a book the government sent him that cuckoos would eat the caterpillars all up, so he let the cuckoos stay, and this year the trees are nice and clean and all set full of buds!"

.

The Song-Sparrow did not wait to hear any more, but flew back to his companions with the news.

"I shall put my nest under the lilac hedge to show the children that I trust them," said he, after the birds had recovered from their surprise.

"I will lodge in the bushes near the old apple-tree," said the Cuckoo; "it needs me sadly."



"I will build over the schoolhouse door," said the Phoebe; "there is a pea-field near by that will need me to keep the weevils away."

"I think I will take the nice little nook under the gable," said Jennie Wren, "though I need not build for two weeks yet, and I have not even chosen my mate."

"I shall go to the sill of that upper window where the blind is half closed," said Robin. "They have planted early cauliflowers in the great field and I must help the farmer catch the cutworms."

"I will stay by also," said the Woodpecker. "I know of a charming hole in an old telegraph-pole and I can see to the bark of all the trees that shade the school-house."

Just then a gust of wind blew through the branches, reminding the birds that they must go to work, and May passed by whispering with Heart of Nature, her companion, about the work that must be done before June should come—June, with her gown all embroidered with roses and a circle of young birds fluttering about her head for a hat.

"Dear Master," May said, "why am I always hurried and always working? I do more than all other months. July basks in the sun and August sits with her hands folded while the people gather in her crops. Each year March quarrels with Winter and does no work; then April cries her eyes out over her task, leaving it dim and colorless. Even the willow wears only pale-yellow wands

until I touch them. The leaf buds only half unfold, and the birds hold aloof from the undraped trees; see, nothing thrives without me." And May shook the branches of a cherry-tree and it was powdered with white blossoms.

"Nothing grows by or for itself," said Heart of Nature tenderly. "The tree is for the bird and the bird for the tree, while both working together are for the house-people if they will only understand me and use them wisely. Never complain of work, sweet daughter May. Be thankful that you have the quickening touch, for to work in my garden is to be happy."

Then the Song-Sparrow caught up the words and wove them in his song and carolled it in May's ear as she swept up the hillside to set the red bells chiming for a holiday.

Make a list of the birds mentioned in this selection. How many do you know?

Tell what you can about Arbor Day.

Note the habits of the different birds.

Mention several ways in which the birds are useful to man.

Is every one bound to have regard for the life of birds?

In what ways can you protect birds?

Have you ever set up bird-houses?

Discuss: "Nothing grows by or for itself."

Can you think of one good reason why a bird's nest should be robbed?

A robber is one who takes what does not belong to him. A man robs a cash-drawer; a boy robs a bird's nest. Both are robbers. Discuss.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night—

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

When does this flower appear? What causes it to blossom?

Which lines of the poem show when it is in blossom?

Note the contrast of spring and autumn in stanzas 2 and 3.

When do violets come? Columbine?

What is meant by "shortening days portend"?

What do you think is the "eye" of the flower?

How does the poet account for the color of the fringed gentian?

Why is it called "fringed gentian"?

Discuss the last stanza.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

MAURICE THOMPSON

I have not exactly kept the date of my first actual observation, but it was late in April, or very early in May; for the crab-apple-trees, growing wild in the Georgian hills, were in full bloom, and spring had come to stay. I had been out since the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing quite still for some minutes, watching a mocking-bird that was singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crabapple-tree thirty yards distant from me.

Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost immediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion from the spray, and began to fall

slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs.

Its progress was quite like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique.

The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song was ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket.

Have you seen a mocking-bird? Why is it called a mocking-bird?

Describe some bird with which you are familiar.

Why are birds interesting?

Are birds useful to us? In what way?

Why should we protect them? How can you protect birds?

Is this an account of the usual manner of a mocking-bird's singing?

What is meant by "medley of improvised imitations"?

In the Fourth Reader read *The Mocking-Bird*, page 42.

PRESS ON

PARK BENJAMIN

Press on! there's no such word as fail!

Press nobly on! the goal is near—

Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!

Look onward, upward—never fear!

Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,

Though storm and vapor intervene;

That sun shines on, whose name is Love,

Serenely o'er Life's shadowed scene.

Press on! Surmount the rocky steeps,

Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;

He fails alone who feebly creeps—

He wins who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might

Tramp on eternal snows its way,

And through the ebon walls of night

Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! If once or twice thy feet

Slip back and stumble, harder try;

From him who never dreads to meet

Danger and Death, they're sure to fly.

In coward ranks the bullet speeds;

While on their breasts who never quail,

Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! If Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts, and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs. Press on! press on!

Press bravely on, and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

Why "press on"?

What is the reward for courage and perseverance?

What obstacles are in one's path? How are these to be overcome?

What is the reward for the "steadfast soul"?

Who wins: "I'm-afraid" or "I'll-try"?

Select lines that appeal to you.

Which stanza would you like best to commit to memory?

Why do you like this poem?

THE APOSTLE ELIOT

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

What a task would you think it, even with a long lifetime before you, were you bidden to copy every chapter, and verse, and word in yonder family Bible! Would not this be a heavy toil? But if the task were, not to write off the English Bible, but to learn a language utterly unlike all other tongues—a language which hitherto had never been learned, except by the Indians themselves, from their mothers' lips—a language never written, and the strange words of which seemed inexpressible by letters—if the task were, first to learn this new variety of speech, and then to translate the Bible into it, and to do it so carefully that not one idea throughout the holy book should be changed—what would induce you to undertake this toil? Yet this was what the apostle Eliot did.

It was a mighty work for a man, now growing old, to take upon himself. And what earthly reward could he expect from it? None; no reward on earth. But he believed that the red men were the descendants of those lost tribes of Israel of whom history has been able to tell us nothing for thousands of years. He hoped that God had sent the English across the ocean, Gentiles as they were, to enlighten this benighted portion of his once chosen race. And when he should be summoned hence, he trusted to meet blessed spirits in another world, whose

bliss would have been earned by his patient toil in translating the word of God. This hope and trust were far dearer to him than anything that earth could offer.

Sometimes, while thus at work, he was visited by learned men, who desired to know what literary undertaking Mr. Eliot had in hand. They, like himself, had been bred in the studious cloisters of a university, and were supposed to possess all the erudition which mankind has hoarded up from age to age. Greek and Latin were as familiar to them as the babble of their childhood. Hebrew was like their mother tongue. They had grown gray in study; their eyes were bleared with poring over print and manuscript by the light of the midnight lamp.

And yet, how much had they left unlearned! Mr. Eliot would put into their hands some of the pages which he had been writing; and behold! the gray-headed men stammered over the long, strange words, like a little child in his first attempt to read. Then would the apostle call to him an Indian boy, one of his scholars, and show him the manuscript which had so puzzled the learned Englishmen.

"Read this, my child," would he say; "these are some brethren of mine, who would fain hear the sound of thy native tongue."

Then would the Indian boy cast his eyes over the mysterious page; and read it so skilfully that it sounded like wild music. It seemed as if the forest leaves were singing in the ears of his auditors, and as if the roar of distant streams were poured through the young Indian's voice.

Such were the sounds amid which the language of the red man had been formed; and they were still heard to echo in it.

The lesson being over, Mr. Eliot would give the Indian boy an apple or a cake, and bid him leap forth into the open air which his free nature loved. The apostle was kind to children, and even shared in their sports sometimes. And when his visitors had bidden him farewell, the good man turned patiently to his toil again.

No other Englishman had ever understood the Indian character so well, nor possessed so great an influence over the New England tribes, as the apostle did. His advice and assistance must often have been valuable to his countrymen in their transactions with the Indians. Occasionally, perhaps, the governor and some of the councillors came to visit Mr. Eliot. Perchance they were seeking some method to circumvent the forest people. They inquired, it may be, how they could obtain possession of such and such a tract of their rich land. Or they talked of making the Indians their servants; as if God had destined them for perpetual bondage to the more powerful white man.

Perhaps, too, some warlike captain, dressed in his buff coat, with a corselet beneath it, accompanied the governor and councillors. Laying his hand upon his sword-hilt, he would declare that the only method of dealing with the red men was to meet them with the sword drawn and the musket presented.

But the apostle resisted both the craft of the politician and the fierceness of the warrior.

"Treat these sons of the forest as men and brethren," he would say; "and let us endeavor to make them Christians. Their forefathers were of that chosen race whom God delivered from Egyptian bondage. Perchance he has destined us to deliver the children from the more cruel bondage of ignorance and idolatry. Chiefly for this end, it may be, we were directed across the ocean."

When these other visitors were gone, Mr. Eliot bent himself again over the half-written page. He dared hardly relax a moment from his toil. He felt that, in the book which he was translating, there was a deep human as well as heavenly wisdom, which would of itself suffice to civilize and refine the savage tribes. Let the Bible be diffused among them, and all earthly good would follow. But how slight a consideration was this, when he reflected that the eternal welfare of a whole race of men depended upon his accomplishment of the task which he had set himself! What if his hands should be palsied? What if his mind should lose its vigor? What if death should come upon him ere the work were done? Then must the red men wander in the dark wilderness of heathenism forever.

Impelled by such thoughts as these, he sat writing in the great chair when the pleasant summer breeze came in through his open casement; and also when the fire of forest logs sent up its blaze and smoke, through the broad

stone chimney, into the wintry air. Before the earliest bird sang in the morning the apostle's lamp was kindled; and, at midnight, his weary head was not yet upon its pillow. And at length, leaning back in the great chair, he could say to himself, with a holy triumph: "The work is finished!"

Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of the most interesting of American authors. He wrote many short stories and several long ones, such as "Scarlet Letter," "Marble Faun," and "Blithedale Romance." He was born and always lived in New England and many of his stories are about New England, especially in the earlier Puritan times. There is usually something mysterious or supernatural in his stories.

In the selection printed above from "Grandfather's Chair," Hawthorne tells us in a very striking way about the apostle Eliot who was a great friend of the Indians and translated the Bible for them.

Why did Eliot wish to translate the Bible for the Indians?

How did he ever become so good a friend of the Indians?

In what respect did he differ from others in his estimate of their character?

Mention some of the qualities that made him a notable character.

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang; what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

To what is the Union compared?

Discuss the fitness of the comparison.

What is meant by "laid thy keel"?

Who was the "master"? Who were the "workmen"?

What period of the history of the United States is described in lines 6-11? What period in lines 12-18?

Select the lines telling the poet's faith in the Union. This poem was written in 1849.

Commit the last four lines to memory.

OLD TIMES ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM

CLIFTON JOHNSON

The kitchen was the centre of family life. Here a vast amount of work was done. Here they ate, spent their evenings, and commonly received visitors. Often it served as a sleeping-room, besides. Its size was ample, though the ceiling was low and pretty sure to be crossed by a ponderous beam of the framework of the house, the lower half projecting from the plastering above. A few straight-backed chairs sat stiffly up against the wainscoted wall, and seemed to have an air of reserve that would change to surprise if one ventured to move or use them. There stood the dresser, with bright array of pewter, a small table, a bed turned up against the wall and hidden by curtains, a cradle, a stand, a great high-backed settle, and lastly, extending almost across one end of the room, was the most important feature of the kitchen, the fireplace.

Let us take an early-morning look into one of these old kitchens. Dusky shadows still linger; we cannot make objects out clearly; one or two coals are glowing in the cavernous mouth of the fireplace, and a wisp of smoke steals upward and is lost in the gloomy chimney. It is late in the fall. When winter really sets in, the turned-up bed will come into use. Somebody is moving about in the bedroom, and now the door is opened and the man of the

house, with frowzled head, comes from the sleeping-room. He is in his shirt-sleeves, and the heels of his big slippers clatter on the floor as he shuffles across to the fireplace.

He is a smooth-faced, middle-aged man, vigorous, but slow-moving, and bent by hard work. He pokes away the ashes, throws on the coals a few sticks from a pile of three-foot wood on the floor close by, and in a few moments there is a fine blaze and crackle. The room is chilly, and the man rubs his hands together, stooping forward to catch the warmth from the fire. A scratching is heard on the outside door. He shuffles over and opens it. A cat glides in and rubs against him gratefully as she goes over to the fireplace, where she seats herself on the hearth and proceeds to make an elaborate toilet.

The man kicks off his slippers and pulls on a pair of stiff, heavy boots. He takes his coat from a peg by the fireplace, puts it on and his cap, and goes out. Every footstep falls clear and distinct on the frozen ground. The big arm of the well-sweep in the yard creaks as he lowers the bucket for water. Soon he returns with a brimming pail, fills the iron teakettle, then goes out again.

The kettle, suspended from the crane, seems quite shocked by this deluge of cold water. It swings in nervous motion on its pothook and shakes from its black sides the water-drops, which fall with a quick hiss of protest into the fire. The heat below waxes greater, and the cat moves to a cooler position.

It is lighter now. The teakettle recovers from its ill

humor, and, half asleep, sings through its nose a droning song of contentment and sends up the chimney quite a little cloud of steam. Now the woman has appeared and bustles about getting breakfast. She calls the children at the chamber door. Down they come, and crowd about the fire or scrub themselves in the wash-basin on the table. Grandma helps the smaller children fasten their clothes and wash their faces, and assists about the housework.

Some of the older girls, perhaps grandma or the mother also, soon take their wooden pails and go to the barn to milk the cows. When they return, they strain the milk through cloths held over the tops of the pails into the brown earthen pans, and then are ready to help with the breakfast preparations. A second kettle has been hung from the crane, in which potatoes are boiling. Coals have been raked out on the hearth, and over them is set a long-legged spider on which slices of pork are sizzling.

By the time breakfast is ready, the men, by reason of their open-air exercise, have appetites which naught but very hearty food can appease. Before they sit down to eat, the family gather about the table and stand while the head of the family asks a blessing. Then the older ones seat themselves, while the children go to a small second table at one side, about which they stand and eat, trotting over to the main table when they wish to replenish their plates.

Breakfast eaten, the household gather about the main

table once more and stand while thanks are returned. Then follows family worship. It is customary to read the Bible from beginning to end—a chapter each morning—all the family reading verses in turn; and then, if they were musical, a hymn was sung. Lastly, all kneel while prayer is offered. Such is the picture of the early morning.

Work now began again. The men left to take up their labor out-of-doors, while the women busied themselves in the house with their varied tasks. As the morning wore away, preparation began for dinner. What was known as a “boiled dinner” was most often planned. It was prepared in a single great pot. First the meat was put in; then from time to time, according as the particular things were quick or slow in cooking, the vegetables were added—potatoes, beets, squash, turnip, and cabbage—and probably in the same pot a bag of Indian pudding. When clock or noon-mark registered twelve, the dinner was dished up and the men called in. The meal was hearty and simple, and the family did not feel the need of much besides the meat and vegetables. Even bread was hardly necessary. Sometimes pie or pudding was brought on for dessert, but not regularly. The pie-eating era began a generation later.

At six o'clock the supper-table was set. The cows had been fed and milked; the boys had brought in the wood, and as they had no wood-boxes, they dumped the heavy three-foot sticks on the floor by the fire, or stood them up on end against the wall at one side, or piled them between the

legs of the kitchen-table; and other odd jobs were done, and the family gathered about the table. Bread and milk were quite apt to be the chief supper-dish. After the blessing was asked and the elders had seated themselves, the children would fill their pewter porringers or wooden bowls and pull their chairs up about the fireplace. Instead, they would sometimes crouch on the stone hearth, while the fire glowed and crackled and set the lights and shadows playing about the little figures. Their chatter back and forth and the company of the fire made their circle like a little world in itself, and the grown folks and their talk seemed far, far away.

When supper was ended and the dishes done, the women took up their sewing and knitting. Almost everything worn was of home manufacture, and the task of making and mending was a never-ending one. Even the little girls of four or five years were not idle, but were taking their first lessons with the knitting-needles. The men had less real work to do—perhaps were occupied with mending a broken harness or tool, making a birch broom, whittling out a few clothes-pins, or constructing a box-trap in which to catch mice. Sometimes certain of the family played games. Evening, too, was a time for reading.

Just before the children went to bed, the family laid aside all tasks and games, and read a chapter from the Bible and had prayers. By nine o'clock all had retired except the father—the head of the family—who wound the clock, pulled off his boots in a bootjack of his own mak-



ing, and yawned as he shovelled the ashes over some of the larger hardwood coals, lest the fire should be lost during the night. Then he, too, disappeared, and the fire snapped more feebly, with now and then a fresh but short-lived effort to blaze, and so faded into a dull glow and left the gloomy shadows of the room in almost full sway.

Did you ever see a real old-fashioned kitchen? Tell the various uses of the old-fashioned kitchen.

Have you ever seen any old furniture or utensils such as are mentioned? Did you ever see a brick oven?

Find the shadow-pictures in the second paragraph and in the last paragraph. What sort of effect do they give?

What was woman's work in these old times? What was the children's work?

Compared with yours, did the children have as good times in those old days?

KEEP ON DOING

CHARLES H. MCINTOSH

The only way to learn to do a thing is to *do* it—and then keep on doing it. For there needs no allegory to describe the brain as a bundle of habits.

The only way to do a thing well is to do it over and over again, because habits are not made in a minute, and all thoughts and actions, all arts and crafts, are founded upon habit; while facility is acquired only with constant repetition.

THE THINGS I PRIZE

HENRY VAN DYKE

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all, along the way, friendship
and mirth.

Where are to be found all the "things" the poet prizes? Are there no "things" of worth to be found in town and city?

What are "sapphire skies"?

What do you think is the "peace" that comes from the "silent hills"?

What does he mean by "comfort of the grass"? Did you ever smell "brown earth"?

What after all does he prize "best of all"?

Would your list of things you most prize be different from the poet's? Make your list.

SCARFACE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

It was well known that there was an old fox with his family living in the neighborhood, but no one supposed them so near.

This fox had been called "Scarface," because of a scar reaching from his eye through and back of his ear; this was supposed to have been given him by a barbed-wire fence during a rabbit hunt, and as the hair came in white after it healed, it was always a strong mark.

The winter before I had met with him and had had a sample of his craftiness. I was out shooting, after a fall of snow, and had crossed the open fields to the edge of the brushy hollow back of the old mill. As my head rose to a view of the hollow I caught sight of a fox trotting at long range down the other side, in line to cross my course. Instantly I held motionless, and did not even lower or turn my head lest I should catch his eye by moving, until he went on out of sight in the thick cover at the bottom.

As soon as he was hidden I bobbed down and ran to head him off where he should leave the cover on the other side, and was there in good time awaiting, but no fox came forth. A careful look showed the fresh track of a fox that had bounded from the cover, and following it

From "Wild Animals I Have Known," copyright, 1898, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

with my eye I saw old Scarface himself far out of range behind me, sitting on his haunches and grinning as though much amused.

A study of the trail made all clear. He had seen me at the moment I saw him, but he, also like a true hunter, had concealed the fact, putting on an air of unconcern till out of sight, when he had run for his life around behind me and amused himself by watching my trick.

In the springtime I had yet another instance of Scarface's cunning. I was walking with a friend along the road over the high pasture. We passed within thirty feet of a ridge on which were several gray and brown boulders. When at the nearest point my friend said:

"Stone number three looks to me very much like a fox curled up."

But I could not see it, and we passed. We had not gone many yards farther when the wind blew on this boulder as on fur.

My friend said: "I am sure that is a fox, lying asleep."

"We'll soon settle that," I replied, and turned back, but as soon as I had taken one step from the road, up jumped Scarface, for it was he, and ran. A fire had swept the middle of the pasture, leaving a broad belt of black; over this he scurried till he came to the unburned yellow grass again, where he squatted down and was lost to view. He had been watching us all the time, and would not have moved had we kept to the road. The

wonderful part of this is, not that he resembled the round stones and dry grass, but that he *knew he did*, and was ready to profit by it.

We soon found that it was Scarface and his wife Vixen that had made our woods their home and our barnyard their base of supplies.

Next morning a search in the pines showed a great bank of earth that had been scratched up within a few months. It must have come from a hole, and yet there was none to be seen. It is well known that a real "cute" fox, on digging a new den, brings all the earth out at the first hole made, but carries on a tunnel into some distant thicket. Then closing up for good the first made and too well-marked door, he uses only the entrance hidden in the thicket.

So after a little search at the other side of a knoll, I found the real entry and good proof that there was a nest of little foxes inside.

Rising above the brush on the hillside was a great hollow basswood. It leaned a good deal and had a large hole at the bottom, and a smaller one at top.

We boys had often used this tree in playing Swiss Family Robinson, and by cutting steps in its soft punky walls had made it easy to go up and down in the hollow. Now it came in handy, for next day when the sun was warm I went there to watch, and from this perch on the roof, I saw the interesting family that lived in the cellar near by.

There were four little foxes; they looked curiously like little lambs, with their woolly coats, their long, thick legs and innocent expressions, and yet a second glance at their broad, sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed visages showed that each of these innocents was the makings of a crafty old fox.

They played about, basking in the sun, or wrestling with each other till a slight sound made them scurry underground. But their alarm was needless, for the cause of it was their mother; she stepped from the bushes bringing another hen—number seventeen as I remember. A low call from her and the little fellows came tumbling out. Then began a scene that I thought charming, but which my uncle would not have enjoyed at all.

They rushed on the hen, and tussled and fought with it, and each other, while the mother, keeping a sharp eye for enemies, looked on with fine delight. The expression on her face was remarkable. It was first a grinning of delight, but her usual look of wildness and cunning was there, nor were cruelty and nervousness lacking, but over all was the unmistakable look of the mother's pride and love.

The base of my tree was hidden in bushes and much lower than the knoll where the den was. So I could come and go at will without scaring the foxes.

For many days I went there and saw much of the training of the young ones. They early learned to turn to statuettes at any strange sound, and then on hearing it again or finding other cause for fear, to run for shelter.

From their parents they learned the chief axioms of

the fox world, how, is not easy to say. But that they learned them in company with their parents was clear. Here are some that foxes taught me, without saying a word:

Never sleep on your straight track.

Your nose is before your eyes, then trust it first.

A fool runs down the wind.

Running rills cure many ills.

Never take the open if you can keep the cover.

Never take a straight trail if a crooked one will do.

If it's strange, it's hostile.

Dust and water burn the scent.

Never hunt mice in a rabbit woods, or rabbits in a hen-yard.

Keep off the grass.

Inklings of the meanings of these were already entering the little ones' minds—thus, "Never follow what you can't smell" was wise, they could see, because if you can't smell it, then the wind is so that it must smell you.

One by one they learned the birds and beasts of their home woods, and then as they were able to go abroad with their parents they learned new animals. They were beginning to think they knew the scent of everything that moved. But one night the mother took them to a field where there was a strange black flat thing on the ground. She brought them on purpose to smell it, but at the first whiff their every hair stood on end, they trembled, they knew not why—it seemed to tingle through their blood

and fill them with instinctive hate and fear. And when she saw its full effect she told them:

"That is man scent."

Meanwhile the hens continued to disappear. I had not betrayed the den of the cubs. Indeed, I thought a good deal more of the little rascals than I did of the hens; but uncle was dreadfully wrought up and made most disparaging remarks about my woodcraft. To please him I one day took the hound across to the woods and seating myself on a stump on the open hillside, I bade the dog go on. Within three minutes he sang out in the tongue all hunters know so well: "Fox! fox! fox! straight away down the valley!"

After a while I heard them coming back. There I saw the fox—Scarface—loping lightly across the river-bottom to the stream. In he went and trotted along in the shallow water near the margin for two hundred yards, then came out straight toward me. Though in full view, he saw me not, but came up the hill watching over his shoulder for the hound. Within ten feet of me he turned and sat with his back to me while he craned his neck and showed an eager interest in the doings of the hound. Ranger came bawling along the trail till he came to the running water, the killer of scent, and here he was puzzled; but there was only one thing to do; that was by going up and down both banks find where the fox had left the river.

The fox before me shifted his position a little to get a

better view and watched with a most human interest all the circling of the hound. He was so close that I saw the hair of his shoulder bristle a little when the dog came in sight. I could see the jumping of his heart on his ribs, and the gleam of his yellow eye. When the dog was wholly balked by the water trick it was comical to see: he could not sit still, but rocked up and down in glee, and reared on his hind feet to get a better view of the slow-plodding hound. With mouth opened nearly to his ears, though not at all winded, he panted noisily for a moment, or rather he laughed gleefully just as a dog laughs by grinning and panting.

Old Scarface wriggled in huge enjoyment as the hound puzzled over the trail so long that when he did find it, it was so stale he could barely follow it, and did not feel justified in tonguing on it at all.

As soon as the hound was working up the hill, the fox quietly went into the woods. I had been sitting in plain view only ten feet away, but I had the wind and kept still and the fox never knew that his life had for twenty minutes been in the power of the foe he most dreaded. Ranger would also have passed me as near as the fox, but I spoke to him, and with a little nervous start he quit the trail and looking sheepish lay down by my feet.

This little comedy was played with variations for several days, but it was all in plain view from the house across the river.

"Wild Animals I Have Known," from which this selection is taken, is an intensely interesting and noteworthy study of wild-animal life.

Do you know anything of the cunning of the fox?

In what ways does the fox differ from the wolf?

Do you think a parent fox actually trains its young?

Do you think the fox knew that the "round stones and dry grass" made a protective coloring for him?

Tell in your own words how the fox tricked the dog.

Note Mr. Thompson-Seton's explanation of "never follow what you can't smell."

In your own words explain the "chief axioms of the fox world."

On whose side are you—the uncle's or the boys'?

LIBERTY'S LATEST DAUGHTER

BAYARD TAYLOR

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living, fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features, still,
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,

The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the home of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to man:
Justice that knew no station,
Belief as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed.
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based, under all
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the inland wall.
Fused by her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers; hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory now to be a man.

Who is Liberty's "latest daughter"? Why is America sometimes called the "melting-pot"?

Divide this poem into two parts, (1) describing the nations which first settled our country and (2) the more recent immigrants.

What four American ideals are here mentioned?

Discuss these lines:

"'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory now to be a man."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR

R. H. DANA

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday, and a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

About midnight, the wind became fair, and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boatswain call of

“A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!” In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but a little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given and so immediately executed, there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered.

There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor’s life. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began, and in a few moments we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding “good night” to my native land.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day, and at night the watches were set, and everything put into sea order. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go; one or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to

the full impression of everything about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterward take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes, eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below.

I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the tramping of

feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm.

When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge-hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail-halyards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders constantly given, and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing" out at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea-legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail-yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of everything below, and that inexpressible sickening smell caused by the shaking up of the bilgewater in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent

refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage.

This selection is from Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," being a record of a voyage from Boston, around the Cape, to San Francisco, in 1840.

What is the difference between a brig and a bark?

What is it to "heave up the anchor"?

What is a "ground-swell"?

What are "watches" on shipboard? How are they made up?
How are they struck?

What part of a sailing vessel is the "steerage"?

What is meant by "beam-ends"?

What is it to get one's "sea-legs on"?

What is a chantey? Where is it spoken of in the narrative?

Obtain from some deep-sea sailor or from the dictionary the meaning of these terms: topsail-halyards; topsail-yard; hauling out into the stream; trim yards; close hauled; quarter-deck; forecastle; windward; blocks; boatswain.

AMERICA

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

HOW THE SETTLERS BUILT THE LOG CABIN

NOAH BROOKS

There was a change in the programme of daily labor, when the corn was in the ground. At odd times the settlers had gone over to the wood-lot and had laid out their plans for the future home on that claim. There was more variety to be expected in house-building than in planting, and the boys had looked forward with impatience to the beginning of that part of their enterprise. Logs for the house were cut from the pines and firs of the hill beyond the river bluff. From these, too, were to be riven, or split, the "shakes" for the roof-covering and for the odd jobs of work to be done about the premises.

Now, for the first time, the boys learned the use of some of the strange tools that they had brought with them. They had wondered over the frow, an iron instrument about fourteen inches long, for splitting logs.

From "Boy Settlers," copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

At right angles with the blade, and fixed in an eye at one end, was a handle of hard wood. A section of wood was stood up endwise on a firm foundation of some sort, and the thin end of the frow was hammered down into the grain of the wood, making a lengthwise split.

In the same way, the section of wood so riven was split again and again until each split was thin enough. The final result was called a "shake." Shakes were used for shingles, and even—when nailed on frames—for doors. Sawed lumber was very dear; and, except for the sashes in the windows, every bit of the log cabin must be got out of the primitive forest.

The boys were proud of the ample supply which their elders had brought with them; for even the knowing Younkins, scrutinizing the tools for woodcraft with a critical eye, remarked: "That's a good outfit, for a party of green settlers." Six stout wedges of chilled iron, and a heavy maul to hammer them with, were to be used for the splitting up of the big trees into smaller sections. Wooden wedges met the wants of many people in those primitive parts, at times, and the man who had a good set of iron wedges and a powerful maul was regarded with envy.

"What are those clumsy rings for?" Oscar had asked when he saw the maul-rings taken out of the wagon on their arrival and unloading.

His uncle smiled, and said: "You will find out what these are for, my lad, when you undertake to swing the maul. Did you never hear of splitting rails? Well, these

are to split rails and such things from the log. We chop off a length of a tree, about eight inches thick, taking the toughest and densest wood we can find. Trim off the bark from a bit of the trunk, which must be twelve or fourteen inches long; drive your rings on each end of the block to keep it from splitting; fit a handle to one end, or into one side of the block; and there you have your maul."

"Why, that's only a beetle, after all," cried Sandy, who, sitting on a stump near by, had been a deeply interested listener to his father's description of the maul.

"Certainly, my son; a maul is what people in the Eastern States would call a beetle; but you ask Younkins, some day, if he has a beetle over at his place. He, I am sure, would never use the name beetle."

Log-cabin building was great fun to the boys, although they did not find it easy work. There was a certain novelty about the raising of the structure that was to be a home, and an interest in learning the use of rude tools that lasted until the cabin was finished. The maul and the wedges, the frow and the little maul intended for it, and all the other means and appliances of the building, were all new and strange to these bright lads.

First, the size of the cabin, twelve feet wide and twenty feet long, was marked out on the site on which it was to rise, and four logs were laid to define the foundation. These were the sills of the new house. At each end of every log two notches were cut, one on the under side

and one on the upper, to fit into similar notches cut in the log below, and in that which was to be placed on top. So each corner was formed by these interlacing and overlapping ends. The logs were piled up, one above another, just as children build "cob-houses," from odds and ends of playthings.

Cabin-builders do not say that a cabin is a certain number of feet high; they usually say that it is ten logs high, or twelve logs high, as the case may be. When the structure is as high as the eaves are intended to be, the top logs are bound together, from side to side, with smaller logs fitted upon the upper logs of each side and laid across as if they were to be the supports of the floor for another story. Then the gable ends are built up of logs, shorter and shorter as the peak of the gable is approached, and kept in place by other small logs laid across, endwise of the cabin, and locked into the end of each log in the gable until all are in place. On these transverse logs, or rafters, the roof is laid. Holes are cut or sawed through the logs for the doors and windows, and the house begins to look habitable.

The settlers on the Republican Fork cut the holes for doors and windows before they put on the roof, and when the layer of split shakes that made the roof was in place, and the boys bounded inside to see how things looked, they were greatly amused to notice how light it was. The spaces between the logs were almost wide enough to crawl through, Oscar said. But they had studied log-

cabin building enough to know that these wide cracks were to be "chinked" with thin strips of wood, the refuse of shakes, driven in tightly, and then daubed over with clay, a fine bed of which was fortunately near at hand.

The provident Younkins had laid away in his own cabin the sashes and glass for two small windows; and these he had agreed to sell to the newcomers. Partly hewn logs for floor-joists were placed upon the ground inside the cabin, previously levelled off for the purpose. On these were laid thick slabs of oak and hickory, riven out of logs drawn from the grove near by. These slabs of hardwood were "puncheons," and fortunate as was the man who could have a floor of sawed lumber to his cabin, he who was obliged to use puncheons was better off than those with whom timber was so scarce that the natural surface on the ground was their only floor.

"My! how it rattles!" was Sandy's remark when he had first taken a few steps on the new puncheon floor of their cabin. "It sounds like a treadmill going its rounds. Can't you nail these down, daddy?"

His father explained that the unseasoned lumber of the puncheons would so shrink in the drying that no fastening could hold them. They must lie loosely on the floor-joists until they were thoroughly seasoned; then they might be fastened down with wooden pins driven through holes bored for that purpose; nails and spikes cost too much to be wasted on a puncheon floor. In fact, very little hardware was wasted on any part of that building.



Even the door was made by fastening with wooden pegs a number of short pieces of shakes to a frame fitted to the doorway cut in the side of the cabin. The hinges were strong bits of leather, the soles of the boots whose legs had been used for corn-droppers. The clumsy wooden latch was hung inside to a wooden pin driven into one of the crosspieces of the door, and it played in a loop of deer-skin at the other end. A string of deerskin fastened to the end of the latch-bar nearest the jamb of the doorway was passed outside through a hole cut in the door, serving to lift the latch from without when a visitor would enter.

"Our latch-string hangs out!" exclaimed Charlie, triumphantly, when this piece of work was done. "I must say I never knew before what it meant to have the 'latch-string hanging out' for all comers. See, Oscar, when we shut up the house for the night, all we have to do is to pull in the latch-string, and the door is barred."

"Likewise, when you have dropped your jack-knife through a crack in the floor into the cellar beneath, all you have to do is to turn over a puncheon or two and get down and find it," said Sandy, coolly, as he took up two slabs and hunted for his knife. The boys soon found that although their home was rude and not very elegant as to its furniture, it had many conveniences that more elaborate and handsomer houses did not have. There were no floors to wash, hardly to sweep. As their surroundings were simple, their wants were few. It was a free and easy life

that they were gradually drifting into, here in the wilderness.

Do you think settlers in new lands now would have to build houses as did these settlers years ago? Why not?

What is first done in building a log cabin? What completes it?

What was a latch-string? What do we mean by the saying, "The latch-string hangs out"?

In a sentence, describe the log cabin.

Gather all the unusual words in this selection and carefully look up their meaning in the dictionary.

HOW BOYS LIVED IN THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE F. HOAR

I believe that boys nowadays are more manly and mature than they were in my time. Perhaps this is partly because boys show more gravity in my presence, now I am an old man, than they did when I was a boy myself.

The life and character of a country are determined in a large degree by the sports of its boys. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the victory at Waterloo was won on the playing-fields at Eton. That is the best people where the boys are manly and where the men have a good deal of the boy in them.

Perhaps all my younger readers do not know how much that makes up, not only the luxury, but the comfort

of life, has first come in within the memory of persons now living. The household life of my childhood was not much better in those respects than that of a well-to-do Roman or Greek. It had not improved a great deal for two thousand years. There were no housewarming furnaces, and stoves were almost unknown. There were no double windows, and the houses were warmed by open fires. There were no matches.

There were no water-pipes in the house, and no provision was made for discharging the sewage. There were no railroads, telegraphs, or telephones. Letter postage to New York from Boston was twenty-five cents. None of the modern agricultural machinery then existed, not even good modern ploughs. Crops were planted by hand and cultivated with the hoe and spade. Vegetables were dug with the hoe, and hay or grain cut with the sickle or scythe. There were no ice-houses. The use of ice for keeping provisions or cooling water was unknown.

My father was well to do, and his household lived certainly as well as any family in the town of Concord, where I was born. I have no doubt a Roman boy two hundred years before Christ, or an Athenian boy four hundred years before Christ, lived quite as well as I did, if not better.

The boy got up in the morning and dressed himself in a room into which the cold air came through the cracks in the window. If the temperature went twenty degrees below zero outside, it was very little higher inside. If he were big enough to make the fires, he made his way down-

stairs in the dark of a winter morning and found, if the fire had been properly raked up the night before, a few coals in the ashes in the kitchen fireplace. The last person who went to bed the night before had done exactly what Homer describes as the practice in Ulysses' time, when he tells us that Ulysses covered himself with leaves after he was washed ashore in Phaiakia:

“He lay down in the midst, heaping the fallen leaves above, as a man hides a brand in a dark bed of ashes, at some outlying farm where neighbors are not near, hoarding a seed of fire to save his seeking elsewhere.”

But first we must get a light. Matches are not yet invented. So he takes from the shelf over the mantelpiece an old tin or brass candlestick with a piece of tallow candle in it, and with the tongs takes a coal from the ashes, and holds the candle-wick against the coal and gives a few puffs with his breath. If he have good luck, he lights the wick, probably after many failures.

After getting his candle lighted, the boy takes dry kindling, which has been gathered the night before, and starts a fire. The next thing is to get some water. He is lucky if the water in the old cast-iron kettle which hangs on the crane in the fireplace be not frozen. As soon as the fire is started he goes outdoors to thaw out the pump, if they have a wooden pump. But that is all frozen up, and he has to get some hot water from his kettle to pour down over the piston till he can thaw it out. Sometimes he would have an old-fashioned well,

sunk too low in the ground for the frost to reach it, and could get water with the old oaken bucket.

He brings in from out-of-doors a pail or two of water. If there has been a snow-storm the night before, he has to shovel a path to the wood-shed, where he can get the day's supply of wood from outside, and then from the doors of the house out to the street. Meantime the woman whose duty it is to get breakfast makes her appearance.

The wooden pump, which took the place of the old well in many dooryards, was considered a great invention. We all looked with huge respect upon Sanford Adams of Concord, who invented it, and was known all over the country.

He was quite original in his way. The story used to be told of him that he called at my father's house one day to get some advice as to a matter of law. Father was at dinner and went to the door himself. Mr. Adams stated his case in a word or two as he stood on the doorstep, to which father gave him his answer, the whole conversation not lasting more than two minutes.

He asked Mr. Hoar what he should pay, and father said: "Five dollars."

Mr. Adams paid it at once, and father said: "By the way, there is a little trouble with my pump. It does not draw water. Will you just look at it?"

So Mr. Adams went around the corner of the shed, moved the handle of the pump, and put his hand down and fixed a little spigot which was in the side, which had got loose, and the pump worked perfectly.

Father said: "Thank you, sir."

To which Mr. Adams replied, "It will be five dollars, Mr. Hoar," and father gave him back the same bill he had just taken.

I am afraid that the sympathy of the people who told the story was with the pump-maker and not with the lawyer.

The great kitchen fireplace presented a very cheerful appearance compared with the black range or stove of to-day. It was from six to eight or ten feet wide, with a great chimney. In many houses you could stand on the hearth and look up the chimney and see the stars on a winter night. Across the fireplace hung an iron crane, which swung on a hinge or pivot, from which hung a large number of what were called pothooks and trammels. From these were suspended the great kettles and little kettles and the griddles and pots and boilers for the cooking processes.

The roasting was done in a big "tin kitchen," which stood before the fire, in which meats or poultry were held by a large iron spit, which pierced them and which could be revolved to present one side after the other to the blaze. Sometimes there was a little clockwork which turned the spit automatically, but usually it was turned round from time to time by the cook. As you know, they used to have in England little dogs called turnspits, trained to turn a wheel for this purpose. A little door in the rear of this tin kitchen gave access for basting the meat. In the large trough at the bottom the gravy was caught.

No boy of that day will think there is any flavor like that of roast turkey and chicken or of the doughnuts and pancakes or griddle-cakes which were cooked by these open fires.

By the side of the fireplace, with a flue entering the chimney, was a great brick oven, big enough to bake all the bread needed for a large family for a week or ten days. The oven was heated by a brisk fire made of birch or maple or some very rapidly burning wood. When the coals were taken out, the bread was put in, and the oven was shut with two iron doors. The baking day was commonly Saturday.

When the bread was taken out Saturday afternoon it was usual to put in a large pot of beans for the Sunday dinner. They were left there all night and the oven was opened in the morning and enough came out for breakfast, when there was put into the oven a pot of Indian pudding, which was left with the rest of the beans for the Sunday dinner.

The parlor fire was a very beautiful sight, with the big logs and the sparkling walnut or oak wood blazing up. Some of the housekeepers of that time had a good deal of skill in arranging the wood in a fireplace so as to make of it a beautiful piece of architecture.

In the coldest weather the heat did not come out a great way from the hearth, and the whole family gathered close about the fire to keep warm. It was regarded as a great breach of good manners to go between any person

and the fire. The fireplace was the centre of the household, and was regarded as the type and symbol of the home. The boys all understood the force of the line:

“Strike for your altars and your fires!”

I wonder if any boy nowadays would be stirred by an appeal to strike for his furnace or his air-tight stove.

Sunday was kept with Jewish strictness. The boys were not allowed to go out-of-doors except to church. They could not play at any game or talk about matters not pertaining to religion. They were not permitted to read any books except such as were “good for Sunday.” There were very few religious story-books in those days, and what we had were of a dreary kind; so the boy’s time hung heavy on his hands.

They had good schools in Concord, and the boys generally were good scholars and read good books. So whenever they thought fit they could use as good language as anybody; but their speech with one another was in the racy, pithy Yankee dialect Lowell has made immortal in the “Biglow Papers.” It was not always grammatical, but as well adapted for conveying wit and humor and shrewd sense as the Scotch of Burns.

Make a list of the household conveniences which are new in the last one hundred years.

What effect has machinery upon the character of a people?

How long ago did the Roman boy live?

Tell in your own words the story about Mr. Adams and Mr. Hoar.

What were some of the chores a New England boy had to do?

What was peculiar about their manner of speech? Have you read the "Biglow Papers," by James Russell Lowell?

What was "the victory at Waterloo"?

Who was Burns, mentioned in the last line?

OUR COUNTRY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee;

We will not dare to doubt thee

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

EARLY SETTLERS

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

I think I see them harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children; while on their outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms, and a bucket filled with tar and tallow swings betwixt the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to the bolster, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans.

The servant now becomes a driver, riding the near

saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain, substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short and not agreeable.

The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travellers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives way, and immediate repair is needed. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon or prevent it from upsetting. Yet by sunset they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Fatigued, all assemble around the fire, which has been lighted; supper is prepared, and a camp being run up, there they pass the night.

Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of the journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been travelling from the beginning of May to that of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the neighborhood of the Mississippi. But now arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downward with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats and canoes, they at once cross the river, and select their place of habitation.

The exhalations arising from the swamps and morasses around them have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the axe and fire, a temporary cabin is erected; to each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose into the neighboring cane-brake, and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading-boat that stops at their landing enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fish-hooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes, and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate.

The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flatboat a supply of live poultry has been purchased. October tinges the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy; the days hot, and the nights chill, and the unacclimatized family in a few days are attacked with ague. The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoarfrosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength.

The largest ash-trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the building; a large fire is lighted at night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood, and thus add to their

comforts during the winter. This first fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear meat, and turkeys, ducks, and geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has augmented; the steamer which now stops there, as if by preference, buys a calf or pig together with their wood. Their stores of provisions are thus renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of sawlogs, bound for the sawmills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. A few cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made by themselves. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore, and loaded with cord-wood.

When the next freshet sets it afloat it is secured by long grape-vines or cables, until, the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream. After encountering many difficulties, they arrive in safety at New Orleans, where they dispose of their stock, the money obtained for which may be said to be all profit; supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light

hearts procure a passage on the upper deck of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labors in taking in wood or otherwise.

Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighboring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers.

Number the paragraphs, and tell which mark the end of the divisions of the narrative: the journey, the arrival, first efforts to secure shelter, clothing, food, trade with the outside world, a permanent home.

What qualities of head, hand, and heart made the early settlers successful?

Define these words without the use of the dictionary, deriving the meanings from the entire sentence in which the words occur: homespun, traverse, exhalations, unacclimatized, augmented, enterprise, freshet, passage, squatters.

What was a Kentucky flatboat?

ALONE WITH CHARLEY

GEORGE CATLIN

As soon as I recovered sufficient strength I made up my mind that if I could get out on the prairies and move northward I could save myself from that voracious burial-ground that lay in front of my window, and where for so

From "The Boy's Catlin," edited by Mary Gay Humphreys, copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

long I lay and imagined myself going with the other poor fellows, whose mournful dirges were played from day to day under my window. Rather die on the prairies and be devoured by wolves, rather fall in fight with the Indians and be scalped, than the lingering death that would consign me to that insatiable grave.

So having packed my canvases and brushes to be sent by river to St. Louis, one fine morning my horse Charley was brought up and saddled. A bearskin and a buffalo-robe being spread on the saddle, and a tin coffee-pot and cup tied to it, with a few pounds of hard biscuit in my portmanteau, with my fowling-piece in my hand and my pistols in my belt, with my sketch-book slung across my back, I took my leave of Fort Gibson against the advice of my surgeon and all the officers of the garrison, who gathered around me to bid me farewell.

Thus alone, without any other companion than my affectionate horse, Charley, I turned my face northward, to find my way over the five hundred miles of prairie that lay between me and the Missouri River. No one can ever know the pleasure of that moment which placed me alone upon the boundless sea of waving grass, over which my proud horse was prancing, and I with my life in my own hands.

Day by day I thus pranced and galloped along the whole way, through waving grass and green fields, occasionally lying in the grass an hour or so, until the grim shaking and chattering of an ague chill had passed off,

and through the nights slept on my bearskin spread upon the grass, with my saddle for my pillow, and my buffalo-robe drawn over me for my covering. My horse Charley was picketed near me at the end of his lasso, which gave him room for his grazing, and thus we snored and never were denied the doleful serenades of the gangs of sneaking wolves that in the morning we saw gazing at us, impatient to pick up the crumbs and bones that were left when we moved away from our feeble fire.

Charley was a noble animal, a wild Comanche half-breed, the color of a clay bank, and with a sweeping black mane and tail. He was considered the finest, as he was the best-known horse in that part of the country. Charley and I, although heretofore the best of friends, had always too much company to fully realize how much we loved each other. We both required the solitary and mutual dependence we were now entering upon to fully develop the actual strength of the sympathy that had long existed between us.

Another advantage arose from the fact that we were old campaigners, and knew exactly how to go at our work. There was yet another advantage that helped us very much. Twenty-five days is a long time to be without speaking to any one, or hearing the cheering sound of a human voice. From our long companionship and practice Charley and I had established a sort of language that was very significant, and helped to break the awful monotony of a solitary campaign on the prairie.

When I went into the field to catch Charley after a separation of two months, I said: "Charley, is that you?" He instantly replied: "Eegh-ee-e-ehh" (yes). This was distinctly an affirmative. Some might call this gibberish, but it had its meaning, and he was always sure to be right provided I put to him the right sort of questions. He had one agreeable trait which does not always belong to those one meets in far-away countries, he always answered immediately.

I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour's sun, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could describe at the end of his lasso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall, and after my coffee was made and drunk, I moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him away from me.

On one of these evenings, when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night came, I went as usual to catch him, but he evaded me. He led me a chase for a half-mile, and it seemed that I would have to make the rest of my journey on foot. At last I went back and laid myself on my bearskin and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night I half opened my eyes and saw a huge figure leaning over me, which I took to be an Indian about to take my scalp. I was too paralyzed to move, but at length I realized that it was my faithful horse, Charley, who, whether from fear or affection, stood with his forefeet at the edge of my bed, his head hanging over me, and fast asleep.

The next morning I saw him some distance off browsing, and after breakfast started to catch him. But he refused to be caught. I recalled the affection he had shown me in the night, so I thought I would try a new method. Slinging my saddle onto my back and trailing my gun, I started on. After I had gone about a quarter of a mile I looked around, and there by our camp-fire Charley stood, with his head and tail on high, gazing over the prairie.

Presently I heard him neighing loudly behind me, and galloping at full speed he passed me, when suddenly he wheeled and stood before me, trembling like an aspen. I walked up to him, and he held down his head for the bridle, and literally stooped for the saddle, both of us equally pleased at being together again.

With the exception of one night in twenty-five, I managed to bivouac on the bank of some little stream or river, where there was water to make my coffee and wood to make a fire. We generally halted a little before sundown, so as to give Charley plenty of time to get his supper before I took up his picket and brought him in. The moment his saddle was off I drove his picket down where the

grass was plenty and fresh, and gave him the full length of his lasso.

I would then gather my wood, make my fire, and that well going, I would dress my prairie-hen or prepare my venison steak, and fasten them on top of little sharpened stakes before the fire. Then I would put my little tin coffee-pot on the fire, and spread out all my traps, such as a tin cup, a bowie-knife, an iron spoon, a little sack of salt, some sugar, and a slice or two of cold ham.

It was a habit of Charley's and mine at this time to take him a little salt, of which he was very fond, and which he took with added relish out of my hand. This might have been possibly one of the causes of Charley's affectionate attachment to me, and, on this occasion, I took care to lay in enough salt to keep up the friendly feelings between us during our campaign. He was so accustomed to receiving this little attention when his meal was half over, and mine just to begin, and he had learned the time so well, that if I was not ready at the moment, his head was up and his tail spread out like a turkey-cock while he stood and gazed inquiringly at me. I would say to him: "Charley, do you want your salt?" "Eegh-ee-e," he never failed to answer.

Once we crossed a large prairie of many miles in extent, without a tree or bush in sight, and so perfectly level that, in the language of the region, we were "out of sight of land." Here night overtook us, and we were obliged to bivouac without water. In the middle of the night I was

awakened by a terrific thunder-storm. I got up and drove Charley's picket doubly strong, and folding up one of my robes, laid it across the saddle to sit upon, and spread the other robe over my head. This fell all around me to the ground and formed a tent that not only sheltered me, but all my things from the rain. The rain fell in torrents, and the flashes of lightning seemed to run like fiery snakes over the prairie, as if they were hunting for something to strike. At every flash I feared that Charley and I might be snapped up. Notwithstanding I had to sit upright all night, I got some sleep.

The monotony of these broad level prairies was sometimes not only tedious but doleful. I repeatedly fell asleep while riding, and when waking found Charley not only going forward, but keeping the course. Sometimes for hours together, creeping along without a bird or beast in sight, while both were in deep thought, I would say: "Charley, a penny for your thoughts." "Eegh-ee-e," Charley would reply. Thus we both braced up our nerves and moved along with new life.

Sometimes we came upon deep-sunken streams, like ditches, when I was within a few steps of plunging into them from their perpendicular sides, which were overhung with long wild grass. Into one of these canals which I had followed for several miles in the vain hope of finding a shoal or an accustomed ford, I plunged with Charley where it was about six or eight yards wide, and swam him to the opposite bank, to which I clung, and which being

perpendicular and of clay, and three or four feet higher than the water, was an insurmountable difficulty to Charley.

I led the poor fellow at least a mile as I walked on the top of the bank, with the bridle in my hand, holding his head above the water as he was swimming, and I at times almost inextricably entangled in the long grass that was often higher than my head. At length, and just before I was ready to drop the rein of faithful Charley in hopeless despair, I came to an old buffalo ford, where the banks were graded down, and the poor exhausted animal at last got out, and was ready and willing to take me and my luggage on the journey again.

The Osage River, which is a powerful stream, I struck at a place which was sixty or eighty yards in width, with a current that was sweeping along at a rapid rate. I stripped everything from Charley and tied him with his lasso until I travelled the shores up and down for some distance and collected driftwood enough for a small raft which I constructed to carry my clothes and saddle and other things safe over. I then took up Charley's picket, and leading him to the water's edge and taking off his lasso, I said: "Charley, do you know what you have to do?" "Eegh-ee-e." There was no mistake about this, as it was a thing he was used to. I pointed to the other bank and drove him in, and he started for the other shore. The current swept him down some distance, but he got to the bank and out upon the prairie. Then he turned

about and looked at me with a tremendous "eegh-ee-e," and went to grazing.

Having arranged my things on it, I moved my raft into the stream, and swimming behind, with one hand on it, proceeded very slowly down the stream. Approaching the opposite shore, I saw with alarm that the rotten timbers of my raft were absorbing the water so fast that some of my things were already under water. Meanwhile the shore was lined with logs and tree-tops where I was to land. Some of the long timbers of my raft, as I had no axe to make them of equal length, caught in the limbs of a tree, and whirling it around the raft, began to go to pieces, and I was thrown out again into the stream.

A second effort got me a better landing, and at length I got myself and my traps safely on the ground. I was then in front of a dense forest, and full a mile below where I had last seen Charley standing, with his head and tail up and watching me as I disappeared behind a point of timber. I was just making ready to go in search of him when I was startled by a cracking noise behind me, and as I turned around "Eegh-ee-e" said Charley, as he crowded through the thick weeds and nettles.

Such were a few incidents of this journey of five hundred miles which I made entirely alone, and which at last brought me out at Boonville, on the western bank of the Missouri River.

What benefit did the invalid expect to get from a trip across the prairie?

How many different incidents are related? Tell them.

Relate some incidents you know proving a horse has memory.

Did you ever know of a horse doing anything he had not been trained to do?

Do you enjoy adventure stories like this one? Why?

1800 AND FROZE TO DEATH

C. A. STEPHENS

“What shall we have for Thanksgiving dinner?” was a question which distressed more than one household that year. Indeed, it was often a question what to have for dinner, supper, or breakfast on any day. For that was the strangely unproductive season of 1816, quaintly known in local annals as “1800 and Froze to Death.”

It was shortly after the close of the War of 1812. Our country was then poor and but little cultivated. There was no golden West to send car-loads of wheat and corn; no Florida or California to send fruit; there were no cars, no railroads. What the people of the Eastern States had they must raise for themselves, and that year there were no crops.

Nothing grew, nothing ripened properly. Winter lingered even in the lap of May. As late as the middle of June there was a heavy snow-storm in New England. Frosts occurred every fortnight in the season. The seed

potatoes, corn, and beans, when planted, either rotted in the ground or came up to be killed by the frosts. The cold continued through July and August. A little barley, still less wheat and rye, a few oats, in favorable situations, were the only cereals harvested, and these were much pinched in the kernel.

Actual starvation threatened hundreds of farmers' families as this singular summer and autumn advanced. The corn crop, then the main staple of the East, was wholly cut off. Two and three dollars a bushel—equal to ten dollars to-day—were paid for corn that year, by those who had the money to purchase it. Many of the poorer families subsisted in part on the boiled sprouts of raspberry and other shrubs. Starving children stole forth into the fields of the less indigent farmers by night, and dug up the seed potatoes and sprouted corn to eat raw.

Moreover, there appeared to be little or no game in the forest; many roving bears were seen, and wolves were bold. All wild animals, indeed, behaved abnormally, as if they, too, felt that nature was out of joint. The eggs of the grouse or partridge failed to hatch; even woodchucks were lean and scarce. So of the brooding hens at the settler's barn: the eggs would not hatch, and the hens, too, it is said, gave up laying eggs, perhaps from lack of food. Even the song-birds fell into the "dumps" and neglected to rear young.

The dreary, fruitless autumn drew on and Thanksgiving Day bade fair to be such a hollow mockery that in

several States the governors did not issue proclamations.

Maine at that time was a part of the State of Massachusetts. The governor appointed November 28 as Thanksgiving Day, but not much notice attended the announcement. The notices of it did not reach many localities in Maine. In the neighborhood where my grandparents lived, nothing was heard of it; but at a school-house meeting, on November 21, our nearest neighbor, Jonas Edwards, made a motion "that the people of the place keep the 28th of the month as Thanksgiving Day—the best they could."

The motion prevailed; and then the poor housewives began to ask the question: "What shall we have for Thanksgiving dinner?" At our house it is still remembered that one of my young great-uncles cried in reply: "Oh, if we could only have a good big johnny-cake!"

And it was either that very night, or the night after, that the exciting news came of the arrival of a ship-load of corn at Bath or Brunswick.

At Brunswick, and other towns near the coast of Maine, where the people were interested in maritime ventures, it had become known that a surplus of corn was raised in Cuba, and could be purchased at a fair price. An old schooner, commanded by one Captain John Simmons, was fitted out to sail for a cargo of the precious cereal. For three months not a word was heard from schooner or skipper.

Captain Simmons had purchased corn, however, and loaded his crazy old craft full to the deck with it. Heavy weather and head winds held him back on his voyage home. Water got to the corn, and some of it swelled to such an extent that the old schooner was like to burst. But it got in at last, early in November, with three thousand bushels of this West India corn.

How the news of this argosy flew even to towns a day's journey up from the coast!

A great hunger for corn-cake swept through that part of the State; and in our own little neighborhood a searching canvas of the resources of the five log farmhouses followed. As a result of it, young Jonathan Edwards and my then equally youthful great-uncle Nathaniel set off the next day to drive to Brunswick with a span of old white horses hitched in a farm-wagon without springs, carrying four rather poor sheep, four bushels of barley, and fifteen pounds of wool, which they hoped to exchange for five bushels of that precious corn. On the top of it all there were three large bagfuls of hay for the horses. The boys also took an axe and an old flint-lock gun, for much of the way was then through forest.

It was a long day's drive for horses in poor condition, but they reached Brunswick that night. There, however, they found the cargo of corn so nearly sold out, or bartered away, that they were able to get but three bushels to bring home.

The corn was reckoned at nine dollars, the four sheep

at only six dollars, and it had been difficult "dickering" the fifteen pounds of wool and the two bushels of barley as worth three dollars more. The extra two bushels of barley went for their keep overnight. Such was produce exchange in 1816.

The next morning they started for home, lightly loaded with their dearly bought corn. Their route lay along the Androscoggin River, and they had got as far on their way as the present town of Auburn, where the Little Androscoggin flows into the larger river of the same name, when they had an adventure which resulted in very materially increasing the weight of their load.

It was a raw, cloudy day, and had begun to "spit snow"; and as it drew toward noon, they stopped beside the road at a place where a large pine and several birches leaned out from the brink of the deep gorge through which the Little Androscoggin flows to join the larger stream. Here they fed their horses on the last of the three bagfuls of hay, but had nothing to cook or eat in the way of food themselves. The weather was chilly, and my young great-uncle Nathaniel said to Jonathan:

"If you will get some dry birch bark, I will flash the pan. We will kindle a fire and warm up."

Jonathan brought the bark, and meanwhile Nathaniel drew the charge from the old "Queen's arm," then ignited some powder in the pan with the flint-lock, and started a blaze going.

The blaze, however, had soon to be fed with dry fuel,

and noticing a dead fir-top lying on the ground a few steps away, Jonathan took the axe and ran to break it up; and the axe strokes among the dry stuff made a considerable crackling.

Throwing down the axe at last, Jonathan gathered up a large armful of the dry branches, and had turned to the fire, when they both heard a strange sound, like a deep grunt, not far away, followed by sharp crashes of the brush down in the basin.

"What's that?" Nathaniel exclaimed. "It's a bear, I guess," and he snatched up the empty gun to reload it. Jonathan, too, threw down his armful of boughs and turned back to get the axe.

At sight of the snorting beast, Jonathan turned suddenly. "It's a moose, Nat!" he cried. "A big bull moose! Shoot him! Shoot him!"

Nat was making frantic efforts, but the gun was not reloaded. Recharging an old "Queen's arm" was a work of time.

Fortunately for the boys, the attention of the moose was fixed on the horses. With another furious snort, it gained the top of the bank and bounded toward where they stood hitched, chewing their hay.

The tired white horses looked up suddenly from their hay, and perceiving this black apparition of the forest, snorted and tugged at their halters.

With a frightful bellow, half-squeal, half-roar, the moose rose twelve feet tall on his hind legs, and rushed at the

one hitched nearest. The horse broke its halter, ran headlong against its mate, recoiled, bumped into a tree-trunk, and then—the tree standing thick in front of it—backed over the bank and went out of sight down the bluff, the moose bounding after it, still bellowing hoarsely.

The other horse had also broken its halter and ran off, while the two boys stood amazed and alarmed at this tremendous exhibition of animal ferocity.

“Nat! Nat! He will kill that horse!” Jonathan exclaimed, and they both ran to look over the bank. Horse and moose were now down near the water, where the river ran deep and swift under the steep bank, the horse trying vainly to escape through the tangled alder brush, the moose savagely pursuing.

The sight roused the boys to save their horse. Axe in hand, Jonathan ran and slid down the bluff side, catching hold of trees and bushes as he did so, to keep from going quite into the river. Nat followed him, with the gun which he had hastily primed. Both horse and moose were now thrashing amidst the alder clumps.

“Shoot him, shoot him!” Jonathan shouted. “Why don’t you fire? Oh, let me have that gun!”

It is not as easy as an onlooker often thinks to shoot an animal, even a large one, in rapid motion, particularly among trees and brush; something constantly gets in the way. Both animals were now tearing along the brink of the deep stream, stumbling headlong one second, up the next, plunging on. As often as Nat tried to steady him-

self on the steep side of the bluff for a shot, either the horse was in the way or both animals were wholly concealed by the bushes. Moreover, the boys had to run fast through the brush to keep them in sight. Nat could not shoot with certainty, and Jonathan grew wild over the delay.

"Shoot him yourself, then!" Nat retorted, panting.

Jonathan snatched the gun and dashed forward, Nat picking up the axe and following after. On they ran for several hundred yards, barely keeping pace with the animals. Jonathan experienced quite as much difficulty in getting a shot as Nat had done.

At last he aimed and snapped—and the gun did not go off.

"You never primed it!" he exclaimed indignantly. Nat thought that he had done so, but was not wholly certain; and feeling that he must do his part somehow, he now dashed past Jonathan, and running on, attempted to head the horse off at a little gully down the bank to which they had now come. It was a brushy place; he fell headlong into it himself, and rolled down still grasping hard at the axe. He was close upon the horse now, and within a few yards of the water, and, looking up, he saw the moose's head among the alder brush. The creature appeared to be staring at him, and regaining his feet, much excited, Nat threw the axe with all his strength at the moose's head.

By chance rather than skill, the poll of the axe struck the animal just above the eyes at the root of the antlers.

It staggered, holding its head to one side a moment, as if half-stunned. Then, recovering, it snorted, and with a bound through the brush, jumped into the stream, and either swam or waded across to the low sandy bank on the other side. There it stood, still shaking its head.

Jonathan had caught up with Nat by this time, and they both stood watching the moose for some moments, hoping that the mad animal had now had enough of the fracas and would go his way. The horse was in the brush of the little gully, sticking fast there, or tired out by its exertions; and they now began considering how they could best extricate it and get it back up the bluff.

Just then, however, their other horse neighed long and shrill from the top of the bank, calling its mate. The frightened horse beside them neighed back in reply.

These equine salutations produced an unexpected result. Another hoarse snort and a splash of the water was the response from across the stream.

"He's coming again!" exclaimed Jonathan. "Have you got the powder-horn, Nat? Give it to me quick, if you've got it!" Nathaniel had had the powder-horn up on the bank, but had dropped it there, or lost it out of his pocket in his scramble down the bluff.

There was no time to search for it. The moose was plunging through the narrow stream, and a moment later sprang ashore and came bounding up the gully toward the horse.

The boys shouted to frighten him off. The crazed

creature appeared neither to hear nor heed. Jonathan hastily took refuge behind a rock; Nat jumped to cover of a tree-trunk.

In his rush at the horse, the moose passed close to them. Again Nat hurled the axe at the animal's side. Jonathan, snatching up a heavy stone, threw it with all his might. The horse, too, wheeling in the narrow bed of the gully, kicked spitefully, lashing out its iron-shod hoofs again and again, planting them hard on the moose's front.

For some moments this singular combat raged there. Recovering the axe and coming up behind the animal, Nat now attempted to deal a blow. The moose wheeled, however, as if struck by a sudden panic, and went clear over Nat, who was thrown headlong and slid down into the water.

The moose bounded clear over him, and again went splashing through Little Androscoggin to the other side, where it turned as before, shaking its antlers and rending the brush with them.

Nathaniel had caught hold of a bush, and thus saved himself from going fully into the swift current. Jonathan helped him get out, and the two young fellows stared at each other. The encounter had given them proof of the mad strength and energy of the moose.

"Oh, if we could only find that powder-horn somewhere!" Jonathan exclaimed.

The horse up on the bluff sent forth again its shrill neigh, to which the one beside them responded.

And just as before, the moose, with an awful bellow, came plunging through the little river and bounding up the gully.

“Here he comes again!” Jonathan fairly yelled. “Get out of the way!”

And Nat got out of the way as quickly as possible, taking refuge behind the same rock in the side of the gully.

Again the place resounded to a frightful medley of squeals, bellowings, and crashes in the brush. This time Jonathan had caught up the axe, and approaching the furious mêlée of whirling hoofs and gnashing teeth from one side, attempted to get in a blow. In their wild movements the enraged animals nearly ran over him, but he struck and stumbled.

The blow missed the moose’s head, but fell on the animal’s foreleg, just below the knee, and broke the bone. The moose reared, and wheeling on its hind legs, plunged down the gully, falling partly into the river, much as Nat had done.

A dozen times it now struggled to get up, almost succeeding, but fell back each time. With the ardor of battle still glowing in him, Jonathan rushed forward with the axe, and finally managed to deal the moose a death-blow.

“We’ve muttoned him! We’ve muttoned him!” Nat shouted. “But I never had such a fight as that before.”

The horse, as it proved, was not seriously injured, but they were obliged to cut away the alder brush in the gully

to get the animal back up the bluff, and were occupied fully an hour doing so.

The body of the moose was a huge one; it must have weighed fully fourteen hundred pounds. The boys could no more have moved it than they could move a mountain. Moreover, it was now beginning to snow fine and fast. Jonathan had a fairly good knife, however, and by using the axe they succeeded in cutting up the carcass. Even the quarters were so heavy that their full strength was required to drag them up the bluff and load them into the wagon. The head, with its broad, branching antlers, was all that they could lift to the top of their now bulky load.

The task had taken till past four o'clock of that stormy November afternoon. Twilight was upon them, the wintry twilight of a snow-storm, before they made a start; and it was long past midnight when they finally plodded home.

There were corn-cake and moose venison for Thanksgiving dinner.

What aim mentioned in the introduction is accomplished at the end of the narration?

Who issued the Thanksgiving proclamation in your State this year?

What caused the high prices in 1816?

What did the boys barter for five bushels of corn?

What sort of country is the scene of this story? Where is the Androscoggin?

Find the most exciting part of the story about the moose.

Why is it called a singular combat? What was a flint-lock gun? Did you ever see a moose? Where?

A CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

MABEL ELIZABETH FLETCHER

In the fall of 1822, a "Virginia Wagon" stopped in the neighborhood of a beautiful grove near the central part of Illinois. From this wagon descended a pioneer and his family, bravely gazing about the unsettled country which was to be their new home. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth there were two children, a boy aged four, and little Susan, a dumpling only a year old. Mr. Hollingsworth's brother, Jason, accompanied him also.

The children were fretful after their long journey through the wilderness, but the mother and father, as tired as they were, stood gazing at the glorious coloring spread before them. The oaks were a mighty blaze of red and orange, and the maples were each a flaming sunset. Up the trunks of the trees ran the scarlet woodbine, and in a tangled thicket of wild crab-apples they saw lovely berries of the bittersweet.

"Let us build here," said Mrs. Hollingsworth, gently hushing the child in her arms.

"No place could be prettier," answered her husband. "I hear a spring trickling, too. We will have water near at hand."

Immediately the two men set to work to build a "lin-bark camp" in which they could live until the cabin could be built. This was a rough structure with

three closed sides; the floor and roof were made of lin bark. It furnished a fair protection in case of bad weather, and kept off heavy dews.

In a short time a tiny cabin was ready for the family, and Mrs. Hollingsworth happily spread her great ticks of goose-feathers on the rude beds and covered them with her bright patchwork quilts. Mr. Hollingsworth killed wild turkeys for oil for a home-made lamp, which was made by placing a twisted flannel strip in a saucer of oil.

It was while the men were building a rail fence that the first hint of trouble came. Out of the timber, without warning, rode a group of Indian braves. They were not in war-paint, but they were plainly hostile. The leader was Machina, the chief of the Kickapoos. Dressed in his scarlet blanket, he strode up to the white men, muttering. At the same time he threw a handful of maple-leaves into the air.

“What does he mean?” cried Mrs. Hollingsworth in terror.

Her husband's face was grave as he answered: “He is jealous because we have come here. He says that we must go to the other side of the river before the leaves fall, or the Kickapoos will kill all the ‘Bootanas’” (white men). Still muttering, Machina and his stalwart braves went back into the forest.

Then what anxious days for the pioneers! There was not a house between them and Chicago, one hundred and fifty miles away. They must depend upon themselves in

case of attack. The men seldom went far from the cabin, and they taught Mrs. Hollingsworth how to handle a shotgun. The matter was reported to the Indian agent thirty miles to the south, and he said that, although the chief had signed a treaty giving up the lands to the whites, he had refused to abide by it. He had been too ill to treat with the men himself, and had sent his son, who had signed the articles giving up the land. When the Indian agent told Machina this, the chief said: "My heart did not go with it."

"We cannot leave," said Mr. Hollingsworth. "We can't start back at this time of the year. And if we crossed the Sangamon, we wouldn't be any safer, probably."

So the days wore on. In the late fall, fifteen Indians, carrying a deer which they had killed, camped in front of the little house. Mrs. Hollingsworth was at first crazed with fright. She rushed out of the cabin and pointed at the oak-leaves, which were still hanging on the trees.

"No, no!" she cried. "Leaves no fall yet! Go away!"

The Indians grunted, and began to get ready their supper. Old Machina sullenly borrowed a kettle from the white woman. Into this he dropped the head of the deer and boiled it for a short time. Then he made broth by mixing in meal, and the stolid Indians ate their supper. Evidently they were not bent on mischief.

All the early part of the winter the Kickapoos camped in front of the cabin, and the little family now no longer

feared them. Two of the squaws, "Aunt Peggy" and "Aunt Nancy," soon grew fond of the baby, and they made her tiny buckskin clothes.

The twelfth of December, Jason rode fifty miles to the south and came back with a bride, apple-cheeked Keturah Pancake, who had come with her family from Tennessee. The young husband and wife were to live with the Hollingsworths during the winter.

That night as they sat before the great fireplace, Keturah confessed that she had never in any way celebrated Christmas, and that she had never given or received a Christmas present.

"Dear heart alive!" cried Mrs. Hollingsworth. "Can that be true?"

"It's true," said Keturah, smiling. "There were always so many of us, and father was so poor, that we never even dreamed of presents. We always tried to have a little better dinner than usual on Christmas day, and that was all. Sometimes we didn't even have that."

Mrs. Hollingsworth said no more, but she lay awake long that night, planning a wilderness Christmas for her small family. She did not have many days in which to work, but she thought that she could in some way make a small gift for every one. Finally she fell asleep.

The next day, while her husband and the young people were in the woods, she took from her big chest in the corner her most prized possession. She looked at it with her head on one side and smiled at it a bit sadly. Yes, it

must go to Keturah, for of course she could not get to town before the holidays to sell any more butter. Butter brought seven cents in trade at that time of year.

When she had closed the chest, she took down from a peg on the side of the house a big buckskin. Then she began by soaking it in a weak lye-water in a rough trough dug out of a log. After this was finished she scraped the skin with a sharp knife to take off the hair and the grain. Next she soaked it a long time in the brains of a deer which old Machina obligingly gave her. Last of all, she washed it in soap-suds and laboriously colored it by smoking it.

Aunt Peggy now took the skin, and, by rubbing it and pulling it, she made it soft and smooth. Then sitting down in front of the great fireplace, she cut out and made for little Jared a suit of buckskin clothes such as little Indian boys wore. When it was fringed and beaded with a few precious blue beads, it was put away until Christmas morning. Little Jared had by this time become so used to the Indians that he did not pay any attention to Aunt Peggy as she worked by the fire.

Next, with Keturah's help, Mrs. Hollingsworth made a buckskin shirt for her husband and brother. These they dyed with walnut hulls and hickory smoke, and when they were finished they were placed in the big chest with Jared's gift and the precious package for Keturah. It was now the day before Christmas.

"I will get some prairie-chickens," said Mr. Hollingsworth, taking down his shotgun.

He was hastening along the crust of the snow when he saw in the distance a number of birds he wished. To reach them he had to cross a small slough. Just as he reached the middle of this, the crust broke, and he went down. He threw his gun on top of the crust, and tried to work loose. The more he worked, the deeper down he went, until finally the snow closed over his head. He was desperate for a moment. Then he struggled until he had packed enough snow beneath him to gain a firm foothold. He continued to pack the snow until he rose high enough to crawl out upon the crust. The thin sunlight lay everywhere; it was a beautiful day; and only the hole in the snow bore witness to his disaster.

Mr. Hollingsworth went on his way, and before evening came, he had a great string of prairie-chickens. He went home by a different route, to avoid the slough, and handed the game to his wife. Some of them she would hang up to dry, but most of them would be used for the long-expected Christmas dinner. Of his accident he said nothing; he simply gave the children an extra dance on his knee.

The great event of that evening was the bringing in of the Christmas log. The cabin, which was about twenty-five feet square, had been built with doors opposite each other on the west and east, and an immense fireplace on the south. This fireplace would actually hold logs twenty feet long and two or three feet thick.

Mr. Hollingsworth brought from the stable his four

yokes of oxen. With these he dragged a great log toward the cabin. One end of this log was dragged as near the east door as it could be got by pulling it at right angles. Then the men went with the oxen to the other side of the house and passed a log chain from the animals through the door, across the house, and out to the end of the log, where it was attached. Then the oxen pulled the log into the house, end foremost. After that the two men, with the help of the Indians, rolled it into place.

"It will burn from five to seven days," said Mrs. Hollingsworth contentedly.

They went to bed early on Christmas Eve, for the next morning they were to ride twenty miles through the woods to a small settlement south of them. Here for the first time Christmas exercises were to be held in a tiny log church. They must start very early in order to be there on time and to get back in time for big Christmas dinner in the early part of the afternoon.

After all, Keturah was the first one up the next morning. She silently crept from her bed in the loft and dressed with shaking fingers. It was not yet daylight as she drew from under her bed a basketful of bittersweet berries and the great scarlet hips of the wild rose, which in that part of the country grew higher than Jason's head. With her treasures she crept down on the ladder from the loft and crouched on her knees before the smouldering log. With a little punching and a little blowing she soon had a merry blaze at one end of the

fire-place, and in the warmth of this she basked for some time. In the other end of the room slept the Hollingsworths, all unaware that a Christmas angel was on their hearth.

As soon as the first hint of dawn crept into the room, Keturah poked the fire harder, and by its light she plied busy fingers. By means of homespun thread she made four lovely wreaths of bittersweet berries, and two of rose-hips. One such bittersweet wreath as hers exhibited in a florist's window to-day, at least in the Middle West, would attract endless attention and bring a fabulous sum, for the scarlet and orange berries are seldom found now.

Just as Keturah had hung the last lovely wreath over a corner of the settle, small Jared opened his round eyes and bounced out of bed. Immediately the whole family awoke. Then what a crying of "Christmas gift" from loft and first floor! What a hurrying into clothes; what a breathing upon frosty fingers! Mr. Hollingsworth poked at the great log until the sparks flew madly up the chimney, and the great chain across the fireplace swayed slowly to and fro. On this chain would be hung the pots for cooking the dinner.

When he had given one glance at the sky Mr. Hollingsworth shook his head. It was a dark gray, and already thick snow was falling. The Indian tepees were white.

"We can't go to the services," he said regretfully,

“for it’s going to snow hard and we might get lost coming back.”

There was great disappointment in the cabin then, but the pioneers of those days accepted things without whining. These of Blooming Grove ate their mush and milk cheerfully, admired the wreaths, and sat about the hearth cracking walnuts and eating apples.

Soon it was time to get dinner. The two women fried the prairie-chickens, stewing a few of the older ones. They stewed, too, the “pumpkin leather” and the “peach leather” which they had taken down from the loft the day before. In those days there were no glass cans in which to preserve fruit for the winter. The man of the house made several smooth boards. The pumpkin or peach was “stewed down,” and then spread thinly on the boards to dry. When dry, it was called “leather.”

From the loft, too, came the wild potatoes which had grown in the creek bottoms and the sloughs. These were little black things about the size of an egg, and they were especially good when roasted. They had a different flavor from the Irish potatoes. Little Jared was very fond of them. “Taters,” he called them.

Keturah flew busily about, just as if she had always worked in this cabin near the river. She made one laughable mistake, although it did not seem funny to the family for several days afterward. A peddler—and peddlers were about as rare at that time as wandering knights—had sold to Mrs. Hollingsworth several weeks before a

pound of roasted coffee. The family had not tasted coffee since they left Virginia; like the other pioneers, tea made from roots and herbs had furnished their only hot drink. As a great surprise and treat for her husband, Mrs. Hollingsworth had planned a great potful of coffee for dinner. While she was out in the yard, however, Keturah, who had never seen coffee, boiled it along with some venison!

At last the great dinner was ready. The Indians, all but Aunt Nancy, filed in from the yard, shaking themselves with many an "Ugh! Ugh!" and stamping off the snow. At the head of the long table sat the white people; at the foot sat the stolid Kickapoos. Their food was served to them in big kettles, and they ate native fashion. All the while the snow fell faster, until the forest was a wonderland of white.

After the last morsel had been eaten—and by this time it was three o'clock—the table was cleared and pushed to the north end of the room. Mr. Hollingsworth, who had put on, in honor of the occasion, his best homespun clothes, rose to his feet and lifted his hand for silence.

"My friends," said he, "let us now hear the word of God."

All were immediately silent except old Machina. He sat in one corner jogging the little white papoose upon his knee, all the while singing in a monotone: "He-o, he-o, me-yok-o-ne, me-yok-o-ne."

When the old chief ceased, Mr. Hollingsworth recited from memory the words he had heard at his mother's knee:

“Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”

Then there was a brief prayer. Mr. Hollingsworth thanked God for a safe journey through the wilderness, and for the friends who awaited them.

“Bless Thou, O Lord,” he called in his deep voice, “these savage hearts that worship with us to-day. Bless Thou the little Christmas child who lies outside. And lead us safely through another year. Amen.”

Aunt Nancy had a little Christmas Indian baby! Jared was wild to see it, but his mother said a Christmas baby was too young to receive callers, and that he must wait until New Year’s Day.

Then the Christmas presents were given. Jason and Mr. Hollingsworth were delighted with their new shirts, and Jared was so proud of his clothes that he refused to let them be taken away. Keturah had made every one a small “split” basket (made of thinly split wood) full of walnut taffy. And last of all, Mrs. Hollingsworth gave to her sister-in-law the precious package from the chest. It was a blue-and-white calico dress. Keturah’s eyes filled with tears as she took it, and she could hardly believe that it was hers.

So the afternoon wore on, until the day was done. The Indians filed back to their tents, and the Hollings-

worths gathered around their fire, singing hymns and talking of the days in old Virginia.

Then the Christmas stars came out one by one and shone softly down on the log cabin in the wilderness, and on the tent which sheltered the Christmas baby.

What kind of cabin did this family build?

What sort of lamps did they have?

Why did they fear the Indians?

What did the Indians mean by tossing the maple-leaves into the air?

How did "Aunt Peggy" prepare the buckskin?

Tell about Mr. Hollingsworth and the prairie-chickens.

What was a "settle"?

What did they have for their Christmas dinner?

Tell the difference between your last Christmas and that of the Hollingsworth family.

What do we mean by the Christmas spirit?

WHAT MAKES A NATION?

W. D. NESBIT

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead from
shore to shore,

That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields be-
tween—

The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep
the seas,

The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or vic-
tor's song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a na-
tion strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or
guns?

Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her
sons—

That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his coun-
try's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to
endure,

This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him
sure,

Which makes him know there is no north or south or
east or west

But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the
best.

What question is asked? What answer to it is suggested in stanza one? In stanza two? What answer in stanza three? What is the real answer as found in stanza four?

Explain: "that great common heart which beats in all her sons."

What does that "subtle inner voice" do to a man?

What do you say of the last line?

Discuss: Do wars arise because men think their land "the bravest and the best"?

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

HENRY VAN DYKE

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

From "The Spirit of Christmas," copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you can keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone.

Why is it a good thing to observe Christmas Day? What is the difference between observing Christmas and keeping Christmas?

What are some of the things which Dr. Van Dyke asks us to forget or to do?

What does he say is the strongest thing in the world?

Why not "keep Christmas" every day?

THE FORTY-NINERS

HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

The overland journey was an education in self-reliance, in that resourcefulness which distinguishes the American, and in that courage which was so often needed and so abundantly displayed in the early mining days. Independence, in the State of Missouri, was a favorite starting-point, and from this place there were two routes, the southern one being by way of Santa Fé, and the northern route following the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall, and thence ascending the course of the Humboldt River to its rise in the Sierra Nevadas.

At Fort Hall some large companies which had travelled from the Mississippi River, and even from States east of that, separated, one half going to Oregon, the other turning westward to California; and thus were broken many ties of love and friendship which had been formed in the close intimacy of the long journey, especially between the younger members of the company. Old diaries and letters reveal suggestions of romance if not of tragedy in these separations, and in the choice which the emigrant maiden was sometimes forced to make between the conflicting claims of her lover and her parents.

In the year 1850, fifty thousand crossed the plains. In 1851, immigration fell off because even at that early date there was a business "depression," almost a "panic"

in California, but in 1852 it increased again, and the plains became a thoroughfare, dotted so far as the eye could see with long trains of white-covered wagons, moving slowly through the dust. In one day a party from Virginia passed thirty-two wagons, and during a stop in the afternoon five hundred overtook them.

In after years the course of these wagons could easily be traced by the alien vegetation which marked it. Wherever the heavy wheels had broken the tough prairie-sod there sprang up, from the Missouri to the Sierras, a narrow belt of flowering plants and familiar dooryard weeds—silent witnesses of the great migration which had passed that way. Multitudes of horsemen accompanied the wagons, and other multitudes plodded along on foot. Banners were flying here and there, and the whole appearance was that of an army on the march. At night camp-fires gleamed for miles through the darkness, and if the company were not exhausted the music of a violin or a banjo floated out on the still air of the prairies. But the fatigue of the march, supplemented by the arduous labors of camping out, was usually sufficient to send the travellers to bed at the earliest possible moment.

The food consisted chiefly of salt pork or bacon—varied when that was possible with buffalo meat or venison—beans, baked dough called bread, and flapjacks. The last, always associated with mining life in California, were made by mixing flour and water into a sort of batter, seasoning with salt, adding a little saleratus or cooking-

soda, and frying the mixture in a pan greased with fat. Men ate enormously on these journeys. Four hundred pounds of sugar lasted four pioneers only ninety days. This inordinate appetite and the quantity of salt meat eaten frequently resulted in scurvy, from which there were some deaths. Another cause of illness was the use of milk from cows driven along with the wagon-trains, and made feverish by heat and fatigue.

Many of the emigrants, especially those who undertook the journey in 1849 or 1850, were insufficiently equipped, and little aware of the difficulties and dangers which awaited them. Death in many forms hovered over those heavy, creaking, canvas-covered wagons—the “prairie-schooners”—which, drawn sometimes by horses, sometimes by oxen, sometimes by mules, jolted slowly and laboriously over two thousand miles and more of plain and mountain; death from disease, from want of water, from starvation, from Indians, and, in crossing the Sierras, from raging snow-storms and intense cold. Rivers had to be forded, deserts crossed, and a thousand accidents and annoyances encountered.

Some men made the long journey on foot, even from points east of the Mississippi River. One gray-haired pioneer walked all the way from Michigan with a pack on his back. Another enthusiast obtained some notoriety among the emigrants of 1850 by trundling a wheelbarrow, laden with his goods, from Illinois to Salt Lake City.

Often the cattle would break loose at night and disap-



pear on the vast plains, and men in search of them were sometimes lost, and died of starvation or were killed by Indians. Simply for the sake of better grazing, oxen have been known to retrace their steps at night for twenty-five miles.

The opportunities for selfishness, for petulance, for obstinacy, for resentment, were almost innumerable. Cooking and washing were the labors which, in the absence of women, proved most vexatious to the emigrants. "Of all miserable work," said one, "washing is the worst, and no man who crossed the plains will ever find fault again with his wife for scolding on a washing-day." All the pioneers who have related their experiences on the overland journey speak of the bad effect on men's tempers. "The perpetual vexations and hardships keep the nerves in a state of great irritability. The trip is a sort of magic mirror, exposing every man's qualities of heart, vicious or amiable."

In 1849, gold was discovered in California, and many people went there to make their fortunes. The journey overland was very long and tiresome. This selection describes some of the hardships which the gold-seekers suffered. Tell about the journey. How long did it take one of these caravans to go from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean in 1850? What is the difference between then and now?

How long does it take now to go from New York to San Francisco by train or by automobile? Do you think men will ever go in any other way?

These "Forty-Niners" are sometimes called Argonauts; do you know why?

Why were the Indians hostile to the travellers?

What effect did the journey have upon the men?

THRIFT

Without me no man has ever achieved success, nor has any nation ever become great.

I have been the bed-rock of every successful career, and the corner-stone of every fortune.

All the world knows me and most of the world heeds my warning.

The poor may have me as well as the rich.

My power is limitless, my application boundless.

He who possesses me has contentment in the present and surety for the future.

I am of greater value than pearls, rubies and diamonds.

Once you have me, no man can take me away.

I lift my possessor to higher planes of living, increase his earning power, and bring to realization the hopes of his life.

I make a man well dressed, well housed and well fed.

I insure absolutely against the rainy day.

I drive want and doubt and care away.

I guarantee those who possess me prosperity and success.

I have exalted those of low degree, and those of high degree have found me a helpful friend.

To obtain me you need put out no capital but per-

sonal effort, and on all you invest in me I guarantee dividends that last through life and after.

I am free as air.

I am yours if you will take me.

I AM THRIFT.

Do you know what thrift is?

Thrift means "being industrious in whatever you undertake, wasting nothing, whether time, money, or materials."

Who are the really thrifty persons? They are those who waste nothing and spend wisely.

Are you one of those persons?

CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

By "Christmas Eve's eve" the wood was all cut and stacked high in the wood-house. Then came the snow. The excitement increased; the boxes were unpacked, some of them openly, to the general delight, others with a mysterious secrecy which stimulated the curiosity to its highest point and added to the charm of the occasion.

It was now Christmas Eve. From time to time the "hired-out" servants came home from Richmond or other places where they had been hired or had hired out themselves, their terms having been by common custom framed, with due regard to their rights to the holiday, to

From "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War," copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

expire in time for them to spend the Christmas at home. There was much hilarity over their arrival, and they were welcomed like members of the family as, with their new winter clothes donned a little ahead of time, they came to pay their "bespec's to master and mistis."

Then the vehicles went off to the distant station for the visitors—for the visitors and the boys. Oh, the excitement of that! the drag of the long hours at first, and then the eager expectancy as the time approached for their return; the "making up" of the fires in the visitors' rooms; the hurrying backward and forward of the servants; the feverish impatience of every one, especially of the children, who were sure the train was late or that something had happened, and who ran and "looked up toward the big gate" every five minutes, notwithstanding the mammy's oft-repeated caution that a "watch' pot never b'iles."

There was an exception to the excitement: the mistress, calm, deliberate, unperturbed, moved about with her usual serene composure, her watchful eye seeing that everything was "ready" (her orders had been given and her arrangements made days before, such was her system). The girls, having finished dressing the parlor and hall, had disappeared. Satisfied at last with their work, after innumerable final touches, they had suddenly vanished to appear again later on at the parlor door, radiant visions of loveliness. When they appeared, what a transformation had taken place! If they were bewitching before, now

they were entrancing. The gay, laughing, saucy creature who had been dressing the parlors and hanging the mistle-toe with many jests and parries of the half-veiled references was now a demure or stately maiden in all the dignity of a new gown and with all the graciousness of a young countess.

Meantime the carriages are slowly making their way homeward through the frozen roads, followed by the creaking wagon filled with trunks. At last the "big gate" is reached; a half-frozen figure rolls out and runs to open it, flapping his arms in the darkness, like some strange, uncanny bird; they pass through; the gleam of a light shines away off on a far hill. The shout goes up: "There she is; I see her!" The light is lost, but a little later appears again. It is the light in the mother's chamber, the curtains of the windows of which have been left up intentionally, that the welcoming gleam may be seen afar off by her boys on the first hill—a blessed beacon shining from home and her mother's heart.

Across the white fields the dark vehicles move, filled with their eager occupants; approach the house, by this time glowing with lighted windows, and enter the yard just as the doors open and a swarm rushes out with joyful cries of: "Here they are!" "Yes, here we are!" comes in cheery answer, and one after another they step out and run up the steps, stamping their feet, the boys to be taken fast into motherly arms, and the visitors to be given warm hand-clasps and cordial welcomes.



Later on the children were got to bed, scarce able to keep in their beds for excitement; the stockings were all hung up over the big fireplace; and the grown people grew gay in the crowded parlors. Mark you, there was no splendor, nor show, nor style as it would be understood now. Had there been, it could not have been so charming. There were only profusion and sincerity; heartiness and gayety, fun and merriment, cordiality and cheer, and withal genuineness and refinement.

Next morning before light the stir began. White-clad little figures stole about in the gloom, with bulging stockings clasped to their bosoms, opening doors, shouting "Christmas gift!" into dark rooms at sleeping elders, and then scurrying away like so many white mice, squeaking with delight, to rake open the embers and inspect their treasures. At prayers, "Shout the glad tidings" was sung by fresh young voices with due fervor.

How gay the scene was at breakfast! What pranks had been performed in the name of Santa Claus! What lovely telltale blushes and glances and laughter greeted the confessions! The larger part of the day was spent in going to and coming from the beautifully dressed church, where the service was read, and the anthems and hymns were sung by everybody, for every one was happy.

But dinner was the great event. It was the test of the mistress and the cooks. It is impossible to describe it. The old mahogany table groaned; the big gobbler filled the place of honor; a great round of beef held the

second place; an old ham, with every dish that ingenuity, backed by long experience, could devise, was at the side, and the shining sideboard, gleaming with glass, scarcely held the dessert.

It was after dinner that the fun began. There were games and dances—country dances, the lancers and quadrilles. The top of the old piano was lifted up, and the infectious dancing tunes rolled out under the flying fingers. There was some demur on the part of the elder ladies, who were not quite sure that it was right; but it was overruled by the gentlemen, and the master in his frock coat and high collar started the ball by catching the prettiest girl by the hand and leading her to the head of the room right under the noses of half a dozen bashful lovers, calling to them meantime to “get their sweet-hearts and come along.”

Round dancing was not yet introduced. It was regarded as an innovation, if nothing worse. It was generally held as highly improper, by some as “disgusting.” As to the german, why, had it been known, the very name would have been sufficient to damn it. Nothing foreign in that civilization! There was fun enough in the old-fashioned country dances, and the “Virginia reel” at the close; whoever could not be satisfied with that was hard to please.

There were the negro parties, where the ladies and gentlemen went to look on, the suppers having been superintended by the mistresses, and the tables being

decorated by their own white hands. There was almost sure to be a negro wedding during the holidays. The ceremony might be performed in the dining-room or in the hall by the master, or in a quarter by a colored preacher; but it was a gay occasion, and the bride's trousseau had been arranged by her young mistress.

Other weddings there were, too, sometimes following these Christmas gayeties, and sometimes occurring "just so," because the girls were the loveliest in the world, and the men were lovers almost from their boyhood. How beautiful our mothers must have been in their youth to have been so beautiful in their age!

Truly it was a charming life. There was a vast waste; but it was not loss. Every one had food, every one had raiment, every one had peace. There was not wealth in the base sense in which we know it and strive for it and trample down others for it now. But there was wealth in a good old sense in which the litany of our fathers used it. There was weal. There was the best of all wealth; there was content, and "a quiet mind is richer than a crown."

Describe the Christmas in Virginia. Tell how the visitors arrived at the big house, and how the day was spent.

What pleases us most in this description?

What is the origin of Christmas? Tell of the different ways in which it is observed. Why is it the best season of the year?

Do you enjoy the Christmas season as much as these people seemed to enjoy it?

How does the observance of Christmas to-day differ from that described in this selection?

Think of a Christmas Day in Argentina, or India, or Australia. Would the children in these countries have their St. Nicholas come in a sleigh, with fur coat? Why not?

Which is better, to observe Christmas or keep Christmas? If being unselfish for one day of the year is good, why not keep Christmas every day of the year?

Which do you prefer, the Christmas days of long ago in Virginia, or those of to-day?

THE BOY IN THE SUGAR-CAMP

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall

to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple-trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he is pretty safe to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement—as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn—with, “Sap’s runnin’!”

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood-house, and which the boy has occasionally climbed up to look at with another boy, for they are full of sweet suggestions of the annual spring frolic—the sap-buckets are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar-camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of the shouting and the blows of the axe echoes far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can scarcely contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again.

In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest.



He wishes that some time when a hole is bored in a tree that the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider-barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world have to be patiently waited for, and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is recovered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until

in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and it is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother wouldn't know him.

He likes to boil eggs with the hired man in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes on the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire

blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys afterward that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright.

At these sugar-parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple-sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed, without crystallizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it is dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity, and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled! But that was one thing he could not do.

Have you ever been in a sugar-camp? If you have, relate your experience.

What kind of trees are tapped?

What is it to "tap" a tree?

What is the sap?

How does sap "run"?

When does it begin to run?

What sugar is made from sap?

Why is sap not for sale in the stores?

What does boiling the sap do to it?

What is the difference between the syrup and the sugar that is made from the sap? Does it kill the tree to "tap" it?

What is a "bough shanty"?

What is meant by "congealed"? "crystallizing"? "To be on the *qui vive*" (ki viv) (a French expression) is to be wide awake, active, eager, expectant.

Get from the library, if you do not own it, a copy of Warner's "Being a Boy." It is one of the best of boys' books; girls like it also.

THE LEADER OF THE CHEERING

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Clark Harding lay back on the cushions of the open carriage that was taking him from the station to St. Timothy's. From the hilltop he looked out over a valley of fertile farms, with a stream shining at the farther edge; and beyond it, in the green of maples and birches, he caught a glimpse of the chapel tower. The bell tolled faintly the strokes of four, and the thin, sweet sound stirred him like a familiar but long-unheard voice.

It was two years since he had left the school. When he looked down the last maple-shaded slope and saw the groups of boys sauntering up from the athletic field, and others, with towels thrown over their shoulders, coming from the swimming-hole, he thought: "I'm having a good time at college, but I'd like to be going through all this again."

Suddenly he called to the driver to stop, and seizing his valise, he sprang to the ground.

"Darwin! Hello, Darwin Hull!" he cried, running after a brown, broad-shouldered fellow in a blue suit, who turned abruptly.

"Clark Harding!" Hull exclaimed, grasping the older boy's hand. "It's good to see you again. You've come on for the game?"

From "The Boys of St. Timothy's," copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Yes. You're captain of the nine, aren't you? When I first knew you, Darwin, you didn't play baseball."

"I've picked up several things since then—with your help," Hull said gratefully. "You know, I go back often and think of the time when I was a surly cub of a 'new boy,' and you came to me and gave me the lift I needed. You won't mind my saying it, will you? Whenever I've been captain or leader in anything, I've always wished I might be the sort that you were."

"Oh," said Harding, with a laugh, "when there are so many better models!"

Hull shook his head doggedly. "There is one fellow here that comes a heap nearer to you than I do," he said, "and I want you to meet him. There he is, across the street—George Sherwood, captain of the crew, and finest man in the whole school. Hello, Sherwood!"

Thus summoned, the crew captain came over and was introduced. He was a tall, straight-backed boy, bare-headed and with a manner as informal as if he had never seen a hat in his life. Yet his manner was not "fresh," it had a natural courtesy and grace. He had merry, quick blue eyes, and lips that were irrepressibly curving into smiles; his face was burned bright red by the sun, and his light tangled hair had a bleached aspect. Harding warmed to him at once when, in referring to the defeat of his crew by St. John's, he said lightly: "There's worse that can happen to us than a defeat by those fellows; they're a pretty good lot."

"I found that out when I was in school," Harding answered.

The study-bell began to ring, and Hull said: "We've both got Greek this hour. Can't you come around to my room this evening, Clark? I'd like to have a talk with you."

Harding promised, and Sherwood waved him a farewell, saying: "I'll drop in, too, if Darwin will let me."

Harding asked the master with whom he took supper about the attractive Sherwood.

"Oh, he's simply the most winning character we've ever had," the master replied. "Everybody loves him. The boys all respect and admire Hull, but Sherwood they love. He's so spontaneous and enthusiastic; he has the kindest heart and the gentlest wit; he's brilliant and unspoiled and genuine. There's something very rare and fine about Sherwood."

"So he's the leader of the school," said Harding. "I was rather hoping Hull might be that."

"Yes, I remember, he was a protégé of yours," remarked the master. "Well, you ought to be proud of him. He's come out surprisingly, and this year he's been the greatest influence for good in the school."

"Then he is, after all, the real leader?"

The master looked puzzled.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Each thinks the other is; each swears by the other. That's the fine feature of it. But if there were a difference, I don't believe either of them could budge the other—they're

strong characters—and the school would go with Sherwood—and maybe live to repent it.”

That there was a definite difference of opinion between the two boys, Harding learned that evening in Hull’s room. The talk had turned, of course, on the baseball game the next day with St. John’s. Sherwood spoke up:

“You’ll see a victory, Harding, even if Darwin won’t promise it. I know Darwin and his nine, and I was brought up with the St. John’s pitcher.”

“Who is that?” asked Harding.

“Fred Hazen. He was a funny, nervous young one, with just one idea in the world, and that was to make a sketch of everything he saw. The last man that you would ever think could do anything in athletics. He was a thin little thing and shy, and always getting fussed and rattled. He’s very clever, but so sensitive and nervous you’d almost call him hysterical. I couldn’t understand his pitching till I thought of his hands. They’re long, limber, thin-fingered things; and I suppose when he wraps his slim, artistic fingers round the ball he can give it all kinds of a twist. But he’s too nervous and fine-grained to last out a hard game. He has the artistic, not the athletic, temperament.”

“Meaning he gets rattled?” said Hull. “Then I hope all the more there won’t be any of this yelling to rattle the other nine.”

“That’s not the purpose of yelling,” Sherwood protested.

“It’s the effect of it,” answered Hull. He appealed

to Harding. "I want the game this year to be different from those we've had in the past. In the first place, there's to be no unnecessary coaching. All the chatter that is kept up continually from the side-lines, like 'Look alive there! Now you're off! That's right! Keep him watching!' is senseless. This year the St. Timothy's nine, anyway, is going to keep quiet."

"Good!" said Harding. "I always thought this shrieking of advice in baseball was a good deal overdone."

"I'd like to see the reform carried further," Hull continued. "At St. John's last year, when they pulled up on us in the ninth inning, all St. John's began yelling like mad. They cheered when one of us made an error just as they did when one of their men made a hit. Theo Hill, our pitcher, went down under the strain. We've always acted the same way—yelling and shrieking at misplays that helped us, yelling and shrieking when we've been in a tight place with a chance of getting out. I hope we shan't this year—with the game on our grounds."

"I hope not," said Harding.

Hull flashed a glance at Sherwood, for Harding was almost a tradition at St. Timothy's. For an instant a shadow of obstinacy settled on Sherwood's lips; then he broke into his dancing smile.

"Darwin's so earnest-minded!" he said to Harding. "He believes in suppressing enthusiasm, and I believe that the more enthusiasm you can wake up in a crowd the better it is for everybody."

"Sherwood's to lead the cheering to-morrow," Hull explained to Harding. "You know that's always the crew captain's job."

"Darwin wants me to cheer only when there's a good play," said Sherwood, "or between innings. That's not my idea. I want to get that crowd so brimming with enthusiasm that the fellows on the field will feel the spirit. Darwin talked about cheering and yelling in a tight place as if it were a wicked thing to do. I think it's the only thing to do. We want to put heart into the team—and show each man that now is his time, and he's *got* to hit the ball—or whatever it is. And that's why we cheer and yell. It's to inspire our own players; it's not to bother the others. We're not thinking about them at all."

"Yes," said Hull. "And I think they ought to be considered. Take that nervous little pitcher you've been telling us about. You talk about yelling to inspire us; what we all know happens is the rattling of the other team. When it comes to winning a game just by working on the nerves of your opponents, it's the fellows out on the side-lines that win it; and they might as well bring fog-horns and cannon. I can't see any credit in that kind of victory."

"You're a selfish old thing," Sherwood answered lightly. "You want to win it all yourself, and not let the school have a share in it." He turned to Harding. "I can't take Darwin's point of view, and he can't take mine. If we cheer at the other side's error, it isn't the

error we cheer; it's the new chance we've got. I believe it's the right thing to be as enthusiastic as you can in everything. If the other side gets nervous under the yelling—well, it isn't the yelling, it's the strain of the situation itself that does it."

"What do you think, Clark?" Hull asked.

Harding hesitated. Then he said: "I think it's a case which should be left to the person who has the responsibility. You're in charge of the coaching, Darwin, and Sherwood is in charge of the cheering. I think each of you can safely be left in charge."

Hull's brown face flushed a little, and he nodded slowly. "That's right," he said. "I had no business to interfere."

Harding arrived on the field just before the game began, as Sherwood, bareheaded as always, and without coat or waistcoat, was leading a cheer for St. John's. Across the field the St. John's supporters responded to the polite compliment. The St. John's pitcher came out and began tossing the ball to his catcher, while the others of the team were having fielding practice.

Sherwood left his place and ran over to the pitcher, and Harding saw him slap the boy on the back and shake his hand. The two stood talking and laughing together for a few moments; then Sherwood came trotting back, and the pitcher resumed his practice.

"Now, fellows," Sherwood said, raising his hands, "let's give three times three for Hazen, the St. John's

pitcher, just to show we're not afraid of him. He's a good fellow, too."

Harding smiled to himself. Already he was beginning to feel the effectiveness of the boy's personality. Sherwood knew how to start the "thrill."

The game began. St. John's went first to the bat and failed to score. The enthusiasm that Sherwood stirred up over this subsided when Warner of St. Timothy's struck out. Parsons, the next batter, sent up an easy fly to short-stop. When Darwin Hull, the third man, struck out, there was a general murmur of consternation on the St. Timothy's side.

But Sherwood jumped to his feet.

"Now then, fellows," he said, "let's warm them up with a good cheer!"

At the end of the fifth inning Sherwood was still cheering in the hope of "warming up" Hull and his team. Over across the field St. John's were cheering in the pure ecstasy of victory. The score was three to nothing, in their favor.

Hazen, the thin little pitcher, whose fragile, rod-like legs had at first created amusement among the St. Timothy's spectators, was now an object of respect and dread. Four times, with men on bases, Sherwood had run up and down, waving his hands and evoking an uproar, and every St. Timothy's boy had hoped and thought that now the chance had come. But Hazen, although he had pawed the ground with one foot and rocked back and

forth on his hips nervously, had been their despair. His balls went swift and true, and with the most unfathomable curves.

But Sherwood never despaired. He kept running up and down in front of his crowd and shouting:

"The game's young yet, fellows! You all know Darwin Hull! You know when the time comes he'll be there! Now show him you know it by giving the nine a cheer. Three times three!" And after the cheer had been given: "Oh, now, fellows, let's give them a *cheer*—a real cheer! All together now!" And so there kept rolling across to St. John's flood after flood of defiance.

In the sixth inning St. Timothy's made one run, and Sherwood started a cheering that was incessant till the end of the inning.

"Now they're beginning to get their eye on the ball!" he shouted. His voice was growing hoarse, but his enthusiasm was more infectious than ever.

Harding himself was tremulous with excitement. He was glad St. Timothy's had such a leader as Sherwood. The boy was right about enthusiasm; it could not do anything but good. It seemed to Harding that the players stepped up to bat with a fresh confidence, and that in the field they went after the ball with a new, cat-like cleanness and quickness.

In the seventh inning St. John's made two runs. Sherwood kept calling for more cheering, and Hull ran around among his men, clapping them on the back and saying words to encourage them. The most they could do was

to make one more run, and the score stood five to two against them when the last half of the ninth inning came.

"Now, fellows," implored Sherwood, "we've got to start things going! Let it out now as you've never done before. And keep it up; keep it up! We've got to put heart into 'em." Harding joined in the shouting.

Warner came to the bat and was given his base on balls, and every St. Timothy's hat and flag was in the air. Parsons struck at the first ball, and sent a slow grounder to short-stop, who, in his eagerness to make a double play, fumbled; and both Warner and Parsons were safe.

Amid crazy yelling, Hull came to the bat. Through a megaphone that he had snatched from some one, Sherwood cried hoarsely:

"Cheer, fellows, for a home run—to tie the score, fellows, to tie the score! Now, one, two, three!"

That cheer was rent in the middle by the most prodigious roar of the afternoon. Hazen, whether from weariness or error in judgment, had sent Hull a slow, straight ball, and the captain had lunged at it with all his might. It went flying out between centre and right field, and Warner and Parsons came home, and Hull sped round to third.

"Five to four, fellows, five to four!" croaked Sherwood, jumping up and down and brandishing the megaphone. "And nobody out! Keep on yelling now, and just put steam into them!"

They did keep on yelling.

Henderson, the man at the bat, was overeager, and popped the ball up into the air. The third-baseman and Hazen both ran for it, and then let it drop between them. Again there was an uproar from St. Timothy's. Henderson stood on first base, and at third Hull was crouching, ready for the chance to come home with the tying run. The pitcher rubbed the ball against his trousers and cast a harassed look toward the shouting mob. He felt that his strength was giving out, and that with it something else was going.

With all his devotion to St. Timothy's Harding wished Sherwood would turn round and see Hazen's face, and let the cheering slacken.

Sherwood did not look round.

"Ball one!" cried the umpire, and even at so small a favor the St. Timothy's yell was intensified. Sherwood turned for a moment and saw Hazen pitch the next ball. It struck the batter on the arm; and Sherwood, with his face glowing, turned again to the crowd and invoked another cheer, while the boy trotted to first base and Henderson moved on to second.

"Don't let it stop, fellows!" pleaded Sherwood. "The bases full and nobody out! Don't let up for a moment! We've got to win this game! Three times three now—and then go on making it nine times nine!"

In the midst of that cheering Harding stepped out to him and touched his arm.

"Hazen is rattled," he said. "Don't cheer."

Sherwood turned and saw the pitcher and the catcher holding a consultation near the home plate. Then Hazen walked back to the pitcher's box, and after twisting the ball about in his hands, hurled it with all his force.

"Ball four!" cried the umpire. The St. Timothy's player dropped his bat and Hull came trotting home. St. Timothy's were shouting, and Sherwood spun round and clapped Harding on the shoulder, screaming joyously in his ear. Then he raised the megaphone aloft.

"The score is tied, fellows, and the bases are still full! Once more, now! Keep it going! Keep it going!"

Harding saw it was no use to protest. The clamor died away for a moment, and Hazen pitched the ball.

"Ball one!" the umpire called, and Sherwood started another cheer. At "Ball two!" he shouted, and a few joined in the shout. Sherwood saw Hazen draw his sleeve across his forehead and eyes.

"Ball three!" cried the umpire relentlessly.

Harding glanced at Sherwood. The boy had his eyes fixed on the pitcher, and his face had lost the eager light of enthusiasm with which it had been shining.

"Four balls!" cried the umpire.

The game was ended. Henderson jogged home with the winning run. There was a faint shout from St. Timothy's, which quickly subsided. The St. John's pitcher threw himself flat on the grass and lay with his face buried in his arms. Sherwood ran out to him, and heard the St. John's first-baseman say:

"Oh, get up, Hazen, and don't play the baby act!"

Sherwood's eyes flashed. "Don't be a brute!" he said sharply. Hazen rose to his feet, and Sherwood put his arm across the boy's shoulders and walked with him over to the silent St. John's crowd.

Meanwhile Hull had come up to Harding.

"Well, Clark, we showed you a victory. Now if Sherwood would only lead a cheer——"

"It looks as if he might do just that."

"Well, if he isn't making them a speech!" exclaimed Hull. "Come on, Clark, and let's see what he's up to!" and the boys, followed by others, hurried across the field. Sherwood, with his eyes flashing as if with some ardent purpose, and gesticulating with his megaphone, was in the middle of his address.

"We didn't treat your pitcher, Fred Hazen, right, and it's all my fault. It was simply low for us to go on yelling the way we did when his nerves gave out in the ninth inning. It was especially low because I know Fred Hazen, and he's not just a mere athlete, like Darwin Hull or me or your big monster of a first-baseman——"

There was a laugh from St. John's; at first sad, but it grew more genial, and three or four boys punched the first-baseman.

"He's something a good deal finer-grained than that," Sherwood continued earnestly. "He's got nerves and sensibilities most of us don't know anything about. Why," he added, his face brightening into his winning



smile, "Fred can't help it exactly if he's just a poet and an artist, and not a pitcher."

"So it was a shame to rattle him the way we fellows out on the side-lines did, and I'm not proud of winning a victory by yelling. I know that Hull didn't want it won that way. I hope you fellows will be fairer to Hazen than we were, and not treat him as a quitter, for he isn't one. And now—I hope you won't think it's fresh of a St. Timothy's fellow—I'd like to lead a cheer, if you'll let me—the only one I mean to lead over this game—and that is three times three, with three Hazens on the end of it. Now then, St. John's, if you don't mind."

During the cheer Hazen ducked through the crowd, the fellows thumping him and laughing at him, and ran to the athletic house. Sherwood, looking at the laughing, strange faces, said:

"I'm much obliged, fellows, for taking it that way." Then he turned quickly and ran back across the field. And as he ran, there went up suddenly nine swift "rahs," followed by three long "Sherwoods." The boy, laughing, waved the megaphone in acknowledgment; then catching up his coat, he fled into the woods path that led toward the school.

Do you think the result of the game would have been different if Sherwood had led the cheering as Hull wished him to do?

Should all games be conducted on the "fair-play" principle? Was Sherwood's conduct in harmony with that principle?

Should the desire to win overshadow all other considerations in a game?

In the argument between Hull and Sherwood whose point of view would you take? Why?

Was Sherwood's conduct after the game an apology for what he had done or was it that he could afford to be magnanimous because his team had won?

Contrast the two boys, Hull and Sherwood.

WESTERN IDEALISM

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER

Western democracy has been from the time of its birth idealistic. The very fact of the wilderness appealed to men, as a fair, blank page on which to write a new chapter in the story of man's struggle for a higher type of society. The Western wilds, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, constitute the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man. To the peasant and artisan of the Old World, bound by the chains of social class, as old as custom and as inevitable as fate, the West offered an exit into a free life and great well-being among the bounties of nature, into the midst of resources that demanded manly exertion, and that gave in return the chance for indefinite ascent in the scale of social advance. "To each she offered gifts after his will."

Never again can such an opportunity come to the sons of men. It was unique, and the thing is so near us, so much a part of our lives, that we do not even yet comprehend its vast significance. The existence of this land of opportunity has made America the goal of idealists from

the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With all the materialism of the pioneer movement, this idealistic conception of the vacant lands as an opportunity for a new order of things is unmistakably present.

The idealistic influence is not limited to the dreamers' conception of a new State. It gave to the pioneer farmer and city builder a restless energy, a quick capacity for judgment and action, a belief in liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a resistance to the domination of class which infused a vitality and power into the individual atoms of this democratic mass. Even as he dwelt among the stumps of his newly cut clearing, the pioneer had the creative vision of a new order of society. In imagination he pushed back his forest boundary to the confines of a mighty commonwealth; he willed that log cabins should become the lofty buildings of great cities. He decreed that his children should enter into a heritage of education, comfort, and social welfare, and for this ideal he bore the scars of the wilderness. . . . Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of a democracy where civil power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good.

What is meant by "idealistic"?

What do you understand "democracy" to mean?

What opportunities of the New West were not found in the Old World?

Discuss: "To each she offered gifts after his will."

How did the accomplishments of the individual pioneer help the entire nation?

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

This stirring patriotic poem has been set to music and is sung throughout the country.

Commit the poem to memory.

Find the topic of each stanza.

Discuss: "purple mountain majesties"; "A thoroughfare for freedom beat"; "Who more than self their country loved"; "patriot dream."

Discuss:

"America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"

ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

He came grim—silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

A BEAUTIFUL WILL

(THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CHARLES LOUNSBURY,
WHO DIED AT THE COOK COUNTY ASYLUM, AT DUNNING,
ILLINOIS).

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks,

and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given lovers.

“Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes of strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance of care.

“Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strain of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

“Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath

all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

“Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

“Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.”

What is a will? What do men usually bequeath in their wills?

Did this man really possess anything to leave to others?

In what ways then was this an unusual will?

Read again the section telling what is bequeathed to children.

Are you heirs under this will? Do you accept what is willed to you?

What is willed to old people?

Do you like this will? Why?

At heart what kind of man was he?

Discuss the meaning of these phrases: sheep-bound volumes, quaint pet names, the Milky Way, grim winter, sports of rivalry, the fireside at night.

Who are “our loved ones with snowy crowns”?

What is meant by “fall asleep”?

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

This is Emerson's reverently beautiful answer, on being asked,
Whence is the flower?

After a sympathetic study, the poem should be committed to memory.

Have you ever seen the Rhodora? Consult some botany or flower-book for its picture and description.

Discuss these two famous lines:

“Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.”

What does the last line mean?

THE COMPLETION OF THE ERIE CANAL

JOHN BACH McMASTER

After eight years of persistent labor, "the big ditch," so constantly the subject of ridicule, was finished, and in June the gates at Black Rock were opened and the waters of Lake Erie for the first time were admitted into the western division. Later in the month the capstone of that splendid chain of locks at Lockport was laid with masonic ceremonies, but it was not till October that the canal from end to end was thrown open to the public.

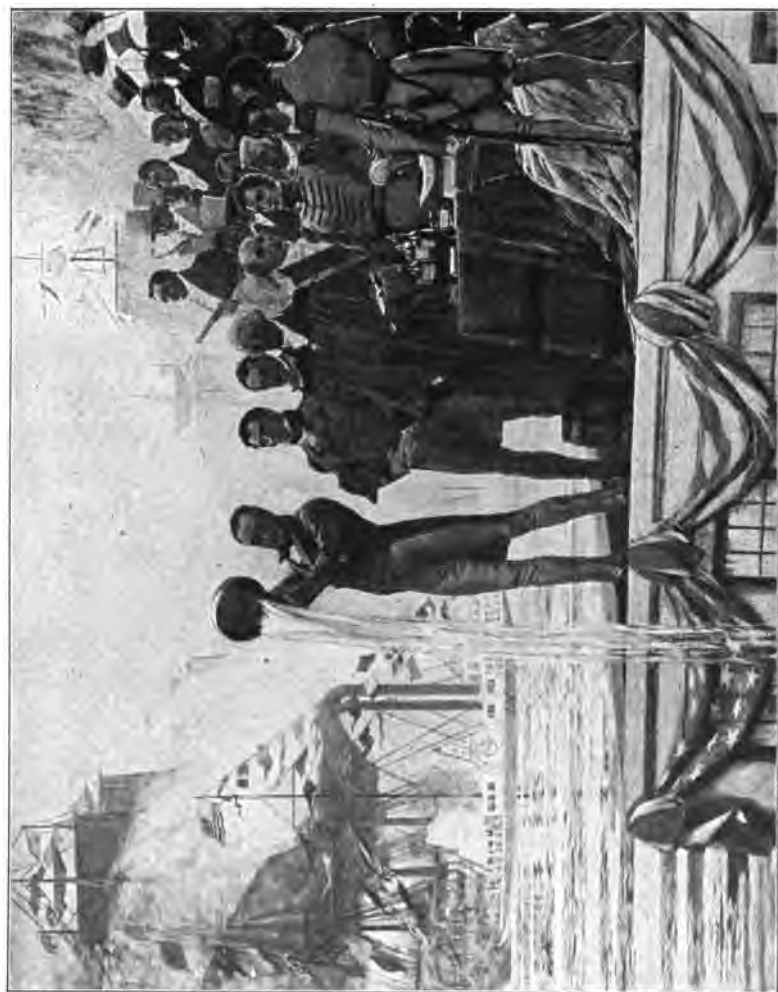
The celebration of the opening began at Buffalo, where, on the twenty-sixth of the month, a procession of citizens and militia escorted the orator and the invited guests to a gayly decorated fleet lying in wait on the canal. On the *Seneca Chief*, which headed the line, were two painted kegs full of water from Lake Erie. Behind it were the *Superior*, the *Commodore Perry*, the *Buffalo*, and the *Lion of the West*, a veritable Noah's ark, containing a bear, two eagles, two fawns, two Indian boys, birds, and fish—all typical of the products of the West before the advent of the white man.

When the address had been made the signal was given, and the *Seneca Chief*, drawn by four gray horses, started eastward on a most memorable journey. As the fleet moved slowly along the canal, saluted by music, musketry, and the cheers of the crowd on the bank, the news

was carried to the metropolis by the reports of a continuous line of cannon placed along the canal to Albany and down the Hudson to New York. When the last gun was fired at the Battery, the forts in the harbor returned the salute, and the news that New York had heard the tidings was sent back to Buffalo by a second cannonade.

The progress of the little fleet was one continuous ovation, as town after town along the route vied with each other in manifestations of delight. From Albany an escort of gayly dressed steamboats accompanied the fleet down the river to New York, where the entire population, increased by thirty thousand strangers, turned out to receive it, and whence thousands, boarding every kind of craft, went down the bay to Sandy Hook. There Governor Clinton, lifting the kegs from the deck of the *Seneca Chief*, poured their contents into the sea, saying as he did so: "This solemnity at this place, on the first arrival of vessels from Lake Erie, is intended to indicate and commemorate the navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, in about eight years, to the extent of more than four hundred and twenty-five miles, by the public spirit and energy of the people of the State of New York, and may the God of the heavens and the earth smile propitiously on this work and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race."

This ceremony over and a grand salute fired, the boats returned to the city, where a fine industrial parade, to



which each trade society furnished a float with artisans at work, closed the day. At night there were balls, parties, dinners, and illuminations.

In what year was the canal completed?

Was it a carrier of freight or passengers, or both? How far is it from Albany to New York City? How long is the canal?

How long a time do you think it took to send the news by "reports of cannon"?

Why was not the news telegraphed?

What has taken the place of canals?

Of what importance was the building of the Erie Canal?

Who was Commodore Perry? What great thing had he done to merit the honor of having a canal-boat named after him?

Have you ever seen the Erie Canal?

Describe a canal and a canal-boat.

What President of our country once was a tow-boy?

REVISITED

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Into thy dutiful life of uses

Pour the music and weave the flowers;
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din.
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say: "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

"Miserere," a chant, "Lord, have mercy upon us." "Arsenal," a government building where arms and ammunition are stored. "The curse of Cain," in the Old Testament, the first murderer, who slew his brother Abel. "Saxon," ancient German tribe of warriors. "Cimbric" refers to North Scotland and Ireland. "Tartar," tribes of warlike, semibarbaric people coming to Russia through the East. "Florentine," the city Florence was once the most powerful in Italy. "Aztec," ancient people of Mexico.

Commit the ninth stanza to memory. Discuss this stanza.

What does Longfellow say of war?

What does he say of justice and peace?

Discuss: The victories of peace far surpass the glories of war.

GENERAL GRANT

HORACE PORTER

As a commander of men in the field General Grant manifested the highest characteristics of the soldier, as evinced in every battle in which he was engaged from Palo Alto to Appomattox. He was bold in conception, fixed in purpose, and vigorous in execution. He never allowed himself to be thrown on the defensive, but always aimed to take the initiative in battle.

He made armies and not cities the objective points of

his campaigns. Obstacles which would have deterred another seemed only to inspire him with greater confidence, and his soldiers soon learned to reflect much of his determination. His motto was: "When in doubt move to the front." His sword always pointed the way to an advance; its hilt was never presented to an enemy. He once wrote in a letter to his father: "I never expect to have an army whipped, unless it is badly whipped, and can't help it."

He enjoyed a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every form of fatigue and privation incident to military service in the field. His unassuming manner, purity of character, and absolute loyalty inspired loyalty in others, confidence in his methods, and gained him the devotion of the humblest of his subordinates.

He exhibited a rapidity of thought and action on the field which enabled him to move with a promptness rarely equalled, and which never failed to astonish, and often to baffle, the best efforts of a less vigorous opponent.

A study of his martial deeds inspires us with the grandeur of events and the majesty of achievement. He did not fight for glory, but for national existence and the equality and rights of men. His sole ambition was his country's prosperity.

His victories failed to elate him. In the despatches which reported his triumphs there was no word of arrogance, no exaggeration, no aim at dramatic effect. With all his self-reliance he was never betrayed into immodesty



of expression. He never underrated himself in a battle, he never overrated himself in a report.

He could not only command armies, he could command himself. Inexorable as he was in battle, war never hardened his heart or weakened the strength of his natural affections. He retained a singularly sensitive nature, a rare tenderness of feeling; shrank from the sight of blood, and was painfully alive to every form of human suffering.

What were the striking "characteristics" of General Grant as a soldier?

What is the difference between "defensive" and "offensive" warfare?

General Foch says: "No war is ever won by defensive operations." What does he mean?

In the Great War did not General Foch act on this?

What do you think of General Grant's motto?

In your own words tell of General Grant's physical constitution; character; activity of thought, modesty of speech; self-control; sensitiveness; magnanimity of soul; ambition.

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that

we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children.

Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, still known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

In your United States History find answers to these questions: Who was Daniel Webster? When did he live? For what was he famous?

Have you read other selections from his orations?

Commit to memory: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

How was the Union of the United States built up? Why is it desirable to keep the Union?

What is the "ensign of the Republic"? How many stars does it have? Why? How many stripes? Why?

BOY WANTED

You have answered the advertisement. You have secured the position.

How bewildering is the office! Rows of desks, with many officers and clerks, clicking typewriters, tinkling telephone bells, the coming of visitors, of the mail-carriers with their burdens of letters, of messengers with telegrams and packages; then a quick call for *you*—the new boy—for some service.

Here is your chance. It's your first "play" in this big game of business. There are several ways you can miss it. There is one way you can *make* it.

How? By responding quickly, noiselessly, being respectful, listening hard so you may perfectly understand what the order is, and then carrying out that order quickly and correctly. It may be merely to take a letter or a simple memorandum on a bit of paper to some one else in the room, or in another room. Get it there without delay—and be sure not to leave it at the wrong desk or in the wrong room.

There may be no apparent appreciation of your honest effort. There may even be a complaint because you were

not quicker. In the hustle and bustle of business your employer has no time to think of your difficulties.

"If I don't like this job I can get another," you say. The boy who says that, or even thinks it, has made his first big business mistake.

Why? Because men are needed as well as boys—and boys will be men. To you it may seem a long time until you are twenty-one. To the middle-aged, successful business man, it seems a very short time. He has seen many boys grow from short to long trousers and from long trousers to mustaches.

He knows the marks of a winner. He has his eye on you. He is watching closely to see what kind of man you are going to make.

He considers your past—what kind of boy you have been. Did you leave grammar school before graduation? If you did for any reason except the absolute necessity of earning or helping to earn a living, he will be doubtful about you. A boy who does not know the value of education is of little use in business.

Did you go to high school? If not, why? If you have not studied languages, sciences, arts, you will not understand what he is talking about half the time and he will not dare to give you any very important work to do.

Have you a college education? You will have to start at a boy's wages just the same, and do a boy's work, but your promotions will come earlier and oftener.

Whatever your schooling may have been, he is watch-

ing your disposition. Once in a while he comes in at seven-thirty in the morning. He finds you there.

"Hello! Thought you were not due until eight!" An agreeable surprise, you see.

"No, sir, but I wanted to get the desks dusted before the men came." That has been the first upward step in many a successful career. A boy who is interested, even in the common round of his simple duties, makes a man who can be trusted in an important position where there are many details.

You can be a boy for only a few years. By the time you are twenty-five your reputation will be made for better or worse.

The hardest thing in the world is to convince hard-headed business people that a boy who has been shiftless, careless, inefficient, is worth considering for a man-sized position.

The next hardest thing is to convince them that a boy who has been industrious and cheerful and progressive is not going to succeed when he has more important things to do.

Every little while, in every large concern, there is a conference of department heads. There is a vacancy to be filled.

"How about Charlie?"

"No. He loses a grandmother every time there is a ball-game."

"Dick?"

"Oh, he is a good fellow, but he lacks education. If he had only finished high school, or if he had taken my advice and gone to evening school, he might have qualified."

"Harry?"

"Always watching the clock. Flares up if you ask him to stay a minute overtime."

Then they sit and think. "I hate to go outside the organization for a man," says the manager. "What would you think of John?"

"Rather young," says one, "but he's a dependable boy."

"Helped me out the other night by doing an errand on the way home," says another.

"Always good-natured, and always finds something to do; and not afraid to ask for advice if he really needs it," said another.

The first thing you know, you, who have just been doing everything that came your way as well as you knew how, learning everything you could, and not worrying about hours or wages, are called in on the carpet and asked: "Do you think you could handle Mr. Jones's desk?"

You color up and get a little confused and excited, but after looking at the friendly faces around you, you suddenly realize that you are no longer a boy. You are ready for a man's job and a man's responsibilities.

Right there is where you begin to reap the reward of

being a good-for-something boy. The older you grow the more reward you get.

Being a boy is the biggest job in the world.

You can't have a straight tree, without a straight sapling; you can't have a straight man without a boy who decides to go straight from the moment he first becomes conscious of the fact that he will be a man some day.

Discuss: "Being a boy is the biggest job in the world."

Have you ever been employed in a place of business? If so, relate your experience.

If in a business office, would your name be Charlie, Harry, Dick, or John?

How much of you is hired when you go to work for another person? How much of yourself do you think you ought to give?

Discuss: One works for his own interests when he works for his employer's interest.

In what ways can you show your employer you are the right boy for the job?

Discuss the value of an education.

What are you working for—your pay, promotion, or fun? What's your head on—to-day's work or to-night's play? What carries you through the day—love of work or anticipation of play? What do your wages buy for your employer—time put in, or work done?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life.

After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every

fibre the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him.

As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of

mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher aims of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more

evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not

to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they

grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt.

But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South.

As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days, Abraham Lincoln.

Who are usually regarded the two greatest Americans? Compare the lives of these two men. Did either of them have an easy task while President?

What was Lincoln's great task? Was he fitted for it? Did he accomplish it?

In what way do you think the early life of Lincoln fitted him for the problems he had to solve?

Reread the last paragraph of this speech and then commit it to memory.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give
place

To this dead Benefactor of the race!

Who was Atlas?

What burden did Lincoln bear?

Can you mention any speech to illustrate his "cunning with the pen"?

Do you know any of his humorous stories? Why did he tell them?

What do the last two lines mean?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HENRY WATTERSON

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step. They were not what we call “men of destiny.” They were “men of the time.” They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, we feel them, but we know them not. They came, God’s word upon their lips; they did their office, God’s mantle about them; and they vanished, God’s holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be

chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reigns of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as sure as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with a deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial; I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books, no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save from heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land.

I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions—of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off the phantasms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the workaday uses of the world—the rearing of children, the earning of bread, the multiplied duties of life.

I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided.

I see him, preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him; and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, and the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same

being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward.

And, last scene of all, that ends the strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the Capitol of the Nation to which he had rendered "the last full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning.

Who was Cæsar? Who was Bismarck? Who was Gladstone? Who was Shakespeare? Who was Mozart? Why are they called great men?

What is meant by "men of destiny"? "Men of the time"?

What is the "prelude" of a theme? The "epilogue"?

What does Mr. Watterson mean when he says: "I look into the crystal globe"?

Lincoln was a great man; can you name other Americans to whom that term rightfully belongs? What makes a "great man"?

Who was Alexander the Great? What is the difference between him and Lincoln? Why is Lincoln never called Lincoln the Great?

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This is said to be “the finest panegyric of the dead ever spoken by mortal lips.” What is a “panegyric”?

On what occasion were these words spoken? When and where? Was the war over? Did Lincoln say it was?

What is meant by "dedicated to the proposition"? Who had "consecrated this ground"? What was the work left for the living to do?

What trait in Lincoln made him say: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here"? Did his statement prove true? Can you tell why?

What is the theme of the address?

Edward Everett, one of America's great statesmen, was the orator of the occasion; he spoke for more than one hour. Can you quote something which he said? Lincoln spoke for less than five minutes.

Every boy and girl in our country should commit to memory this address.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man—while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky—got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

Visualize and describe your picture of the "country home"; the interior of the house; the appearance of the "master" of the house; his father; the "old mother"; the "housewife"; the evening devotions.

AN UNUSUAL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel, and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount a day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received there was not much left to add to the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible, so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond.

When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of

the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story, brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone to reach the place.

It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her and impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added

greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me:

“The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it.”

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. All the wood-work around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room.

When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a “Yankee” woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked:

"I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed.

Booker T. Washington was a poor colored boy with an unquenchable thirst for an education.

Discuss: The world stands aside for one who knows where he is going.

How well do you think he did the work the sea-captain gave him to do?

Did the head teacher have good and sufficient reasons to delay in admitting Washington?

From the "broom experiment" what do you learn of the character of Washington?

Do you think the "broom experiment" a satisfactory examination for admission to an academic institution?

Discuss: "Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,

Makes that and the action fine."

What do you know of Washington and his work in Tuskegee, Alabama?

There is no success without loyalty. The man who is disloyal to his superior, to his profession, or to his country, is disloyal to himself and to all that is good in him.

GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS.

THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

JOHN H. B. LATROBE

When steam made its appearance on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad it attracted great attention here. But there was this difficulty about introducing an English engine on an American road. An English was virtually a straight road. An American road had curves, sometimes of as small radius as two hundred feet. For a brief season it was believed that this feature of the early American roads would prevent the use of locomotive engines.

The contrary was demonstrated by Peter Cooper of New York. Mr. Cooper was satisfied that steam might be adapted to the curved roads which he saw would be built in the United States; and he went to Baltimore, which then possessed the only one on which he could experiment, to vindicate his belief.

He had another idea, which was that the crank could be dispensed with in the change from a reciprocating to a rotary motion; and he built an engine to demonstrate both articles of his faith. The machine was not larger than the hand-cars used by workmen to transfer themselves from place to place.

The boiler of Mr. Cooper's engine was not as large as the kitchen-boiler attached to many a range in modern houses. It was of about the same diameter, but not much more than half as high. It stood upright in the car, and

was filled, above the furnace, which occupied the lower section, with vertical tubes. The cylinder was but three and a half inches in diameter, and speed was gotten up by gearing. No natural draft could have been sufficient to keep up steam in so small a boiler, and Mr. Cooper used therefore a blowing apparatus, driven by a drum attached to one of the car-wheels, over which passed a cord that in its turn worked a pulley on the shaft of the blower.

Mr. Cooper's success was such as to induce him to try a trip to Ellicott's Mills; and an open car, the first used upon the road, having been attached to his engine, and filled with the directors and some friends, the first journey by steam in America was commenced.

The trip was most interesting. The curves were passed without difficulty at a speed of fifteen miles an hour; the grades were ascended with comparative ease; the day was fine, the company in the highest spirits. The return trip from the Mills—a distance of thirteen miles—was made in fifty-seven minutes. This was in the autumn of 1830.

But the triumph of this Tom Thumb engine was not altogether without a drawback. The stage proprietors of the day were Stockton and Stokes; and on this occasion a gallant gray of great beauty and power was driven by them from town, attached to another car on the second track—for the company had begun by making two tracks to the Mills—and met the engine at the Relay House on its way back. From this point it was determined to have

a race home; and, the start being even, away went horse and engine, the snort of the one and the puff of the other keeping time and time.

At first the gray had the best of it, for *his* steam would be applied to the greatest advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work. The horse was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the safety-valve of the engine lifted and the thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the race was neck and neck, nose and nose—then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory.

But it was not repeated; for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine for want of breath began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineman and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine, and passed it; and although the band was presently replaced, and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race.

But the real victory was with Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding. He had held fast to the faith that was in him,

In my anxiety, I consulted with two of my senatorial friends, asking their opinion of the probability of reaching the bill before the close of the session. Their answers were discouraging, and their advice was to prepare myself for disappointment.

In this state of mind I retired to my chamber, and made all my arrangements for leaving Washington the next day. Painful as was the prospect of renewed disappointment, you will understand me when I say that, knowing from experience whence my help must come in any difficulty, I soon disposed of my cares, and slept as quietly as a child.

In the morning, as I had just gone into the breakfast-room, the servant called me out, announcing that a young lady was in the parlor, wishing to speak with me. I was at once greeted with the smiling face of my young friend, the daughter of my old and valued friend and classmate, the Honorable H. L. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents.

On expressing my surprise at so early a call, she said: "I have come to congratulate you."

"Indeed, for what?"

"On the passage of your bill."

"Oh, no, my young friend, you are mistaken; I was in the Senate chamber till after the lamps were lighted, and my senatorial friends assured me there was no chance for me."

"But," she replied, "it is you that are mistaken.

Father was there at the adjournment, at midnight, and saw the President put his name to your bill; and I asked father if I might come and tell you, and he gave me leave. Am I the first to tell you?"

The news was so unexpected that for some moments I could not speak. At length I replied: "Yes, Annie, you are the first to inform me; and now I am going to make you a promise: the first despatch on the completed line from Washington to Baltimore shall be yours."

"Well," said she, "I shall hold you to your promise."

In about a year from that time the line from Washington to Baltimore was completed. I was in Baltimore when the wires were brought into the office and attached to the instrument. I proceeded to Washington, leaving word that no despatch should be sent through the line until I had sent one from Washington.

On my arrival there, I sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, announcing to her that everything was ready, and I was prepared to fulfil my promise of sending the first despatch over the wires, which she was to indite.

The answer was immediately returned. The despatch was:

"What hath God wrought!"

It was sent to Baltimore, and repeated to Washington, and the strip of paper upon which the telegraphic characters are printed was claimed by Governor Seymour, of Hartford, Connecticut, then a member of the House, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hart-

ford. It was delivered to him by Miss Ellsworth, and is now preserved in the archives of the Hartford Museum.

I need only add that no words could have been selected more expressive of the disposition of my own mind at that time, to ascribe all the honor to Him to whom it truly belongs.

Note the extreme simplicity and modesty of Mr. Morse's account of the great event. There is an entire absence of self-praise.

Morse, Edison, Bell—what has each done with electricity?

Why was Miss Ellsworth's message most appropriate to the occasion? In what book is it to be found?

What did Mr. Morse seek from the government through an act of Congress? Why was Congress reluctant to act?

Discuss: The greater invention—the telegraph or the telephone.

THE FLEET AT SANTIAGO

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Out of the mist of events and the gathering darkness of passing time the great fact and the great deed stand forth for the American people and their children's children, as white and shining as the Santiago channel glaring under the search-lights through the Cuban night.

They remember, and will always remember, that hot summer morning, and the anxiety, only half-whispered, which overspread the land. They see, and will always

From "The War with Spain," by Henry Cabot Lodge, copyright, 1899, by Harper and Brothers.

see, the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long, thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall.

Every ship is in place; and they close in upon the advancing enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the *Gloucester*, firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo-boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the *Indiana*, the *Iowa*, and the *Texas*; there is the *Brooklyn*, racing by outside to head the fugitives, and the *Oregon*, dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front and leaving her mark everywhere she goes. It is a captain's fight, and they all fight as if they were one man with one ship.

On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer; and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and men of the victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the *Gloucester*, as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight to avenge the *Maine*. We

hear Phillips cryout : "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from the silent admiral to the cheering seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

In what war was this naval contest? Where is Santiago?
Do you know who was in command of our fleet at this battle? Name the American ships in this battle.

What is meant by "to avenge the *Maine*"?

Who was Eulate?

Why did Captain Phillips forbid his men to cheer?

What tribute did Captain Evans pay to American sailors? What did he say of our sailors in fight? What in victory?

THE WORLD OF THE FREE

HENRY VAN DYKE

Thank God, we can see, in the glory of morn,
The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,
That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.
Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord
Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless
miles of sea,

On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost
isles are free;

And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and
height, and hill,

Breaker and beach cry, each to each: "'Tis the Mother
who calls! Be still!"

Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from
harm,

Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sov-
ereign arm,

Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, she bade her
navies roam,

Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watch-
ers rest;

The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in
the golden west

Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,

And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,

Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long
blockade;
And the eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank
God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them
rise and go;
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's
ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole
land answered "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet
with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on
the decks they trod,
Brave faces they raise, and give the praise to the grace
of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of
sea,
To see the day steal up the bay, where the enemy lies
in wait,

To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
the strait—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads
for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the
men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the
great gray ships come in!

This poem was published in 1904. From what war were the "gray ships" returning?

The title refers to the fact that U. S. battleships are painted gray.

Read the lines in phrases of eight syllables and six syllables, to suggest the ballad rhythm.

What are the "furthermost isles"?

What is meant by "the black cloud in the August skies"?

Who is the "Mother! new-found"?

To what fact in the late war does "and the whole land answered 'Here!'" refer?

To what event does the fourth line in the last stanza refer?

What does the poet say is "better" than to "battle"?

When the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, what was the expression of all people?

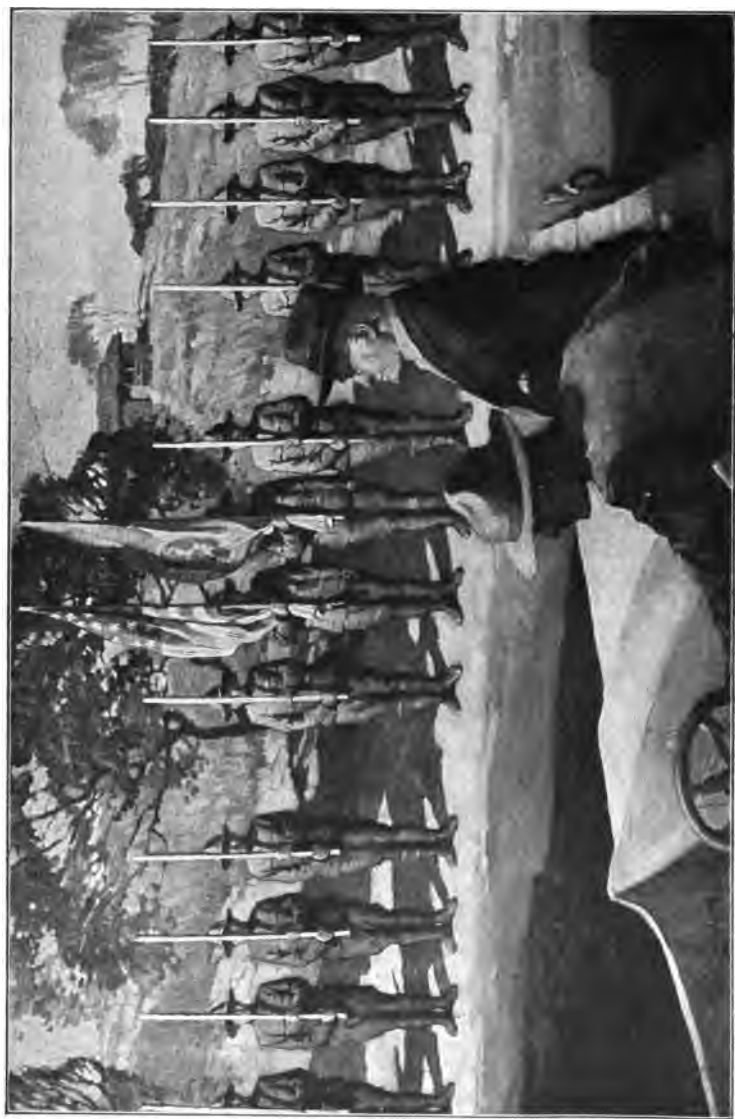
UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

JOSEPH B. AMES

In some miraculous fashion the necessary permission was obtained by each and every one of the boys of Troop Five, and bright and early on the morning after school closed the whole crowd was packed into the motor-truck, jouncing southward over the roads very much the worse for spring thaws. It was, in fact, a vastly more uncomfortable trip than the one last summer. But overhead the skies were cloudless; warm breezes, faintly odorous of spring and growing things, caressed their cheeks, and youth was in their hearts.

What cared they for hard seats, for jolts and jounces, for mud-holes, delays, and the growing certainty of a late arrival? A thrilling week, golden with possibilities, lay before them, and nothing else mattered. They chattered and sang and ate, and stopped by wayside springs, and ate again. The sun was setting when they lumbered into Clam Cove and tumbled out of the truck to find the old *Aquita* waiting at the landing. Then came the chugging passage of the bay, and the landing at the new dock they had not even heard of, but they did not pause long, so eager were they all to inspect the mess-shack, bulking large and unfamiliar through the gathering dusk.

It wasn't really a shack at all, but a commodious log structure some forty feet by twenty—big, airy, and



spacious. There were benches and tables of rough yet solid construction, bracket-lamps, many windows, and a cavernous stone fireplace in which a roaring blaze of logs leaped and crackled. The size and scale of it all fairly awed the boys, and they stared eagerly around for Mr. Thornton. To their disappointment the banker was not to be seen.

"He had to go to Washington unexpectedly," explained the man in charge to Mr. Curtis. "But he sent word to you to make yourselves at home, and he'd be back just as soon as he could."

This put a momentary damper on the affair, but it was not of long duration. There was too much to see and do in the short time at their disposal for regrets of any sort. There was little accomplished that night, however. After a hearty supper, beds were made up on the floor and every one was glad to turn in early.

They were up with the sun, and then began a strenuous period of mingled work and play which filled to overflowing the waking hours of the next three days. They got out the tents and erected them in the old places. They took hikes and motor-boat trips; they fished and explored, talked to each other with signal-flags, and put in a commendable amount of time on their drill. They were so constantly employed extracting the last atom of enjoyment from the brief vacation that they quite failed to notice the slight abstraction of their scout-master, or the manner in which he watched the mails and fairly de-

voured the daily paper. Not one of them found time even to glance at that paper himself, much less think of, or discuss, the affairs of the nation and the world. Then came the awakening.

It was toward noon on the fourth day of their stay—a Tuesday; they remembered that afterward. The crowd had been for a hike to Lost Mine, and, returning, had dawdled lazily, for the air was almost oppressively balmy. Dale, Ranny, and Court Parker were considerably ahead of the others, and as they reached the parade-ground they came suddenly upon Harry Vedder, whose turn it had been to fetch the mail and paper. The plump boy's face was flushed and moist; his expression fairly exuded importance.

"Well!" he stated, without waiting for them to speak. "It's come."

Ranny stared. "Come?" he repeated. "What are you talking about, Dumpling? What's come?"

Vedder puffed out his fat cheeks. "War!" he said solemnly.

For an instant no one spoke. Dale felt a queer, tingling thrill go through him. The thing seemed unreal, impossible. Somehow these past few weeks of delay and hesitation had thrust the idea farther and farther into the background of his mind. He caught a glimpse of Parker's face, dazed and incredulous.

"What!" gasped Ranny. "You mean with——"

"Yes," nodded Vedder. "The President made a fine speech last night to Congress, or something. I heard 'em

talking about it at the post-office. Everybody's as excited as can be. I guess it's all in the papers, too, only Mr. Curtis's wasn't open."

Dale's eyes sought headquarters tent. Under the rolled-up flap he could see the scout-master sitting on his cot, his head bent intently over an outspread paper. Again that curious tingling went through the boy. Behind him the shouts and laughter of the approaching crowd seemed suddenly incongruous and out of place.

"Did Congress declare war?" asked Ranny abruptly.

"I don't know; I guess so. They are going to raise a whopping army. I heard one man say everybody from nineteen to twenty-five would have to go."

"*Have to go!*" shrilled Court Parker. "Why, they'll *want* to go, won't they? I wish I was more than sixteen."

Unconsciously the four were moving toward the scout-master's tent. Others, hearing a word or two, caught up with them, and the news was passed quickly along. The throng paused at the tent entrance. Dale caught a glimpse of the newspaper that Mr. Curtis hastily opened, across the top of which flared in black capitals:

PRESIDENT CALLS FOR WAR DECLARATION!

"It's true, then, Mr. Curtis!" Ranny Phelps exclaimed. "I thought it was coming. When are they going to——"

"Hold your horses, Ranny," interrupted the scout-master. He stood up and came toward them, his face

curiously elated. "There's no time to answer a lot of questions now. Mess-call will sound any time. Hustle and wash up, fellows, and after dinner we'll talk this over."

Curious and excited as they all were, no one protested. They scattered to their tents, chattering volubly, and the mess-call found them still speculating and asking questions of each other. During the meal the discussion continued, but in a slightly more subdued key. A state of things which at first had seemed merely exciting and soul-stirring was coming home more keenly. They were beginning to make individual applications. Captain Chalmers would be called out, of course. Though on the verge of thirty, Mr. Curtis himself might enlist.

Then some one thought suddenly of Wesley Becker, who was just nineteen. That seemed the strangest thing of all, for Wes, despite his semi-leadership, was merely one of themselves. But of course it was all the merest speculation; they didn't really know anything yet. So when the meal was over and Mr. Curtis rose slowly in his place, there was a long, concerted sigh of relaxing tension.

"Fellows," began the scout-master quietly, "I want to read to you the President's message delivered to Congress last night. You won't find it dull. On the contrary it is about the most vivid, vital piece of writing I have ever read. It will make you prouder than ever of your country and its head."

And without further preamble he began to read that

wonderful document which has stirred the world and has taken its place among the immortal utterances of men. And as he read, eyes brightened, boyish faces flushed, brown hands gripped the rough edges of bench or table, or strained tightly over clasped knees. He finished, and there came an eloquent moment of utter silence, followed by a swift outburst of wild applause.

The scout-master's face lit up with a smile. "It's great, isn't it?" he said. "Makes you feel mighty proud to have a man like that at the helm." He folded the paper and laid it on the table before him. "And now," he went on, his shoulders squaring a bit, "I want to say a few words myself. A state of war exists, for Congress cannot help but back up the man who wrote that message. It's been coming for a long time. Many of us have felt it and have tried to plan a little in advance. Your signalling and first aid and drilling have all been with that idea in view. What I want now is that you shall give more time than ever to those things—practically all the rest of your time in camp here. Remember George Lancaster, that English chap who was in Troop One several years ago. To-day he is one of the best signallers in the British army. It will mean hard work, but, unless I'm far wrong, work will swiftly come to be the great slogan throughout the country. Will you do this, fellows? Stand up, every one who's willing."

There was a rush, a clatter—a bench was overturned—not a boy remained seated.

"Fine!" smiled Mr. Curtis. "I thought I could count on you. When Mr. Thornton comes on Friday we'll show him something that will surprise him. And we'll give those folks at the rally something to think about, too."

"But are we still going to have the rally, sir?" asked Bob Gibson.

Mr. Curtis laughed. "Of course we are," he said emphatically. "You mustn't think, Bob, that a state of war is going to disrupt the entire country. School and chores and all the ordinary routine of your daily lives must go on as they always have. Suppose we get out now and work up a little programme for Mr. Thornton's benefit."

The days that followed, so radically different from anything the boys had planned, showed up their spirit admirably. Of course, there were grumblers; those develop in any situation where discipline is involved. There were many moments of weariness and discouragement, too, when it seemed that proficiency could never be attained. But underneath it all, stirring, invigorating, that wonderful sense of service—service to another, service to their country, perhaps, upheld and strengthened them. What they were doing was not merely play. Some day or other, far away or near, it would be of value; and the measure of that value no man can tell.

Mr. Thornton was due to reach camp Friday afternoon. The *Aquita*, in charge of Wesley Becker and another scout, went over to meet him. As soon as they were

returning a bugle-blast summoned the others from their tents.

"Fall in!" ordered Mr. Curtis crisply. "Phelps will take charge while I go down to the dock."

Only their eyes moved, but these followed him to the landing and they saw Mr. Thornton step ashore and pause for a moment or two of conversation. His face looked tired and his shoulders drooped a little. But as he caught sight of the scouts drawn up in a straight, soldiery line behind the colors his head went up and his eyes brightened with surprise and interest.

"Attention, troop!" called Mr. Curtis sharply. "Right dress!—Front!—Present arms!"

The "arms" were, of course, their staves, but the manœuvre was executed with a snap and precision which many a company of militia might have envied. Then came the command, "Count off!" followed by, "Fours left—march!" and the squad swung smartly down the parade-ground.

In the half-hour of manœuvring which followed—and this included some fairly difficult formations for new recruits—every boy gave the best that was in him. And when it was all over, the expression on Mr. Thornton's face was quite reward enough. At the command, "Fall out!" they surged around him, shaking him by the hand, thanking him exuberantly, and all trying at once to tell him how much more wonderful everything was than they had expected.

The council-fire that night was built out on the point instead of in the great stone fireplace. Because of Mr. Thornton's presence, a special programme had been arranged. But it wasn't quite all gayety and careless amusement. Mingling with the joking and laughter and occasional bit of skylarking was a touch of sober seriousness. It was their last night in camp together. Moreover, from that momentous Tuesday things had never been really quite the same. Their daily drills and practice were rousing in them a sense of responsibility.

There had been time, also, to hear from home—of how their brother talked of enlisting in the marines, or how their cousin had been ordered to hold himself in readiness to join the colors. And so at the end, standing shoulder to shoulder around the blaze, their young voices ringing out in the stirring strains of "America," more than one throat tightened, and there were few who did not feel a tingling thrill beyond the thrill those voices usually evoked.

There came a pause. Then slowly John Thornton rose and for a moment faced them in silence.

"I want to thank you, boys," he said at length, in tones which emotion had rendered brusque and almost harsh. "It has been a privilege and more than pleasure to see your surprising work this afternoon and to be with you in this way to-night. I am proud of you—prouder than you can ever know. I can say nothing more than this," and his voice rang out suddenly with a note that stirred them inexplicably: "If only the youth of our coun-

try will measure up to your standards in the crisis that is before us, we need fear nothing for the future.''

What is the Boy Scout organization?

What is it to be a Boy Scout?

Is there a similar organization for girls?

Must a boy be a Boy Scout to help his country?

How can boys and girls do something for their country in times of war? Of peace?

What is the most dramatic incident in this selection?

Discuss the last sentence in the selection.

FINDING THE NORTH POLE

ROBERT E. PEARY

My reckoning (April 6) showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as $89^{\circ} 57'$.

Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved.

As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and had double-rationed the dogs, I

turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep. But weary though I was, I could not sleep long. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary:

“The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and common-place.”

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P. M., in case the sky should be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on for an estimated distance of ten miles. While we travelled the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbian meridian midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of those circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It is hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been travelling due north, while, on

the last few miles of the same march, we had been travelling south, although we had all the time been travelling precisely in the same direction.

It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then go directly south, all the time travelling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained, and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind.

Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the first six months of the Arctic winter night, we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was swinging around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our position as being four or five miles from the

Pole, toward Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a light sledge, I travelled directly toward the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations in three different directions, at four different times. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11 Fahrenheit to minus 30 Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather.

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at some moment during these marches and countermarches, I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course, there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more travelling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths." By the time it actually reached the Pole, it was somewhat

worn and discolored. A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its worldwide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years. Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records.

This journey was my eighth into the Arctic wilderness. In that wilderness I had spent nearly twelve years out of the twenty-three between my thirtieth and my fifty-third year, and the intervening time spent in civilized communities during that period had been mainly occupied with preparations for returning to the wilderness. The determination to reach the Pole had become so much a part of my being that, strange as it may seem, I long ago ceased to think of myself save as an instrument for the attainment of that end. To the layman this may seem strange, but an inventor can understand it, or an artist, or any one who has devoted himself for years to the service of an idea.

The thirty hours at the Pole, what with my marchings and countermarchings, together with the observations and records, were pretty well crowded. I found time, however, to write to Mrs. Peary on a United States postal card which I had found on the ship during the winter. It had been my custom at various important stages of the journey northward to write such a note in order that, if anything serious happened to me, these brief communications might ultimately reach her at the hands of survivors.

In the afternoon of the 7th, after flying our flags and taking our photographs, we went into our igloos and tried to sleep a little, before starting south again. I could not sleep and my two Eskimos, Seeglo and Egingwah, who occupied the igloo with me, seemed equally restless. They turned from side to side, and when they were quiet I could tell from their uneven breathing that they were not asleep. Though they had not been specially excited the day before when I told them that we had reached the goal, yet they also seemed to be under the same exhilarating influence which made sleep impossible for me.

Finally I rose, and telling my men and the three men in the other igloo, who were equally wakeful, that we would try to make our last camp, some thirty miles to the south, before we slept, I gave orders to hitch up the dogs and be off. And about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th of April we turned our backs upon the camp at the North Pole. One backward glance I gave—then turned my face toward the south and toward the future.

In what year did Peary make his great discovery?

Name some of the noted explorers who have tried to discover the North Pole.

Of what use is the discovery of the North Pole?

Peary called it "the prize of three centuries." Why?

How can one go north and south, "all the time travelling in the same direction"?

What is meant by "the sun was swinging around in its ever-moving circle"?

In your own words tell the story of Mrs. Peary's flag.

Does it mean anything to you that it was an American who discovered the North Pole, and that the American flag was the first planted "at the top of the world"?

HOW A BLIND MAN ENJOYS BASEBALL

CHARLES HAWKES

We will suppose, in order to show how I follow the game, that we are sitting in the grandstand immediately behind the home-plate. In that case the diamond and the field are a geometrical figure immediately in front of me. The player nearest to me, and immediately in front, is the catcher. Then farther on, in the middle of the diamond, though still in line, is the pitcher; still farther away is the second baseman, and away beyond him the centre-fielder. To my right is the first baseman, and still farther away, but nearly in line with him, is the right-fielder. To my left are the shortstop and the third baseman, and farther away is the left-fielder. This is the picture that I always have in mind when play is called.

When the Umpire calls "Play ball," my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.

"Ball," cries the umpire, and I hear the ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made-I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly gone out of it.

"Ball," cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. Anyway it was a ball, and what sort of one does not much matter.

"Strike," calls the umpire. Now the question arises in my mind: Did the batter swing at the ball, or was the strike called on him? But a spectator near me sets me right by observing, "He ought to have offered at that one," so I know it was called.

"Strike," again calls the umpire, and again I am puzzled as to whether the strike was called or the batsman offered.

"Gee!" cries a small boy near me. "If he had hit that one it would have gone over the fence." So I know he swung at it viciously.

Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is rather a long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike in the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly, which went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly, I should have known by the same reason-

ing that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed it, as they say.

Another batsman steps to the plate and hits the first ball pitched sharply. I hear the ball strike the shortstop's mitt again, and a second later it resounds in the mitt of the first baseman over at my right. It was a ground ball, and was fielded nicely and thrown accurately, and the umpire cries, "Out!"

Often when the decision is close I listen intently to see whether the feet of the base-runner strike the base or the ball the baseman's mitt first. If the base runner makes first and I hear soon after the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, I know the pitcher is throwing to first to catch him. As soon as the runner gets upon the base the coaching gives me a clue each time as to what happens on the base. Each time the coach cries sharply "Look out!" I imagine the runner pitching for the bag, and I hear the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, telling of the throw. The same rules apply to second base, and also to third. To any one familiar with the game every word of the coach means a corresponding motion on the field.

When a batted ball goes away out into the field I have to listen sharply to hear the fielder catch it, but my ear is so trained with attending many hundreds of games that I can usually hear the ball fall to the ground if it is muffed. If I did not the fate of the base-runner would give me the necessary clue. Very rarely, if I am paying attention, am I obliged to ask my companions where the ball went and

what the play was. Grounders I usually hear skimming along the diamond, and very high flies I recognize by the time the ball stays in the air.

Thus the play goes on for nine exciting innings, and I am sure there is no one on the grounds more excited or interested than myself. Two or three times I have been hit by a batted or thrown ball while sitting in the bleachers or in an automobile, but have always come off with a whole skin. Perhaps the closest call that I have had to serious injury occurred one day when a small boy, who was sitting between my knees, was hit by a very hard foul which came into the bleachers. It came like a cannon ball and struck the little chap in the cheek, but he was good grit, and was all right after a few minutes, being more frightened than hurt.

There is something intoxicating and exhilarating in yelling in unison with several thousand people, just as you do when your pinch-hitter bangs out a hit and wins the game. The yell that goes up from that eager throng on such occasions is barbaric and grand, like the music of the sea.

I always go home from a game tired but happy, and sure of a better night's sleep for the thrilling afternoon's sport. My own restricted activities in athletics make me turn with even more zest to the great American game, which does so much each year to tan the faces and harden the sinews of the American baseball public. So baseball will always find an ardent champion in myself and I know

of hundreds of tired business men who turn to this clean, exciting game for recreation and pleasure, and to escape the grind of their daily business life. Long live the great American game!

What sense takes the place of sight for this blind man?

Tell how the idea of geometrical form, position, distances, help the blind man to locate the plays.

Do you think that if you went to a ball-game with your eyes bandaged you would understand and enjoy the game? Then how does it happen that this blind man enjoys it?

Do you play baseball? Why is it called the "great American game"?

Is it as profitable to watch a game as to take part in it?

Explain how tired business men find recreation in watching a game.

SUCCESSFUL SAVING

MARSHALL FIELD

If you want to succeed, save. This is true, not so much because of the value of the money which the young man who saves accumulates, but because of the infinitely greater value of the system and organization which the practice of saving introduces into his life.

This result of the saving habit is not generally nor properly appreciated. I consider it to be almost the greatest element in making for a young man's success.

In the first place, it creates determination. This is at the start. Then it develops steady progress; then sustained energy. Soon it produces alert, discriminating intelligence. These all rapidly grow into an ability that enables him to

take the money he has accumulated and employ it with profit.

Better and better returns follow up his industry, ability, and judgment, and his capital is now steadily increasing. Soon he is secure—and that comparatively early in life; and each day widens the gulf between him and incompetence and its invariable companion—improvidence.

This is the real framework of the structure of success. Each of its supports, it will invariably be found, rests upon a foundation of an early dollar saved.

What is success? Does merely saving money make one successful?

Would you call a miser a successful man? What must one have that is more than money or place or fame to make him successful in the right-meaning of the word?

What good habits does saving promote?

Give general reasons for cultivating the habit of saving.

JIMMIE REEDER'S GOOD TURN

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

A rule of the Boy Scouts is every day to do some one a good turn. Not because the copy-books tell you it deserves another, but in spite of that pleasing possibility. If you are a true scout, until you have performed your act of kindness your day is dark. You are as unhappy as is the grown-up who has begun his day without shaving or

From "The Boy Scout and Other Stories," copyright, 1891, 1903, 1912, 1914, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

reading his New York paper. But as soon as you have proved yourself you may, with a clear conscience, look the world in the face and untie the knot in your kerchief.

Jimmie Reeder untied the accusing knot in his scarf at just ten minutes past eight on a hot August morning after he had given one dime to his sister Sadie. With that she could either witness the first-run films at the Palace, or by dividing her fortune patronize two of the nickel shows on Lenox Avenue. The choice Jimmie left to her. He was setting out for the annual encampment of the Boy Scouts at Hunter's Island, and in the excitement of that adventure even the movies ceased to thrill. But Sadie also could be unselfish. With the heroism of a camp-fire maiden she made a gesture which might have been interpreted to mean she was returning the money.

"I can't, Jimmie!" she gasped. "I can't take it from you. You saved it, and you ought to get the fun of it."

"I haven't saved it yet," said Jimmie. "I'm going to cut it out of the railroad fare. I'm going to get off at City Island instead of at Pelham Manor and walk the difference. That's ten cents cheaper."

Sadie exclaimed with admiration: "And you carrying that heavy grip!"

"Oh! That's nothing," said the man of the family.

"Good-by, mother. So long, Sadie."

To ward off further expressions of gratitude he fled down the front steps.

He wore his khaki uniform. On his shoulders was his knapsack, from his hands swung his suitcase, and between his heavy stockings and his "shorts" his kneecaps, unknissed by the sun, as yet unscathed by blackberry vines, showed as white and fragile as the wrists of a girl. As he moved toward the "L" station at the corner, Sadie and his mother waved to him; in the street, boys too small to be scouts hailed him enviously; even the policeman glancing over the newspapers on the newsstand nodded approval.

"You a Scout, Jimmie?" he asked.

"No," retorted Jimmie, for was not he also in uniform? "I'm Santa Claus out filling Christmas stockings."

The patrolman also possessed a ready wit.

"Then get yourself a pair," he advised. "If a dog was to see your legs——"

Jimmie escaped the insult by fleeing up the steps of the Elevated.

An hour later, with his valise in one hand and staff in the other, he was tramping up the Boston Post Road and breathing heavily. The day was cruelly hot. Before his eyes, over an interminable stretch of asphalt, the heat waves danced and flickered. Already the knapsack on his shoulders pressed upon him like an Old Man of the Sea; the linen in the valise had turned to pig iron, his pipe-stem legs were wobbling, his eyes smarted with salt sweat, and

the fingers supporting the valise belonged to some other boy, and were giving that boy much pain.

But as the motor-cars flashed past with raucous warnings, or, that those who rode might better see the boy with bare knees, passed at "half speed," Jimmie stiffened his shoulders and stepped jauntily forward. Even when the joy-riders mocked with "Oh, you Scout!" he smiled at them. He was willing to admit to those who rode that the laugh was on the one who walked. And he regretted—oh, so bitterly!—having left the train. He was indignant that for his "one good turn a day" he had not selected one less strenuous. That, for instance, he had not assisted a frightened old lady through the traffic. To refuse the dime she might have offered, as all true scouts refuse all tips, would have been easier than to earn it by walking five miles, with the sun at ninety-nine degrees, and carrying excess baggage. Twenty times James shifted the valise to the other hand, twenty times he let it drop and sat upon it.

And then, as again he took up his burden, the Good Samaritan drew near. He drew near in a low gray racing-car, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and within a hundred feet of Jimmie suddenly stopped and backed toward him. The Good Samaritan was a young man with white hair. He wore a suit of blue, a golf cap; the hands that held the wheel were disguised in large yellow gloves. He brought the car to a halt and surveyed the dripping figure in the road with tired and uncurious eyes.



"You a Boy Scout?" he asked.

With alacrity for the twenty-first time Jimmie dropped the valise, forced his cramped fingers into straight lines, and saluted.

The young man in the car nodded toward the seat beside him.

"Get in," he commanded.

When James sat panting happily at his elbow the old young man, to Jimmie's disappointment, did not continue to shatter the speed limit. Instead, he seemed inclined for conversation, and the car, growling indignantly, crawled.

"I never saw a Boy Scout before," announced the old young man. "Tell me about it. First, tell me what you do when you're not scouting."

Jimmie explained volubly. When not in uniform he was an office boy, and from peddlers and beggars guarded the gates of Carroll and Hastings, stock-brokers. He spoke the names of his employers with awe. It was a firm distinguished, conservative, and long-established. The white-haired young man seemed to nod in assent.

"Do you know them?" demanded Jimmie suspiciously. "Are you a customer of ours?"

"I know them," said the young man. "They are customers of mine."

Jimmie wondered in what way Carroll and Hastings were customers of the white-haired young man. Judging him by his outer garments, Jimmie guessed he was a Fifth

Avenue tailor; he might be even a haberdasher. Jimmie continued. He lived, he explained, with his mother at One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street; Sadie, his sister, attended the public school; he helped support them both, and he now was about to enjoy a well-earned vacation camping out on Hunter's Island, where he would cook his own meals and, if the mosquitoes permitted, sleep in a tent.

"And you like that?" demanded the young man. "You call that fun?"

"Sure!" protested Jimmie. "Don't you go camping out?"

"I go camping out," said the Good Samaritan, "whenever I leave New York."

Jimmie had not for three years lived in Wall Street not to understand that the young man spoke in metaphor.

"You don't look," objected the young man critically, "as though you were built for the strenuous life."

Jimmie glanced guiltily at his white knees.

"You ought to see me two weeks from now," he protested. "I get all sunburnt and hard—hard as anything!"

The young man was incredulous.

"You were near getting sunstroke when I picked you up," he laughed. "If you're going to Hunter's Island, why didn't you take the Third Avenue to Pelham Manor?"

"That's right!" assented Jimmie eagerly. "But I

wanted to save the ten cents so's to send Sadie to the movies. So I walked."

The young man looked his embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

But Jimmie did not hear him. From the back of the car he was dragging excitedly at the hated suitcase.

"Stop!" he commanded. "I've got to get out. I've got to walk."

The young man showed his surprise.

"Walk!" he exclaimed.

Jimmie dropped the valise and followed it into the roadway. It took some time to explain to the young man. First, he had to be told about the scout law and the one good turn a day, and that it must involve some personal sacrifice. And, as Jimmie pointed out, changing from a slow suburban train to a racing-car could not be listed as a sacrifice. He had not earned the money, Jimmie argued; he had only avoided paying it to the railroad. If he did not walk he would be obtaining the gratitude of Sadie by a falsehood. Therefore, he must walk.

"Not at all," protested the young man. "You've got it wrong. What good will it do your sister to have you sunstruck? I think you are sunstruck. You're crazy with the heat. You get in here, and we'll talk it over as we go along."

Hastily Jimmie backed away. "I'd rather walk," he said.

The young man shifted his legs irritably.

"Then how'll this suit you?" he called. "We'll declare that first 'one good turn' a failure and start afresh. Do me a good turn."

Jimmie halted in his tracks and looked back suspiciously.

"I'm going to Hunter's Island Inn," called the young man, "and I've lost my way. You get in here and guide me. That'll be doing me a good turn."

On either side of the road, blotting out the landscape, giant hands, picked out in electric-light bulbs, pointed the way to Hunter's Island Inn. Jimmie grinned and nodded toward them.

"Much obliged," he called, "I've got to walk." Turning his back upon temptation, he wobbled forward into the flickering heat waves.

What is the Scout law Jimmie was trying to carry out?

Is it a Campfire law also?

Illustrate the working of that law by some incident?

Was Jimmie doing right by himself by insisting on walking even at the risk of a sunstroke?

What are some of the good things being a Boy Scout will do to a boy?

How old is the Boy Scout organization?

If you are a Boy Scout tell some of its advantages.

If a Campfire Girl tell why it is good to be one.

Relate some incident in your career as a Boy Scout, or Campfire Girl, that has distinctly influenced you.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SILENCES

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! You who, in garb of white,
Wage War's retrieving battles through the watches of
the night;

You who, from Lens and Verdun, bring our bullet-battered men

To feel the magic of your touch and make them whole
again;

In you we lay a master-faith and pledge that faith anew
As each day makes more glorious the martyrdom of you.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! You've left your all behind

To make the sad become glad: to comfort, soothe, and
bind.

While others calmly slumber you must ever be alert
To catch the slightest murmur that reveals a restless hurt.
How calm you are in trying hours, how glad you are to
share

Another's pain and with your smile make pain less hard
to bear.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! Adown the long white aisle
You tiptoe all unmindfully of hour or day or mile;
A bandage here, a tuck-in there, a drink, a touch of hand
That only soldiers such as ours have soul to understand.

Your Red Cross emblem they'll defend through stress of
time and tide;
It is God's goodness manifest—Old Glory sanctified!

Here is described the appreciation of the soldiers for the Red Cross nurse.

Read lines showing that they appreciate (1) her skill in restoring wounded men to health, and (2) her spirit of devotion.

What do the soldiers pledge themselves to do for the Red Cross?

Tell what you can of the work of your local Red Cross branch in peace and war.

PEACE AND PROGRESS

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest, let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of Empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace

This is a good poem to commit to memory and recite often.

What just reasons for war are here mentioned?

What country entered the War of 1914 for the unjust reasons mentioned?

What must be the fate of a nation with such reasons for war?

FLAG DAY ADDRESS

WOODROW WILSON

How can any man presume to interpret the emblem of the United States, the emblem of what we would fain be among the family of nations, and find it incumbent upon us to be in the daily round of routine duty? This is Flag Day, but that only means that it is a day when we are to recall the things which we should do every day of our lives. There are no days of special patriotism. There are no days when we should be more patriotic than on other days.

We celebrate the Fourth of July merely because the great enterprise of liberty was started on the fourth of July in America, but the great enterprise of liberty was not begun in America. It is illustrated by the blood of thousands of martyrs who lived and died before the great experiment on this side of the water. The Fourth of July merely marks the day when we consecrated ourselves as a nation to this high thing which we pretend to serve.

The benefit of a day like this is merely in turning away from the things that distract us, turning away from the things that touch us personally and absorb our interest in the hours of daily work. We remind ourselves of those things that are greater than we are, of those principles by which we believe our hearts to be elevated, of the more difficult things that we must undertake in these days of

perplexity when a man's judgment is safest only when it follows the line of principle.

I am solemnized in the presence of such a day. I would not undertake to speak your thoughts. You must interpret them to me. But I do feel that back, not only of every public official, but of every man and woman of the United States, there marches that great host which has brought us to the present day; the host that has never forgotten the vision which it saw at the birth of the nation; the host which always responds to the dictates of humanity and of liberty; the host that will always constitute the strength and the great body of friends of every man who does his duty to the United States.

I am sorry that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days. I can only ask you, if you lose the physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, and the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world.—(*Extract.*)

What is meant by "interpret the emblem"?

What would we "fain be among the family of nations"?

Why do we celebrate the Fourth of July? Why Washington's Birthday?

What was the "great experiment"?

What were "these days of perplexity"?

Who constitute that "great host"?

In what ways is this "great host" back of us?

Discuss the last sentence in the final paragraph.

WAR MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

WOODROW WILSON

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.—(*Extract.*)

When and how was this message delivered to Congress?

This extract includes the last three paragraphs of the message in

which are set forth the causes that made it necessary for America to enter the war.

How “many months” elapsed between the declaration of war by the United States and the signing of the armistice?

What is “civilization”?

Discuss: “right is more precious than peace.”

What is here meant by “democracy”?

What were the specific “rights” for which we were to fight?

In what did we have “pride”?

What are the “principles that gave her birth, etc.”?

Could America “do other” than enter the war?

“IN THE MIDST OF THEM”

MARGARET BELL MERRILL

*(Why so patient, standing there,
Edouard and small Pierre,
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire?)*

“When the troops come marching by,”
(Quoth the small Pierre)

“Mother, wilt thou lift me high,
That we see them, thou and I?”

“Mother, are they fair to see?”
(A busy tongue—Pierre.)

“Have they little boys like me,
Left at home across the sea?”
(Alas! Alas! Pierre.)

“Mother, we have waited long”;

(Long indeed, Pierre!)

“The sun has grown so hot and strong—
Surely none has done them wrong?”

(God forbid, Pierre.)

“Mother, who did send them here?”

(The gift of God, Pierre.)

“But then there is no need of fear,
And on thy cheek I see a tear—”

(The tears of hope, Pierre.)

Down the boulevard a cry—

A bugle note is flung on high—

The Stars and Stripes are passing by!

“The gift of God,” quoth small Pierre;

His hat on breast, his curls all bare,

He knelt upon the pavement there.

(Five young children kneeling there—

Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire,

Edouard and small Pierre.)

Fairest flag of Liberty—

Carrying hope across the sea—

A little child has hallowed thee,

And made of thee a prayer!

Note that the stanzas are of unequal length, just as conversation.

To the little French boy Pierre, what did our flag seem to be?

What two people are speaking in this dialogue?

Perhaps your teacher will read aloud this poem to you; take the part of Pierre yourself.

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

(This letter was written by a young first lieutenant (colored) in the 366th Infantry, Company L, 92d Division, Cleveland, Ohio.)

November 11th.

MY DEAREST MOTHER AND DAD:

Well, folks, it's all over but the flowers. Yesterday it was war, hard, gruelling, hideous. To-day it is peace.

This morning I formed my platoon in line in the woods behind the line. They didn't know why. They were just a bunch of tired, hard-bitten, mud-spattered, rough-and-tumble soldiers standing stoically at attention, equally ready to go over the top, rebuild a shell-torn road, or march to a rest billet. At 10.45 I gave the command: "Unload rifles!" They didn't know why and didn't particularly care. Then—"Unload pistols." And while they still stood rigid and motionless as graven images, I read the order declaring armistice and cessation of hostilities effective at 11 o'clock. The perfect discipline of these veteran soldiers held them still motionless, but I could see their eyes begin to shine and their muscles to quiver as the import of this miraculous message began to dawn on them.

The tension was fast straining their nerves to the breaking-point, so I dismissed them. You should have seen them! They yelled till they were hoarse. Some sang. Others, war-hardened veterans, who had faced the death hail of a machine-gun with a laugh, men who had gone through the horrors of artillery bombardments and had seen their fellows mangled and torn without a flinch, broke down and cried like babies.

To-night something seems wrong. The silence is almost uncanny. Not a shot—not even a single shell. Very faintly we can hear the mellow tones of the church bell in the little French town on the hill far to our rear. All day long it has been singing its song of joy and thanksgiving. It seems symbolical of the heart of France, which, to-day, is ringing.

I don't know when I'm coming home, but when I do, I want a big roast turkey, golden brown, new spuds swimming in butter, and cranberry sauce.

Love,

JESSE.

What do you think of this letter? Is it natural? Does it ring true? Would you think it was written for eyes other than Jesse's parents.

Why did the company act as they did when told of the armistice?

Compare the actions of the recruits with those of the veterans. Why the difference?

What word surged first to the heart of every soldier when he heard that peace had come?

What did Jesse want when he got home? On what day of the year is turkey the center of the table?

Would it be that sort of day when Jesse returned?

O BEAUTIFUL! MY COUNTRY!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

O beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

This is an extract from Lowell's famous poem, the "Commemoration Ode." Find in this ode a faithful portraiture of Lincoln.

What is meant by the second line?

What was "wrath's pale eclipse"?

Answer the three questions the poet asks.

What is meant by "reck not"?

What was it that "we gave"?

"We will dare" what?

Commit to memory the last five lines.

THE GRAND CANYON

ROBERT STERLING YARD

It was a silent, awe-stricken party that stood upon the rim of the Grand Canyon. The morning sun cast the shadows of the near rim darkly upon the depths, while it barred with glowing light the red and green strata of the opposite side. From far below arose a gigantic city of monster painted cathedrals. An eagle soared slowly below them. The men pointed to different features in the marvellous spectacle and nodded silently to each other.

"It's like a church, isn't it, mother?" Margaret whispered softly.

The sun rose higher; the sunshine in the depths gradually devoured the shadows. After a while Jack said:

"Somehow I—I feel kind o'—good."

All laughed. Aunt Jane clapped her hands. The two uncles moved about, and began to talk in loud tones. A strain of emotion, which all had felt but not realized, seemed to lift.

They spent all that day upon the canyon's rim. They watched the trail travellers below through the telescope. They chatted with the Indians. They examined the Powell Monument. They walked miles and gazed into the amazing gulf from many points of view.

From "The Top of the Continent," copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The next morning they breakfasted early in preparation for an overnight trip into the canyon. The guide was waiting. Mr. Jefferson had picked out the mules the night before.

"Are we going all the way down?" asked Margaret. "All the way to that teeny bit of a river that we saw yesterday from the Point with the funny Indian name?"

"Straight to the river," said Mr. Jefferson. "But it isn't such a tiny river as it looks from up here. In fact, it is one of the great rivers of America. From the source of its largest confluent, the Green River, to its mouth in the Gulf of California, it is two thousand miles long."

The day proved to be a wonderful one. The safe trail descended the precipitous wall in short zigzags, and wound its long, sinuous way across broad plateaus and around the bases of enormous cathedral-like rocks.

"It is like dropping into a paint-pot," said Mrs. Jefferson. "I am fairly intoxicated with color."

"And these astonishingly fantastic shapes!" said Aunt Jane, smiling happily. "Seen from above they were amazing, but, looked up at from below they are unreal. I'm dreaming them, not seeing them."

"We are living in the Arabian Nights," said Margaret. "These aren't rocks at all, they're giants' palaces."

"Don't you feel the relief of a broken sky-line?" asked Mr. Jefferson. "Yesterday, looking into the canyon from above, we never could get away from that

deadly level horizon. The picture everywhere was framed in straight lines. But to-day, looking up from below, we lose sight of the rim and see the sky-line broken by the spires and minarets of these Aladdin palaces."

"It is some relief," Mrs. Jefferson admitted. "But I shall not let you belittle the view from the rim. That, after all, is the great view. But one must see this, too. Each is perfect of its kind, and both are necessary to any real comprehension and appreciation."

They ate their lunch by the trail side, near a stream. The final descent to the river's edge was inspiring. Every turn of the corkscrew trail disclosed new beauties and, when at last they dismounted beside the broad, swelling, surging river, the children shouted with excitement.

They were at the bottom of a gorge whose cliffs rose steeply several thousand feet on either side. Above these cliffs, and of course invisible to them, stretched the broad levels of the greater canyon floor, across which they had passed; but they could see some of the huge painted rock formations built upon it, and, here and there, beyond and above these, the dimmer outlines of the distant rim.

"Uncle Tom," said Jack, "what makes the water so muddy? It looks like thin brown paint."

"The river, Jack, is still engaged in the work of cutting the Grand Canyon deeper and broader, and——"

"But, Uncle Tom," Jack interrupted, "how can soft water cut into hard rock? I never really did understand that."

"The same way that the soft hands of workmen cut into hard rock," said Uncle Tom smiling. "With tools, of course."

"Tools?" cried Margaret. "What tools has the river?"

"Rocks and sand," said Uncle Tom. "Sand is the river's principal cutting tool. The hard, angular little grains of sand are swept rapidly down-stream by the fast current, each grain scratching the rock on the bottom as they all roll and tumble along. Billions and billions of sand grains keep scratching the rocks day and night, century after century. The river is like a strip of sand-paper two thousand miles long, perpetually wearing down the bottom. Then, too, the stones and loose rocks help by bumping along with the current, denting the river's bottom and sides, and breaking off pieces here and there. These loose rocks are continually making more sand, too. Don't you remember those pot-holes in the rocks we saw in Glacier and Yosemite? See, there's a big one here in this rock."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Jack. "I remember you told me that loose rocks cut those big holes that looked like giants' bathtubs."

"This pot-hole," said Uncle Tom, "was made by the current pushing a loose rock around and around inside that hole, making it deeper and wider year after year."

"But however did the river make this dreadful canyon?" asked Margaret.

"Now, listen," said Uncle Tom, "A million tiny

streams in Colorado and Idaho and Utah and Arizona are grinding down and scooping out their valleys, and carrying each its little burden of muddy sediment into the Grand and Green Rivers, which unite to form the Colorado River. All this sediment the river industriously sweeps down into the sea. Then, right here in the Grand Canyon, are many streams, like Bright Angel Creek, which we saw from the hotel, which continually work their way deeper into the rocks, and also empty their sediment into the river. In the spring when the snows melt on the river, all these streams swell into torrents, and cut deeper and still deeper into the rocks.

"The frost is busy, too. Every winter it chisels little pieces off all these great rocks; the spring rains wash them into the little streams; the little streams wash them into the river; and the river washes them into the sea."

"Oh," said Margaret, "then it was really the river that, with the help of these millions of little streams, cut out the whole of the Grand Canyon? But, Uncle Tom, what became of all the stuff that it cut out? Did the river really carry it all into the Gulf of California?"

"Every atom of it," said Uncle Tom. "It took millions and millions of years to do it, of course; but it is still at work. That is why the water is so muddy."

They had climbed out upon a rocky point which the river surged in swift cascades.

"Nobody ever could keep a boat floating on this river, could he, Uncle Tom?" asked Jack. "No boat ever could run down those rapids."

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, "boats have done it. Haven't you heard how the Grand Canyon was first explored? Haven't you heard the story of Major Powell's great adventure?"

"Oh, tell us." Both children spoke at once, and the rest of the party gathered around.

"Well," said Uncle Tom slowly, "that was one of the greatest of American adventures. For many years the Grand Canyon remained unexplored. Even the windings of the river's course were not defined. No Indian had ever entered the canyon. The Indians feared it, believing that it was guarded by spirits.

"The Indian legend is picturesque. There was a chief who mourned the death of his wife. No one could comfort him. One day the god Ta-vworts appeared to him and assured him that his wife was happy in Paradise. The chief replied that, if only he could be certain of her happiness, he would be satisfied. So Ta-vworts made a trail through the mountains which guarded Paradise, and through this he conducted the chief, who, seeing his wife happy, returned and mourned no more. The trail was the Grand Canyon.

"But Ta-vworts, fearing that the chief would show others the trail to Paradise, caused a turbulent river to flow through it, which would destroy those who should try to travel it. He also stationed spirits to guard it. That river is the Colorado."

"The Indians believed this legend, and told the white men that deep in the gorge were enormous waterfalls.

They said that the river ran through dark underground passages. No man who entered passed through alive.

“But there was one man who dared. His name was John Wesley Powell, and he was a school-teacher who afterward became a celebrated geologist. He had lost his right arm in the Civil War, but even that could not stop him.

“These great canyons interested him, and he determined to explore them. He got four open boats and filled their compartments with provisions for a long journey. He persuaded nine adventurous men to accompany him, and, early in 1869, started far up on the Green River and floated down. Frequently he stopped to study the rocks, for this was a scientific expedition.

“In late August, when he came to the head of the Grand Canyon, there were very few provisions left; half had been lost in an upset. But they went boldly on, nevertheless. They knew nothing of what would befall them. Perhaps they would rush over waterfalls as high as Niagara; they did not know. Perhaps they would drop into the underground passage which the Indians had described; they did not know that either. All they knew was that the walls were impassably steep, and that the river rushed so swiftly into the great canyon that, once started, they never could return. They must go through to the end or die in the going. They were brave men, and they went on.

“What made the passage all the more dangerous was



Photograph by Fred Harvey
22—5th

that their food was nearly exhausted. Most of the flour they had left was wet; even their matches were wet.

"But on they went. Often they embarked in their boats at the head of some long swift rapid whose end was hidden by a curved wall. Was there a waterfall at the end of the rapid? Or were there rocks upon which their boats would be dashed to pieces? They did not know. It was too late to turn back.

"Sometimes these rapids were so swift and rocky that they had to lower their boats, one by one, with ropes. Often they were thrown out by the tossing of the boats, and had to swim. Often the boats were upset; indeed, they lost all their scientific instruments, and part of their little remaining food in this way. One of the boats was broken to pieces, but the men in it were saved.

"They never clearly knew where they were, for there were no landmarks. Sometimes a full day's labor only carried them a mile or two, so dangerous was the going. How long the canyon was they did not know. All they knew was that they were weary and cold and wet, that they could light no fires to warm themselves, and that they were hungry, and almost without food. No wonder that some of them were discouraged. The time came when none, even the intrepid Powell, really had much hope left of living to the end. But Powell's precious notes were safe in his pocket. That was his comfort. His body perhaps would be found, and the scientific notes saved.

"There came a day when food was reduced to a little

wet flour. That night four of the men went off by themselves to talk, and then returned and reported to Powell that they were going to desert. They explained that they thought the gorge at that point could be climbed, and that they preferred to take the chances of finding a way up over the rim rather than to go on with the others to certain destruction.

"Powell made no objections. He believed their chances of escape over the rim were very small, and told them so. There were no villages on the deserted plain above the rim where food could be had; and there were hostile Indians. But the deserters, now fairly terror-stricken, were not to be deterred. Powell offered them half of his handful of wet flour, but they declined it. The next morning they started on their perilous attempt, and Powell and his faithful five climbed into their boats and went on.

"Hope was now almost abandoned. That day the last of the food was eaten, and the desperate party, with perhaps many days of danger and hardship before them, toiled manfully on. But the very next morning their boats emerged at the foot of the canyon, where they found food and safety."

"And what became of the four deserters?" asked Jack.

"They were never seen again. In his account of the exploration Powell stated that they were killed by the Indians. He published the Indians' confession."

"Is that a true story?" asked Margaret.

"It is history," said Uncle Tom. "Powell afterward became Director of the United States Geological Survey, and a very famous man. We saw yesterday the rock shrine erected by the Department of the Interior to his memory."

In what State is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River?

What effect did its grandeur have upon the travellers?

How do you explain the erosion, or wearing down, of the river bed?

Who was John Wesley Powell? State in a sentence his explorations.

Why did Powell undertake so hazardous a task?

What are the United States Geological Survey and the Department of the Interior?

Tell in your own words the Indian legend.

Imagine yourself standing with Margaret, Jack, and the others at the bottom of the gorge. What questions would you like to ask?

I MEET KING NOANETT

F. J. STIMSON

So I started with Quatchett, one sharp November morning, with a purse of money and a light canoe; and three hours sufficed to shoot down the rapid stream to Dedham. The still margins of the river were already crinkled with ice; and it was noisy with the call of jays and kingfishers; but the big red robins were congregating together in the pine woods for their autumn migration; though I have always doubted whether they do really go

From "King Noanett," copyright, 1896, by Frederic Jesup Stimson.

away; as I have often come across whole colonies of them in midwinter times in the very deeps of the forest. A great flight of wild geese flew over our heads to the southward, making their noise, Coanks! Coanks! that gives our Indian name to winter; and in the daylight now we got sight of the two rocky bluffs that guarded Noanett's valley.

There came from it a curl of smoke, blue in the valley but brown against the eastern sun. Not two miles were we on the river from it; and I noticed now a considerable stream that joined our river and seemed to come down from that unknown valley, and chips and sawdust floating on it. This surprised me; and I made note of it even then as for a possible future approach, for the brook was hidden deep with pines and alder thicket, while the pass over the hills was guarded on either side, I had been told, by Indian scouts.

In the valley the work of the crops was over; and I found it easy to trade with farmer Dwight for a couple of oxen and a yoke and plough, offering first the price in wampum and then a less one in good silver shillings. The plough I put in the canoe for Quatchett to bring back; and early in the afternoon I started alone with the oxen yoked, over the Hartford trail, thinking now I knew a way to lead them home by our open valley that lay west of Noanett's. And at all events, I could go to Meadfield, and so through our meadows home. There was something of a road for the first mile, which lay through the college

woods, as far as the last farm; and then the forest path began, that ran an hundred miles to Hartford.

Only, after a mile or so, I came out upon a glorious upland; and here I could but rub my eyes, for I saw, looking far to the east, a purple rim of sea. I had not thought we were so near; and the sight saddened me a moment, for I saw one white sail which put me in mind of that one that had brought me so far from home and her. But the ship was homeward bound, and I too might be homeward bound some day; so I chirruped to the oxen and went on again.

Then we plunged into a trackless forest once more, leaving a pretty little lake to the left, and went up through rocky rises and down through dense swamps, already chilled with the night's shadow, the leaves remaining touched, red with frost in the low places, as the feet are first to grow cold in a dying man. But up on the barren hilltops the low oak-trees still held to all their leaves. For strong oaks hold their withered leaves after all other trees are bare, as strongest hearts still bare their sorrows to the winter wind, after the frost has killed all hope, yet never losing them until the spring. And I smiled a bit, as I thought this notion was like to those that Courtenay would put in poetry.

And then the path wound down a deep valley, a bold mountain opposite already dark with the night shadows, though the last sunbeams were still falling on the rise where I stood; and far to the north and west I saw much

greater mountains, gleaming white with snow. In the bottom lay a stream, flowing from left to right, and while I was fancying it might be the one that led through Noanett's valley, an arrow came whirling downward and pierced to its feather in my nigh ox's shoulder.

The poor beast fell forward on its knees, coloring the black water crimson; and I clapped my gun to my shoulder, and fired where I saw a flutter in the leaves. Another cloud of arrows flew in reply; and the other poor brute fell, transfixed by three of them; and then I was beside myself, for the slaughter of dumb animals is worse to a farmer than that of men in battle. I plunged into the thicket to load my gun again; and then, being a rash youth still, I ran hard through the tangle of vines and thorns, tripping, stumbling in the dusk, but keeping the brook always on my left and bound to see who might be these new enemies.

I must so have run for half an hour, but found no trace of them. The stream below me widened to a pool; and opposite, across the narrow valley, rose a rocky cliff; and it seemed to me that I heard a strange sound, a clanking or a groaning, just before me. It was now quite dark; and I caught myself wondering what pixies they might breed in these new regions. For we Devon men deal in things of this world, and have no taste for the other one before our time. And as I stood there, there came a great groaning cry from the pit of the valley and at the same moment the sky where the new moon

lay flushed with a yellow glare and lit up the depths of the gorge and all the white birches opposite trembling. I turned, and I fear perhaps had run, but that another arrow whistled down, to wound me in the arm. That gave me courage again, and I plucked it out and ran to see whence it came; and as I did so, the earth gave way beneath me and I fell, and lost my knowledge of what things were done about me.

When I came to, I was lying in a clearing in the forest, and all around me were red Indians. A great fire blazed in the centre, and lit up their faces, painted in vermillion rings; and he that I knew as Pomham spoke to me and asked me what I wanted. Then I told him I was but bringing working oxen home for the ploughing, and would have redress for their murder if any arms-bearing men remained in the colony. At this he turned and spoke to an older chieftain that sat beside him, and to whom, as I saw, the others all paid deference.

I could not hear what was said in their dialect, but Pomham turned and translated. "The great sachem says that we own this land and what is in it, and that we need meat for the winter, and it is just that you palefaces should labor to bring it. But Noanett bids me further tell you that you may go unharmed; and for twelve months more his people will take nothing from you. And on your part, you promise you come not in his country."

"That will I not," cried I, springing to my feet,



"and you may tell your Noanett that we will rather take as many lives as there are feathers to his back." For he had a long crest of feathers, starting from his brow and fastened over and down the nape of his neck, which only the greatest chieftains wore; and his body was all covered with panther skins.

Noanett only laughed at my vaunt, and I took up my gun, and as I did so, felt the bruises of my fall; and a sense of my folly came over me, talking there in that unknown fastness as if I were the lord, or had a file of soldiers at command. Then the old chief (for I noticed that his hair was long and white, a thing I had not seen before with Indians) turned and spoke to Pomham again; and the latter handed me a handful of what seemed white bullets. "The great sachem says you are brave, and he bids you take these for the oxen, and wait for the wars e'er you fight him, which will come soon enough; if not, we kill you here; if yes, we lead you to your wigwam safe."

I looked at the bullets, and saw that they were silver slugs; and I looked upon the Indians, who glanced significantly upon the fire and at a huge oak-tree that stood stripped of bark, close by; and upon it I saw the marks of blood and human hair. "That Whalley," said Pomham simply; and I shuddered, for he was one of the regicides who had disappeared in this country many years before; some thought he was living concealed, and others that he had been killed by the Indians. Could it

be this was the tribe that murdered him? I looked at Noanett, and his old lips were set in a smile of exulting revenge, so intense it was, that I never forgot it, but would often speak to Miles about it, and he would swear he should be proud to make the fellow's acquaintance, as he did, at last. Then another Indian came back with the deer-thongs that had bound me; and I told them that I would agree. Noanett looked at me half smiling, and said a word or two, which Pomham said meant "that I was a brave boy and he might need me again."

Then they took me and blindfolded me, and led me through the forest, up and down at least two hills and in the bed of a brook. And they took the bandage off my eyes; it was early dawn, and I wondered how long I had been unconscious. And I was in our beautiful broad valley, close by the great spring. And so I walked home, and found Courtenay quiet at his breakfast.

This selection is from the book "King Noanett," written in the style of the Colonial period. You will add greatly to your knowledge of the Indians of New England by reading this book. This adventure took place in eastern Massachusetts. Dedham is ten miles west of Boston.

What birds are here spoken of? What is meant by "autumn migration"?

What was "wampum," and its value as currency?

What is meant by "pierced to its feather"?

What does he mean by "we Devon men"?

What are "pixies"? What is a "sachem"?

Do you know the story of Whalley and the regicides?

How did the Indians often kill their captives?

THE DUN HORSE

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

Many years ago, there lived in the Pawnee tribe an old woman and her grandson, a boy about sixteen years old. These people had no relations and were very poor. They were so poor that they were despised by the rest of the tribe. They had nothing of their own; and always, after the village started to move the camp from one place to another, these two would stay behind the rest, to look over the old camp, and pick up anything that the other Indians had thrown away, as worn out or useless. In this way they would sometimes get worn-out moccasins with holes in them, and bits of meat.

Now, it happened one day, after the tribe had moved away from the camp, that this old woman and her boy were following along the trail behind the rest, when they came to a miserable old worn-out dun horse, which they supposed had been abandoned by some Indians. He was thin and exhausted, was blind of one eye, had a bad sore back, and one of his forelegs was very much swollen. In fact, he was so worthless that none of the Pawnees had been willing to take the trouble to drive him along with them. But when the old woman and her boy came along, the boy said, "Come now, we will take this old horse, for we can make him carry our pack." So the old woman

From "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," copyright, 1890, by George Bird Grinnell.

put her pack on the horse, and drove him along, but he limped and could only go very slowly.

The tribe moved up on the North Platte, until they came to Court House Rock. The two poor Indians followed them, and camped with the others. One day while they were here, the young men who had been sent out to look for buffalo, came hurrying into camp and told the chiefs that a large herd of buffalo were near, and that among them was a spotted calf.

The Head Chief of the Pawnees had a very beautiful daughter, and when he heard about the spotted calf, he ordered his old crier to go about through the village, and call out that the man who killed the spotted calf should have his daughter for his wife. For a spotted robe is big medicine.

The buffalo were feeding about four miles from the village, and the chiefs decided that the charge should be made from there. In this way, the man who had the fastest horse would be the most likely to kill the calf. Then all the warriors and the young men picked out their best and fastest horses, and made ready to start. Among those who prepared for the charge was the poor boy on the old dun horse. But when they saw him, all the rich young braves on their fast horses pointed at him, and said, "Oh, see; there is the horse that is going to catch the spotted calf," and they laughed at him, so that the poor boy was ashamed, and rode off to one side of the crowd, where he could not hear their jokes and laughter.

When he had ridden off some little way, the horse stopped, and turned his head round, and spoke to the boy. He said, "Take me down to the creek, and plaster me all over with mud. Cover my head and neck and body and legs." When the boy heard the horse speak, he was afraid; but he did as he was told. Then the horse said, "Now mount, but do not ride back to the warriors, who laugh at you because you have such a poor horse. Stay right here, until the word is given to charge." So the boy stayed there.

And presently all the fine horses were drawn up in line and pranced about, and were so eager to go that their riders could hardly hold them in; and at last the old crier gave the word, "*Loo-ah*"—Go! Then the Pawnees all leaned forward on their horses and yelled, and away they went. Suddenly, away off to the right, was seen the old dun horse. He did not seem to run. He seemed to sail along like a bird. He passed all the fastest horses, and in a moment he was among the buffalo. First he picked out the spotted calf, and charging up alongside of it, *U-ra-rish!* straight flew the arrow. The calf fell. The boy drew another arrow, and killed a fat cow that was running by. Then he dismounted and began to skin the calf, before any of the other warriors had come up. But when the rider got off the old dun horse, how changed he was! He pranced about and would hardly stand still near the dead buffalo. His back was all right again; his legs were well and fine; and both his eyes were clear and bright.

The boy skinned the calf and the cow that he had killed, and then he packed all the meat on the horse, and put the spotted robe on top of the load, and started back to the camp on foot, leading the dun horse. But even with his heavy load the horse pranced all the time, and was scared at everything he saw. On the way to the camp, one of the rich young chiefs of the tribe rode up by the boy, and offered him twelve good horses for the spotted robe, so that he could marry the head chief's beautiful daughter; but the boy laughed at him and would not sell the robe.

Now, while the boy walked to the camp leading the dun horse, most of the warriors rode back, and one of those that came first to the village, went to the old woman, and said to her: "Your grandson has killed the spotted calf." And the old woman said: "Why do you come to tell me this? You ought to be ashamed to make fun of my boy, because he is poor." The warrior said: "What I have told you is true," and then he rode away. After a little while another brave rode up to the old woman, and said to her: "Your grandson has killed the spotted calf." Then the old woman began to cry, she felt so badly because every one made fun of her boy, because he was poor.

Pretty soon the boy came along, leading the horse up to the lodge where he and his grandmother lived. It was a little lodge, just big enough for two, and was made of old pieces of skin that the old woman had picked up, and was tied together with strings of rawhide and sinew. It

was the meanest and worst lodge in the village. When the old woman saw her boy leading the dun horse with the load of meat and the robes on it, she was very much surprised. The boy said to her: "Here, I have brought you plenty of meat to eat, and here is a robe, that you may have for yourself. Take the meat off the horse." Then the old woman laughed, for her heart was glad. But when she went to take the meat from the horse's back, he snorted and jumped about, and acted like a wild horse. The old woman looked at him in wonder, and could hardly believe that it was the same horse. So the boy had to take off the meat, for the horse would not let the old woman come near him.

That night the horse spoke again to the boy and said: "*Wa-ti-hes Chah'-ra-rat wa-ta*. To-morrow the Sioux are coming—a large war party. They will attack the village, and you will have a great battle. Now, when the Sioux are drawn up in line of battle, and are all ready to fight, you jump on me, and ride as hard as you can, right into the middle of the Sioux, and up to their head chief, their greatest warrior, and count *coup* on him, and kill him, and then ride back. Do this four times, and count *coup* on four of the bravest Sioux, and kill them, but don't go again. If you go the fifth time, maybe you will be killed, or else you will lose me. *La-ku'-ta-chix*—remember." So the boy promised.

The next day it happened as the horse had said, and the Sioux came down and formed a line of battle. Then



the boy took his bow and arrows, and jumped on the dun horse, and charged into the midst of them. And when the Sioux saw that he was going to strike their head chief, they all shot their arrows at him, and the arrows flew so thickly across each other that the sky became dark, but none of them hit the boy. And he counted *coup* on the chief, and killed him, and then rode back. After that he charged again among the Sioux, where they were gathered thickest, and counted *coup* on their bravest warrior, and killed him. And then twice more, until he had gone four times as the horse had told him.

But the Sioux and the Pawnees kept on fighting, and the boy stood around and watched the battle. And at last he said to himself, "I have been four times and have killed four Sioux, and I am all right, I am not hurt anywhere; why may I not go again?" So he jumped on the dun horse, and charged again. But when he got among the Sioux, one Sioux warrior drew an arrow and shot. The arrow struck the dun horse behind the forelegs and pierced him through. And the horse fell down dead. But the boy jumped off, and fought his way through the Sioux, and ran away as fast as he could to the Pawnees. Now, as soon as the horse was killed, the Sioux said to each other: "This horse was like a man. He was brave. He was not like a horse." And they took their knives and hatchets, and hacked the dun horse and gashed his flesh, and cut him into small pieces.

The Pawnees and Sioux fought all day long, but toward night the Sioux broke and fled.

The boy felt very badly that he had lost his horse; and, after the fight was over, he went out from the village to where it had taken place, to mourn for his horse. He went to the spot where the horse lay, and gathered up all the pieces of flesh which the Sioux had cut off, and the legs and the hoofs, and put them altogether in a pile. Then he went off to the top of a hill near by, and sat down and drew his robe over his head, and began to mourn for his horse.

As he sat there, he heard a great wind storm coming up, and it passed over him with a loud rushing sound, and after the wind came a rain. The boy looked down from where he sat to the pile of flesh and bones, which was all there was left of his horse, and he could just see it through the rain. And the rain passed by, and his heart was very heavy, and he kept on mourning.

And pretty soon, came another rushing wind, and after it a rain; and as he looked through the driving rain toward the spot where the pieces lay, he thought that they seemed to come together and take shape, and that the pile looked like a horse lying down, but he could not see well for the thick rain.

After this, came a third storm like the others; and now when he looked toward the horse he thought he saw its tail move from side to side two or three times, and that it lifted its head from the ground. The boy was afraid, and wanted to run away, but he stayed. And as he waited, there came another storm. And while the rain fell, looking through the rain, the boy saw the horse raise himself

up on his forelegs and look about. Then the dun horse stood up.

The boy left the place where he had been sitting on the hilltop, and went down to him. When the boy had come near to him, the horse spoke and said: "You have seen how it has been this day; and from this you may know how it will be after this. But *Ti-ra'-wa* has been good, and has let me come back to you. After this, do what I tell you; not any more, not any less." Then the horse said: "Now lead me off, far away from the camp, behind that big hill, and leave me there to-night, and in the morning come for me," and the boy did as he was told.

And when he went for the horse in the morning, he found with him a beautiful white gelding, much more handsome than any horse in the tribe. That night the dun horse told the boy to take him again to the place behind the big hill, and to come for him the next morning; and when the boy went for him again, he found with him a beautiful black gelding. And so for ten nights, he left the horse among the hills, and each morning he found a different colored horse, a bay, a roan, a gray, a blue, a spotted horse, and all of them finer than any horses that the Pawnees had ever had in their tribe before.

Now the boy was rich, and he married the beautiful daughter of the head chief, and when he became older, he was made head chief himself. He had many children by his beautiful wife, and one day when his eldest boy died, he wrapped him in the spotted calf robe and buried

him in it. He always took care of his old grandmother, and kept her in his own lodge until she died. The dun horse was never ridden except at feasts, and when they were going to have a doctors' dance, but he was always led about with the chief wherever he went. The horse lived in the village for many years, until he became very old. And at last he died.

Contrast the extreme poverty of the old Indian woman and her grandson with their opulence after the dun-horse episode.

Is there anything in the story to show why the enchanted horse should be given to this particular Indian boy?

Note the improbabilities in the story. Do you think these would be noticed by the Indians who knew the story?

What moral do you think the Indian story-teller would point at the close of his story?

PATHFINDING IN THE NORTHWEST

CY WARMAN

It was summer when my friend Smith heard that the new transcontinental line would be built by the way of Peace River Pass to the Pacific. He immediately applied, counting something on his ten years of field work in Washington, Oregon, and other western states, and five years pathfinding in Canada.

The summer died; the hills and rills and the rivers slept, but while they slept word came to my friend Smith the Silent, and he hurriedly packed his sleds and set out.

From "The Last Spike," copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

His orders were, like the orders of Admiral Dewey, to do certain things—not merely to try. He was to go out into the northern night called winter, feel his way up the Athabasca, over the Smoky, follow the Peace River, and find the pass through the Rockies. Then it was that Smith came into Edmonton, and here we met for the first time for many snows.

Joyously, as a boy kicks the cover off on circus morning, this Northland flings aside her winter wraps and stands forth in her glorious garb of summer. The brooklets murmur, the rivers sing, and by their banks and along the lakes waterfowl frolic, and overhead glad birds, that seem to have dropped from the sky, sing joyfully the almost endless song of summer. At the end of the long day, when the sun, as if to make up for its absence, lingers, loath to leave us in the twilight, beneath their wings the songbirds hide their heads, then wake and sing, for the sun is swinging up over the horizon where the pink sky, for an hour, has shown the narrow door through which the day is dawning.

The dogs and sleds have been left behind and now, with Jaquis, the half-breed "boy" leading, followed closely by Smith the Silent, we go deeper and deeper each day into the pathless wilderness.

To be sure it is not all bush, all forest. At times we cross wide reaches of wild prairie lands. Sometimes great lakes lie immediately in front of us, compelling us to change our course. Now we come to a wide river and raft

our outfit over, swimming our horses. . Weeks go by and we begin to get glimpses of the Rockies rising above the forest, and we push on. The streams become narrower as we ascend, but swifter and more dangerous.

We do not travel constantly now, as we have been doing. Sometimes we keep our camp for two or three days. The climbing is hard, for Smith must get to the top of every peak in sight, and so I find it "good hunting" about the camp.

Jaquis is a fairly good cook, and what he lacks we make up with good appetites, for we live almost constantly out under the sun and stars.

Pathfinders always lay up on Sunday, and sometimes, the day being long, Smith steals out to the river and comes back with a mountain trout as long as a yardstick.

The scenery is beyond description. Now we pass over the shoulder of a mountain with a river a thousand feet below. Sometimes we trail for hours along the shore of a limpid lake that seems to run away to the foot of the Rockies.

Far away we get a glimpse of the crest of the continent, where the Peace River gashes it as if it had been cleft by the sword of the Almighty; and near the Rockies, on either bank, grand battlements rise that seem to guard the pass as the Sultan's fortresses frown down on the Dardanelles.

Now we follow a narrow trail that was not a trail until we passed. A careless pack-horse, carrying our

blankets, slips from the path and goes rolling and tumbling down the mountain side. A thousand feet below lies an arm of the Athabasca. Down, down, and over and over the pack-horse goes, and finally fetches up on a ledge five hundred feet below the trail.

Smith and Jaquis go down to cut the cinches and save the pack, and lo! up jumps our cayuse, and when he is repacked he takes the trail as good as new. The pack and the low bush save his life.

In any other country, to other men, this would be exciting, but it's all in the day's work with Smith and Jaquis.

The pack-pony that had been down the mountain is put in the lead now—that is, in the lead of the pack animals; for he has learned his lesson, he will be careful. And yet we are to have other experiences along this same river.

Suddenly, down a side canyon, a mountain stream rushes, plunging into the Athabasca, joyfully, like a sea-bather into the surf. Smith the Silent prepares to cross. It's all very simple. All you need is a stout pole, a steady nerve, and an utter disregard for what may happen.

When Smith is safe on the other shore we drive the horses into the stream. They shudder and shrink from the ice-cold water, but Jaquis and I urge them, and in they plunge. My, what a struggle! Their wet feet on the slippery boulders in the bottom of the stream, the swift current constantly tripping them—it was thrilling to see and must have been agony for the animals.

Midway, where the current was strongest, a mouse-colored cayuse carrying a tent lost his feet. The turbulent tide slammed him upon top of a great rock, barely hidden beneath the water, and he got to his feet like a cat that has fallen upon the edge of an eave-trough. Trembling, the cayuse called to Smith, and Smith, running downstream, called back, urging the animal to leave the refuge and swim for it. The pack-horse perched on the rock gazes wistfully at the shore. The waters, breaking against his resting-place, wash up to his trembling knees. About him the wild river roars, and just below leaps over a ten-foot fall into the Athabasca.

All the other horses, having crossed safely, shake the water from their dripping sides and begin cropping the tender grass. We could have heard that horse's heart beat if we could have hushed the river's roar.

Smith called again, the cayuse turned slightly, and whether he leaped deliberately or his feet slipped on the slippery stones, forcing him to leap, we could not say, but he plunged suddenly into the stream, uttering a cry that echoed up the canyon and over the river.

The cruel current caught him, lifted him, and plunged him over the drop, and he was lost instantly in the froth and foam of the falls.

Far down, at a bend of the Athabasca, something white could be seen drifting toward the shore. That night Smith the Silent made an entry in his little red book marked "Grand Trunk Pacific," and tented under the stars.

Tell this story in your own words.

What is meant by "transcontinental"?

Where is Peace River? Athabasca? Edmonton? What is the Smoky?

Where are the Dardanelles? What is a "canyon"? What is a "cayuse"?

What is meant by "he tented under the stars"?

Have you ever slept out-of-doors? Tell about it.

What were Admiral Dewey's orders? What did he do?

What are the Rockies? What is a "half-breed"?

Was this trip made in summer or winter time?

What is meant by "the northern night"?

What is the "crest of the continent"? What is the "Grand Trunk Pacific"?

THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

J. G. HOLLAND

DRAMATIZED

SCENE: *Large desk at right of platform for judge, settee for chorus of boys at left. Prisoner stands with officer in front of the judge's desk. Witness stands in front of chorus of boys. Judge and chorus of boys in place. Witness with the boys. Prisoner brought in from door at left by the officers to place by judge's desk.*

JUDGE: *(In a tone of dignified severity)* The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me.

The prisoner stands in middle of room alone with folded arms.

JUDGE: Arthur Bonnicastle (*prisoner*), you are brought before the High Court of Inquiry on a charge of telling so

many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?

A. B.: (*Indignantly*) I am not guilty. Who says I am?

JUDGE: Henry Hulm, advance!

Henry advances and takes place near prisoner.

JUDGE: Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the court whether you know him.

HENRY: I know him well.

JUDGE: What is his general character?

HENRY: He is bright and very amiable.

JUDGE: Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?

HENRY: I do not.

JUDGE: Has he deceived you? If he has, please state the occasion and the circumstances.

HENRY: No, your Honor, he has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth.

JUDGE: Have you ever told him of his crimes and warned him to desist from them?

HENRY: I have, many times.

JUDGE: Has he shown any disposition to mend?

HENRY: None at all, your Honor.

JUDGE: What is the character of his falsehood?

HENRY: He tells stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds.

Tears come into A. B.'s eyes and drop from his cheeks.

JUDGE: Will you give us some specimens of his stories?

HENRY: I will; but I can do it best by asking him questions.

JUDGE: Very well (*Bowing*); pursue the course you think best.

HENRY: Arthur, did you ever tell me that when you and your father were on the way to this school he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent the tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her hat?

A. B.: (*Shamefaced*) Yes, I did.

JUDGE: And did said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road and cut off said tail, and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat? The prisoner will answer so that all can hear.

A. B.: No; but I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day.

CHORUS: Oh! Oh! Oh! He did see a fox, a real black fox, as plain as day.

JUDGE: (*Pounding the desk for order*) The witness will pursue his inquiries.

HENRY: Arthur, did you, or did you not, tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?

A. B.: I suppose I did.

JUDGE: And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?

A. B.: He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf.

CHORUS: Oh! Oh! Oh! He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf.

JUDGE: (*Pounding the desk for order*) Witness, you will pursue your inquiries.

HENRY: Arthur, did you, or did you not, tell me that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and a female monkey, a male and a female bird-of-paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?

A. B.: It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that.

JUDGE: Did you, or did you not, tell him so?

A. B.: Perhaps I did.

JUDGE: And did your friend who is to go to sea really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds-of-paradise, said pineapples, and said pony?

A. B.: No; but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to.

CHORUS: Oh! Oh! Oh! He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to.

Wink at each other.

JUDGE: (*Pounding for order*) Witness, no further testimony is needed.

Noise is heard at door at left. All look toward it.

ARTHUR turns round. MASTER appears. Walks toward centre. ARTHUR goes to him and takes hand. Chorus of boys rises and groups at left.

MR. BIRD: What does this mean?

JUDGE: Well, you see, Mr. Bird, we've been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and we were just going to tell him to report to you.

MR. BIRD: (*Sitting down on settee where chorus of boys was*) Suppose you tell me all about it.

JUDGE: It's this way: Arthur tells great stories about the wonderful things that happen to him, and, come to find out, they aren't anything at all—like his saying that on the way here he got into the wagon with Mr. and Mrs. Bird and one of the horses chased a calf and caught it by the ear and tossed it over a fence and broke its leg. Really, all the horse did was to chase the calf. Or that he has a friend who goes to sea and who promised to bring him some monkeys and some birds-of-paradise and a pony. All that was true was that he has a friend who is going to sea. We asked him about some other things he has told, too, and they are all like that.

MR. BIRD: The boy evidently has a great deal of imagination and a strong love of being praised. Somebody has flattered him, probably, and to secure admiration he has exercised his imagination until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether he has done much that was consciously wrong. I am glad if he has learned,

even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me I could have found a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?

A. B.: I don't think I shall do it any more.

MR. BIRD: You boys go away now, and, Arthur, you come downstairs a while with me, and we'll talk it over alone.

Why did the boys hold a mock trial?

What special kind of lie did Arthur tell?

Were the boys justified in disliking him for his lies?

What is *your* definition of the word "lie"?

What was the master's comment?

What do you think was the master's "better way" to cure Arthur of exaggeration?

Tell what you think would be the conversation between the master and Arthur.

THE COMPASS

JAMES PARTON

A person does not need to go to sea in order to find out how lost and helpless a sailor would be in the midst of the ocean if he had no compass. A few summers ago I passed some days at one of the Isles of Shoals. One misty morning, I remember, I started with three or four others for

one of the favorite fishing-places, about half a mile off. We had been there for an hour or two, and had caught a few very fine fish, when some one, looking up, cried out: "Where is the island?"

We all looked around, but the island was gone! The mist had changed into a dense fog, nor was there any object in sight, except another of the island boats, containing a fishing-party like ourselves. We called out to them:

"Where is the island?"

"It's drifted out to sea."

Which, in fact, we might have done, if we had been a little farther off.

How entirely lost we seemed for a few minutes! Every one gave his opinion as to the direction in which the island was; but it was all guesswork; and we might have rowed about a whole day without finding it, and drifted out of sight of land. While we were talking the matter over, we heard the large bell of the hotel ring, which of course told us the way we were to go, in order to reach the island. So we kept on fishing for two or three hours longer, and the mist soon rolled away, revealing to view the gray rock. The regular frequenters of the island considered it unsafe to go a hundred yards from the shore without a compass.

I was telling this incident one evening, when I was out in a boat on Lake Champlain. It was pretty dark, and I had been asking the boatman by what marks he was

guided in steering the boat toward the little cove to which we were bound. He said he depended entirely upon the outline of the shore. After I had told my story, he told one which showed, in a far more striking manner, what a handy thing it may be sometimes to have a compass in your pocket.

He said he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, he and his comrade determined to try to escape and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a box of matches. They delayed their departure for six weeks, trying to get a box of matches, but could not buy a box of matches for any number of dollars, and so at last made up their minds to start without them.

They got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go exactly northwest. The stars were hidden by clouds, else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. They stood for several minutes debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

There were a great number of fire-flies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to the boatman who told us the story. He caught a fire-fly, and held it over his compass. Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose; and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union Army.

I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small, simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangle at the end of a watch-chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for a million dollars.

No one knows who invented the compass, nor precisely when it was invented, nor even who first found a natural magnet. The fanciful Greeks, who had a story about everything, used to say that a shepherd, named Magnes, was tending his sheep one day on Mount Ida, when he noticed that the iron crook at the end of his shepherd's staff was attracted by a piece of dark-colored stone, which he brought with him down the mountain. This is the reason, the Greeks say, why the magnet was called in their language, Magnes.

The Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, and all the ancient civilized nations, knew something about the attractive power of the lodestone; and the Chinese, it seems, employed the directing power of the magnetic needle,

more than a thousand years ago, in their journeys across the wide, uninhabited plains of Asia. But the compass, such as we have it now, was unknown in Europe until about the year 1300.

Locate the Isle of Shoals, and Lake Champlain.

There are five incidents in this narration: on the Isle of Shoals; the prisoner in Andersonville; the first Greek compass; the description of the compass; the compass in the ancient world. Mark off clearly the beginning and ending of each.

Select one of the incidents and tell it to the class.

OUR FLAG

CHANNING H. COX

In June, 1776, a committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, called upon Betsy Ross of Philadelphia and engaged her to make a model flag from a rough drawing which was modified by General Washington in pencil.

The model made by Mrs. Ross was adopted as the official flag of the United States by Act of Congress passed on June 14, 1777.

It consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen white stars in a blue field.

The thirteen stripes denote the thirteen original colonies; its red denotes courage; its white, purity; its blue, loyalty and devotion; and its stars, high aspirations and federal union.

It embodies the purpose and history of the Government itself.

It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea.

It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever.

It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic.

It has been sanctified by the blood of our best and bravest.

It records the glorious work of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln.

It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people.

It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world.

Our flag expresses the will of a free people and proclaims that they are supreme and acknowledge no earthly sovereign other than themselves.

IT HAS NEVER KNOWN DEFEAT.

May God give to each of us in our hearts a reverence and a love which shall make us willing to die for that Star-Spangled Banner!

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and to the Republic for which it stands; One Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for All.

WORD LIST

THE following word list does not include all the words that appear for the first time in the HEART OF AMERICA FIFTH READER, but only those that the authors believe should be included either because they are difficult to spell or because they need to have their proper syllabication, accent, pronunciation or meaning indicated. No attempt has been made to give all the meanings of the words defined, but only those that will make clear the meaning of the text. The diacritical markings used are those given in the latest edition of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

A KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

| | | | |
|----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| ä, as in fäte | é, as in é vent' | ô, as in ôrb | û, as in ûnite |
| â, " " sen'âte | ë, " " ënd | ö, " " ödd | ü, " " ürn |
| â, " " câre | ê, " " ev'ër | ö, " " söft | ü, " " üp |
| ä, " " fät | ë, " " re'cënt | ö, " " cön nect' | û, " " cir'cüs |
| ä, " " ärm | î, " " Ice | oo, " " fôod | ü, " " me nü' |
| â, " " âsk | î, " " ill | öo, " " fôot | th, " " thin |
| ä, " " fl'näl | n, " " bon | ou, " " out | th, " " then |
| ä, " " söfä | ö, " " öld | ü, " " üse | th, " " cul'türe |
| ë, " " ëve | ö, " " ö bey' | | zh for z, as in az'ure |

ŋ (like ng), for n before the sound of k or "hard" g, as in bank.

| | |
|--|---|
| a base'ment, a lowering of one's self; humiliation. | ac'cess, entrance to. |
| a bashed', ashamed. | ac com'plished, having ability or talent. |
| ab hor'rence, hatred. | ac cord'ance, agreement. |
| a bide' by, to hold to. | a chieve'ment, something achieved or won by effort. |
| ab nor'mal, unnatural. | ac knowl'edg ment, admission; expression of thanks. |
| a bo li'tion ist, one who believed in the freeing of the slaves. | ad ja'cent, nearby. |
| ab sorb', to take in. | ad join'ing, joining to. |
| ab strac'tion, absent-mindedness. | ad journ'ment, the closing of a meeting. |
| a byss', a deep gulf. | |

- ad mon'ish, to warn.
 ad ver'si ty, ill fortune.
 ad'vo ca cy, the standing up for some doctrine or theory.
 a'gue (ă'gû), chills and fever.
 al'a bas ter, a kind of fine grained white stone.
 a lac'ri ty, promptness, quickness.
 al be'it, although.
 a lert', wide awake, active.
 al lot', to give by lot.
 al lure', to attract.
 al ter'na te, by turns, first one and then another.
 al ter'na tive, a second possible course of action.
 al'ti tude, height.
 am'bush, a hiding-place from which to attack an enemy.
 An dro scog'gin, a river in Maine.
 an'nals, records of events.
 an ni ver'sa ry, the annual return of the day of a past event.
 an'them, a formal piece of religious music to be sung.
 an'ti quat ed, old; out of fashion.
 a pol'o gy, a defense of what one has done.
 a pos'tle, one who speaks and labors in a great cause.
 ap pa ra'tus (ăp â rā'tûs), arrangement; piece of machinery.
 ap pa ri'tion, sight, object, appearance.
 ap pease', to satisfy.
 ap pli'ance, device, contrivance.
 Ap po mat'tox, scene of the surrender of Lee's army at the end of the Civil War, in 1865.
 ap pro'pri ate, to set aside for a given purpose.
 ap prox'i mate, nearly exact.
 ap pur'te nance, that which belongs to something else.
 ar'chi tec ture (ăr'ki tĕk tûr), the art of building.
 ar'chives, a place where public documents are kept.
 ar'du ous, tiresome.
 ar'go sy, a large merchant ship.
 ar'mis tice, a stopping of fighting by agreement.
 a ro'ma, pleasant smell, fragrance.
 ar ray', to dress.
 ar'ro gance, pride.
 ar'se nal, a place where arms and military supplies are stored.
 ar'ti san, one who practises a hand-craft.
 as cent', upward course.
 as'phalt (ăs'falt), a material used for paving streets.
 as sign'ment (ăs sîn'mĕnt), allotment; turning over to.
 as sumed', put on; pretended.
 as sur'ance, proof.
 a sun'der, apart.
 a syl'um, a place where aged or helpless persons are cared for.
 Ath a bas'ca, a river in southern Canada.
 ath'lete, one who has great strength and activity of body.
 At'las, according to the ancient Greek myth Atlas bore the world upon his shoulders.
 at'om, very small particle.
 at test', to bear witness to.
 at tire', clothing.
 aug ment', to increase.
 au to mat'ic, self-acting.
 ax'i om, rule, law.
 A zores' (â zôr'z'), a group of islands in the Atlantic, west of Spain.
 Az'tec, belonging to the Aztecs, the ancient dwellers in Mexico.
 baf'fle, to puzzle, defeat.
 bar'be cue, the roasting of a whole animal over an open fire.
 bar'racks, buildings in which soldiers are quartered.
 bar'ter, to buy by exchanging one article for another.
 baste, to moisten roasting meat with butter or fat to improve the flavor.
 bat tal'ion, a group of military companies forming part of a regiment.
 beat, to tack; sail toward the wind by a zig-zag course.
 be lea'guer (bĕ lĕ'gĕr), to surround, besiege.
 bel lig'er ent, war-like, hostile.
 ben e dic'tion, blessing.

be nef'i cent, doing good.

be night'ed, ignorant.

be nign' (bē nīn'), gentle, generous, gracious.

be queath', to give by will.

Bering Strait, the strait between Alaska and Northeastern Asia.

Bis'marck, great German statesman (1815-1898).

biv'ou ac, to pass the night in the open.

bleak (blēk), cold, cheerless.

bol'ster, an iron bar running across the body of a wagon just above the axle.

boun'te ous ly, richly, generously.

broad'side, a sheet of paper printed only on one side.

brusque (brōōsk), short, rough.

buck'ler, a shield.

bur'nish, to polish.

Cæ'sar (sē'zār), great Roman general, writer, and statesman (B. C. 100-44).

cal'en dar, programme of work.

cal is then'ics, gymnastic exercises.

can'did, frank, honest, truthful.

can'ton ment, a place where large bodies of troops are quartered.

ca pit'u late, to surrender.

car'a vel, a small sailing vessel.

car niv'or ous, flesh-eating.

car'ol, to sing.

case'ment, a window sash opening on hinges fastened to the side of the opening.

Cav a lier, follower of the King at the time of the civil war in England in the seventeenth century.

cav'ern ous, like a cavern or cave.

cay use', Indian pony.

ce les'ti al, heavenly.

ce're al, grain.

cer'e mo ny, a formal act or series of acts.

ce rul'e an, blue.

chas'tened (chā's'nd), punished.

chiv'al ric (shiv'āl rik), relating to chivalry, generous, noble.

chord, several musical notes struck together.

Cim'bric, relating to the Cimbri, a barbarous tribe that lived in central Europe in ancient Roman times.

cir cum vent', to get around; cheat, beat.

civ'ic, relating to public life.

clan, a collection of families.

clois'ter, covered passage about a court.

close-hauled, sailing as nearly against the wind as possible.

col'league, a partner or associate in business.

col li'sion, a violent meeting.

col'o nist, one of a colony or group of persons who settle together in a strange land.

col'um bine, a kind of flower.

Co man'che, a tribe of American Indians.

come'ly, (kūm'li) good-looking.

com mem'o rate, to celebrate the memory of.

com mend', to speak well of.

com mend'a ble, deserving commendation, or praise.

com'merce, trade, business.

com mo'di ous, roomy.

com mod'i ty, parcel of goods; article.

com'mon wealth, a body of people forming a state.

com pos'ure, calmness.

com pre hen'si ble, capable of being understood.

com pre hen'sive, of wide extent and influence.

com pute', to reckon.

con cep'tion, idea, view, plan.

con cerned', interested.

con clu'sion, end.

con clu'sive, putting an end to question; final.

con cur'ence, agreement.

con'fer ence, meeting to talk things over.

con fid'ing, trusting.

con'fines, limits, boundaries.

con'flu ent, flowing into; blending with.

con jure', to call upon earnestly.

con'quer or, one who conquers or defeats another.

con'se crate, to make or declare holy.

con ser'va tive, showing good sense and judgment; not-rash.

con sign', to send, devote to.

con sol'ing, comforting.

con ster na'tion, dismay, alarm.

con sul ta'tion, talk.

con sump'tion, a kind of disease in which the ill person wastes away.

con ta'gious, capable of being given to others.

con test', to call in question.

con ven'ience, something that makes for ease or comfort.

con verse', to talk.

co'pi ous, plentiful.

cor'dial (kōrd'yāl), hearty, sincere.

cor'sair, pirate.

corse'let, coat of mail.

cou'gar (kōō'gār), American panther.

coun'sel lor, one who counsels or advises.

cov'e nant (kūv'ē nānt), agreement.

craft, shrewd dealing, cunning.

cul'ture, training, education.

cus to'di an, keeper.

cut'worm, a kind of caterpillar that eats off young plants close to the ground.

cy'l in der (sīl'īn dēr), a part of a steam-engine.

cyn'ic al, sneering, having no belief in unselfishness.

Dar'dan elles, the strait that runs from the Sea of Marmora to the Mediterranean.

De ca'tur, famous American naval commander.

ded'i cate, to devote solemnly to a lofty purpose.

def'er ence, respect.

de fi'ance, state or feeling of opposition.

de'i fi ca'tion, the act of making a god of.

de lu'sion, false belief.

de mur', doubt, hesitation.

de mure', serious, grave.

de nounce', to blame, accuse.

de pend'able, capable of being depended on.

de ri'sion, scorn, insult.

des cant', to speak at length.

de spon'den cy, sadness, discouragement.

de tract', to take from.

de vise', to plan, contrive; give by will.

de void' of, lacking, being without.

de vo'tions, religious services.

dex ter'i ty, skill.

di ag'o nal, running from corner to corner of a rectangular figure.

di'a lect, a form of speech in use in a particular place.

di a pa'son, deep undertone.

dic'tate, principle or law.

dif'fu sion, spread.

dim i nu'tion, lessening, taking away.

dirge, a funeral song.

dis a'bled, helpless.

dis as'trous, bringing disaster or ill fortune.

dis'ci pline, training.

dis clos'ure, the making a thing known.

dis cord' ant, harsh, in disagreement.

dis crim'i nat ing, keen, noting differences.

dis dain', scorn.

di shev'elled, ruffled.

dis or'dered, upset, out of order.

dis par'age, to speak unfavorably of.

dis pense' with, to do without.

dis po si'tion, character, nature.

dis sever, to separate.

dis'si pate, to scatter, end.

dis tend'ed, swelled, bulging out.

dis trib'ute, to scatter, pass about.

dom i na'tion, rule, control.

dread'nought, great battleship.

dres'ser, a kind of sideboard.

dron'ing, low, continuous sound.

e'bon, ebony, dark.

e'go, thought of self.

e'go tism, undue confidence in one's self.

e lab'o rate, studied, done with great care or labor.

e late', to fill one with pride.

el'e vat ed, high.
 em a na'tion, something which emanates or flows out of; power.
 em bat'tled, in battle array.
 em'blem, a sign, badge.
 em bod'ied, given body or form.
 e merge', to come out of.
 em'i nence, height of power and influence.
 en cum'brance, that which encumbers or gets in one's way.
 en li'ven, to raise, stir.
 en no'ble, to make noble.
 en'sign, banner, flag.
 en thu'si ast, one filled with enthusiasm.
 en tranc'ing, charming, most attractive.
 ep'ic, a long poem which tells a story in very dignified and formal style.
 ep'i logue, (-lög) a part of a play which comes after the main body of it.
 e'quine, relating to horses.
 e'ra, period, time.
 er u di'tion (ër öö dish'zhn), learning.
 e ter'nal, everlasting.
 e the're al, airy, refined.
 eu'lo gy, praise.
 e vince', to show.
 e voke', to call out; draw forth.
 ev o lu'tion, course of growth or change.
 ex alt', to lift up; stir.
 ex clu'sive ly, entirely; without exception.
 ex hal a'tion, mist, steam.
 ex hor ta'tion, appeal.
 ex'it, way out.
 ex pire', to die, cease to be.
 ex'qui site, very beautiful.
 ex trav'a gant, in the habit of spending needlessly.
 ex'tri cate, to get free or clear.
 ex ub'er ant ly, freely, abundantly.
 ex ude', to sweat, give out.
 ex ul ta'tion, joy.
 ex ult'ing, showing pleasure or joy.

fac'tion, a party or group within a party.

Fah'ren heit (fä'ren hit), a scale for measuring heat or cold.
 fa nat'i cism, wild or unreasoning zeal.
 fan tas'tic, queer, odd.
 fas'ci nate, to charm.
 fath'om, to measure.
 fed'er al, relating to the United States Government.
 fe roc'i ty, fierceness.
 fer'vor, strength of feeling.
 feud (fūd), quarrel.
 feu'dal (fū'däl), relating to the feudal system of the Middle Ages.
 fi nan'cial, relating to finance or money matters.
 flaunt (flänt; flönt), to warn.
 Flor'en tine, one who lives in Florence, a famous city of Italy.
 fore'cas tle, the fore part of the ship, toward the bow, where the sailors' quarters are.
 for'ti tude, firmness, power of endurance.
 fra'cas, row, fight.
 frail'ty, weakness of character.
 fran'chise, right to vote.
 fra ter'nal, brotherly.

gal'ley, a low, light sailing vessel.
 gar'ish, glaring, bright-colored, noticeable.
 Gates of Her'cu les, the straits of Gibraltar.
 gear'ing, the parts by which motion is carried from one part of machinery to another.
 gen'ial, cordial, friendly.
 Gen o ese', a native of Genoa.
 gen'tile, one who belongs to another nation than the Jewish.
 gen'u ine (jën'ū in), real.
 ge ol'o gist, one who makes a study of geology, the science of the earth.
 ger'man, a kind of dance.
 ges tic'u late, to make gestures, or movements of the hands, arms, etc.
 ghas'tly (gäst'li), pale; fearful.
 gib'ber ish, meaningless speech.
 girth, the distance round anything.
 Gladstone, great English statesman (1809-1898).

Good Sa mar'i tan, the man in the Bible who went out of his way to assist a traveller who had been attacked and robbed; hence anyone who gives assistance.

gor'geous (gôr'jûs), splendid, of fine appearance.

grand'eur, state or quality of greatness.

grap'ple, to struggle hand to hand.

grat'i fy ing, pleasing.

hab'er dash er, a dealer in men's furnishings.

hab'it a ble, livable.

hab i ta'tion, dwelling-place.

hal'low, to make holy.

hal'yards, the ropes used to raise a vessel's sails or yards.

ha rangue', (-äng) to speak earnestly.

har'assed, worried.

hea'then ism, the religious system or state of heathens, or those who are ignorant of the Christian religion.

her'ald ry, art of recording arms or family bearings.

he red'i ta ry, handed down from one's ancestors.

he'ro ism (hër'ō izm), courage.

hil ar'i ty, jollity, fun.

hith'er, the side nearest to one.

hoard, to keep, save.

Ho'mer, the most famous Greek poet of ancient times, who lived about the 9th century B. C.

Hu'gue not (hū'gē nôt), a French Protestant of 16th and 17th centuries.

hu man'i ty, mankind; the human race.

hymn (hîm), a religious song.

hys ter'i cal ly, nervously.

i deal'.

i deal is'tic, concerned with ideals, or high standards of thought and conduct.

i dol'a try, the worship of idols.

ig'loo, an Eskimo hut.

ig nite', to set fire to.

ig no'ble, mean.

il lu mi na'tions, decorations by means of lights.

il lus'tri ous, famous.

im part', to give.

im par'tial, not taking sides.

im pas'sioned, full of passion or strong feeling.

im pend'ing, hanging over, about to happen.

im pe'ri al, relating to an empire.

im pres'sive, exciting thought or feeling.

in com'pe tence, inability to do things well.

in com'pe tent, unskilful.

in con'gru ous, out of place.

in con sid'er a ble, very small or unimportant.

in cum'bent, lying or resting upon.

in def'i nite, not clear.

in del'i ble, incapable of being erased.

in den ta'tion, a hollow place, notch, mark.

in'di gent, poor.

in dite', to write.

in di vid'u al, single person.

in dom'i ta ble, unyielding.

in duce', persuade, lead.

in dus'tri al, relating to industry, or trade.

in ef fi'cient, unable to do good, effective work.

in ert', lazy, slow.

in ev'i ta ble, sure, unavoidable.

in ex'o ra ble, unyielding.

in ex tric'a ble, incapable of being untangled or untied.

in fec'tious, easily spread or taken up by others.

in firm'i ty, weakness, illness.

in i'ti a tive, power of taking the lead.

in no va'tion, something very new.

in or'di nate, unusual, excessive.

in sa'ti a ble (in sâ'shî á b'l), not capable of being satisfied.

in sig'ni a, marks of office or honor, badges.

in spi ra'tion, the quickening of one's thought or feeling.

in sur mount'a ble, not capable of being overcome.

in tel lec'tu al, relating to the intellect or mind.

in tense', keen.

in ten'si fy, to make more intense or stronger.

in ter cept', to get between one and one's goal.

in ter rog'a to ry, question.

in ter vene', to come between.

in trep'id, fearless.

in ven'tion, a new idea or device.

in ven'tor, one who makes or thinks of something entirely new.

in vest', to put money into business, stocks or bonds, with the hope of getting future returns.

in volve', to draw into.

ir re pres'si ble, incapable of being repressed or held in.

ir'ri ta ble, cross, easily moved to anger.

jamb (jām), side of a doorway.

jaun'ti ly, making a show of unconcern.

jus'ti fy, to give grounds or cause for action.

kins'man, relative.

kith, friends, relatives.

lac'er ate, to cut, tear.

lam'bent, softly bright.

lan'cers, a kind of quadrille in which groups of four couples dance together.

lave, to wash.

lay'man, outsider.

leis'ure ly (lē'zūr lī), in an unhurried way.

Lens (lōns'), a city in northern France.

lib'er ate, to make free.

lib er a'tion, release.

li'cense, lawlessness.

lien (lēn), legal claim.

limn (līm), to draw.

lim'pid, clear.

lit'a ny, a regular part of the Episcopal Church service, made up of prayers, responses, etc.

lit'er a ry, relating to literature.

lode'stone, a piece of magnetic iron.

loy'al ty, faithfulness.

luke'warm, neither cold nor hot, undecided.

lus'tre, brightness.

lust'y, strong.

lux'u ry, abundance of costly food, dress, etc.

lyre (līr), a kind of harp used in ancient times.

mach i na'tions (māk ī nā'shūnz), plans, schemes.

maj'es ty, dignity.

mar'i time, relating to the sea.

mar'tyr dom, state of being a martyr.

ma son'ic, relating to the "masons."

ma'tron ly, like a mother.

med i oc'ri ty, of medium or ordinary ability.

meg'a phone, a tunnel used to speak through so as to make the voice sound louder.

mē'lee, (mā lā') confused struggle, combat.

mem o ran'dum, a brief note of something that one wishes to remember.

me rid'i an, an imaginary circle running about the earth.

met'a phor (mēt'ā fōr), a figure of speech.

me trop'o lis, chief city.

mi gra'tion, a movement of large numbers of persons or animals.

min a ret', a tall, slender tower or spire.

mir'a cle, an unbelievable thing; something contrary to the usual course of nature.

mis cal'cu late, reckon wrongly.

Mis e re're (mīz ē rē'rē), a musical setting of the 51st Psalm.

mo men'tous, very important.

mo not'o ny, tiresome sameness.

mo rass', swamp.

mor'bid, unhealthy.

mort'gage (mōr'gāj), a conveyance of property as security for a debt.

Mō'zart (mō'zärt; German pronunciation: mō'tsärt), great German composer (1756-1791).

mu'tin ous, rising against authority.

mu'tu al, common, joint.

mys'tic, mysterious, strange.
myth, a story whose source has long been forgotten.

nau'ti cal, relating to ships.

No an'ett.

nom'i nate, to name.

non cha lant' (nɒn'ʃhɑ̃ lɑ̃nt), careless, indifferent.

non-com mis'sioned officer, an officer of low rank, such as a corporal or sergeant, who is appointed by his captain or colonel, and not under a formal commission from a high official.

Nor'land, northland.

Nor'mans, the people who lived in Normandy, a district in northern France.

no to ri'e ty, wide reputation.

nov'el ty, newness.

nox'ious, harmful.

ob jec'tive, the point aimed at.

ob scur'i ty, darkness.

ob'sta cle, hindrance.

ob'stin a cy, state of being obstinate or stubborn.

op pressed', down-trodden, abused.

or'di nance, law, regulation.

o rig'i nal, full of new ideas.

o va'tion, great public expression of joy.

Pa'lo Al'to (pɑ̃'lɔ̃ ɑ̃l'tɔ̃), scene of a battle in Texas during the Mexican War.

pal'sy, (pɑ̃l'sɪ) a loss of the power of motion.

pan de mo'ni um, uproar.

parch'ment, a kind of paper made of skin.

par tic'i pate, to take part in.

pat'ron ize, to give one's business to.

pen'e trate, to go through.

pen'u ry, poverty.

pe'on, poor laborer.

per ad ven'ture, doubt, question.

per pen dic'u lar, straight up and down.

per se ver'ance, the quality of sticking to a thing.

per son al'i ty, that which makes a person different from everybody else.

per tain', to relate to.

pet'u lance, peevishness, ill-humor.

pew'ter, a mixed metal formerly much used for dishes.

Phai a'ki a, an imaginary land mentioned in Homer's "Odyssey."

phan'tasm, fancy.

pick'et, to tie by a long rope so as to allow room for feeding; the stake driven in the earth to which the rope is tied.

pil'lage, robbery, plunder.

pith'y, full of meaning.

pit'i a ble, arousing pity.

pol i ti'cian, one who is engaged in politics or public matters as directed by parties.

pol lute', to stain, dishonor.

pomp, fine show.

pon'der ous, heavy, clumsy.

por tend', to foretell, predict, show.

port man'teau, valise, bag.

pos ter'i ty, those who live after us.

pre'am ble, introduction.

pre cise'ly, exactly.

pred i lec'tion, choice.

pre his tor'ic, very old, before history began to be written.

pre'lude (prɛ̃'lʊd or prɛ̃'lʊd), a piece of music or a poem coming before the main work.

pre scribed', appointed or assigned.

pres er va'tion, act of preserving or saving.

pre vail', to exist, be maintained.

priv'i lege, special right or advantage.

pro fane', given to swearing or bad language.

pro fi'cien cy, skill.

pro gres'sive, ready to consider and undertake new things.

pro ject', to stick out, extend beyond.

pro mote', to increase, help on.

pro mo'tion, advance to a high position.

pro phet'ic, seeing into the future.

pro pi'tious, favorable.

pros'pect, outlook for the future.

pros per'i ty, good fortune.

pro'té gé' (prò'tā zhā'), one under the care of another.

prov'i dence, wise foresight.

prov'i dent, careful, thoughtful of the future.

pro vo ca'tion, that which moves one to act.

prow'ess, skill in combat.

pud'dling, the working of iron to free it from impurities.

Pur'i tans, a body of people who came from England to America in order to be able to worship as they pleased.

quad rille', an old-fashioned dance in which groups of four couples dance together.

qual'i fied, fitted, adapted to.

quar ter-deck', the part of a ship's deck toward the stern; reserved for the use of the officers.

qui vive (kē vēv'), French "who goes there"; wide-awake.

rac'y, having a strong flavor.

rai'ment, clothing.

rau'cous, hoarse, harsh.

rav'en ous, very hungry.

re ac'tion, the going back to old ideas.

re al i za'tion, state or act of realizing.

re cess', an opening or space in a wall.

re cip'ro cat ing, having a back and forth motion.

re coil', to draw back.

rec re a'tion, refreshment, rest.

rec'ti tude, rightness, honesty.

re deem', to buy back; free from obligation; to make good.

re dress', justice for wrongs done.

reef, to take in; make smaller.

re fine', make finer; purify.

re flec'tive ly, thoughtfully.

re gen er a'tion, act of completely making over.

reg'i cide, one who kills a king.

reg'is ter, a list of names and addresses.

re in state', to put back in place.

re lent'less ly, without pity.

rel'ish, enjoyment.

re nown', fame.

re plen'ish, to fill again; supply.

rep u ta'tion, what others think of one.

re'gui em, a musical service for the dead.

re sent'ful ly, angrily.

re sent'ment, anger.

re serve', habit of self-control.

res o lu'tion, fixed purpose.

res'o nant, giving out sound.

re source', source of supply; means.

re tain', to keep.

re tort', to answer back.

re trieve', to win back.

rev'el ler, one who takes part in revels or celebrates joyfully.

re ver ber a'tion, echo.

re voke', to call back; change.

re volve', to turn over.

rig'id ly, stiffly.

Rip'po wams.

ri'val ry, struggle between several for a prize or honor.

ro'tate, to turn.

ro ta'tion, turning.

ro'ta ry, having a revolving motion.

rou'tine (rōō tēn'), a regular round of business or other activity.

sa'bre (sā'b'r), sword.

sach'em, Indian chief.

sack, to loot or rob.

sag'a (sā'gā), ancient Norse tale or myth.

sage, wise man.

sal er a'tus, cooking soda.

sa lu'bri ous, healthful.

sal u ta'tion, greeting.

sanc'ti fy, to make sacred.

san'i ty, soundness of mind.

San ti a'go (sān tī ā'go), a city on the southern coast of Cuba.

sap'phire (sāf'ir), a clear blue stone.

scim'i tar (sīm'ī tēr), a curved sword.

screed, something written; a document.

scrim'mage, general struggle, or thick of the game.

scru'ti nize, to look over carefully.

scythe (sith), a long blade attached to a handle for cutting grass.

se clu'sion, loneliness, privacy.

- sed'i ment, fine particles of soil or stone in water.
 seer, one who has the power of looking into the future.
 sen sa'tion al, unusual, striking.
 ser e nade', music played or sung in the open air at night in honor of some one.
 ses'sion, period of meeting.
 sew'age (sū'āj), the contents of a sewer or drain.
 Shake'speare, great English dramatist (1564-1616).
 Shet'land, an island off the northern coast of Scotland.
 shoal, shallow place.
 shrine, a sacred place.
 sig nif'i cant, full of meaning.
 sig'ni fy, to show.
 sin'u ous, winding.
 Sioux (soo), an American Indian tribe.
 sloth, laziness.
 slug'gish, slow moving.
 so'cial, relating to society or the mingling of people.
 so lem'ni ty, solemn ceremony.
 so li'ci tous, anxious.
 sol'i ta ry, lonely.
 sol'i tude, loneliness, lonely place.
 spec'ta cle, sight.
 spig'ot, a tap or faucet for turning on water.
 splen'dor, glory, fineness of appearance.
 spon ta'ne ous, springing up naturally.
 squa'lor (skwōl'ōr; skwā'lōr), mean or filthy conditions.
 stan'dard ize, to cause to fit certain standards.
 stat u ette', little statue.
 squat'ter, one who settles on land without having a legal title to it.
 stat'ute, law, regulation.
 stealth (stēlth), secrecy.
 sten'cil ling, making designs by painting through openings cut in a paper pattern.
 ster'ile (stēr'īl), unfruitful, barren.
 sto'i cal ly, with hardened indifference.
 stren'u ous, active, zealous.
 stu'di ous, fond of study.
 stup'e fied, stunned.
 stu pend'ous, very great.
 sub dued', quiet.
 sub or'di nate, one who is under the command of others.
 sub ser'vi ent, subject to.
 sub sist', to exist, live.
 sub stan'tial, having substance.
 sub'tle (stī'tl), thin, rare, delicate.
 suf fice', be sufficient.
 su prem'a cy, controlling power.
 sure'ty, certainty, sureness.
 sur mount', to overcome.
 sur mount'ed by, decorated by.
 sur'plus, that which is left over after supplying one's real needs.
 sus pense', uncertainty.
 swarth'y (swōrth'ī), dark-skinned.
 swel'ter, haste or hurry.
 sym'bol, sign; mark that has meaning.
 sym'phon y, a formal musical composition for a large number of instruments.
 tan'gent, a straight line cutting across a circle.
 Tar'tar, relating to the Tartars, a people from Asia who invaded Europe in the Middle Ages.
 taunt (tānt; tōnt), to mock; tease.
 teem'ing, alive, active, full.
 tem'per a ment, character, disposition.
 tem'po ra ry, for the time being.
 tense, stiff.
 ten'sion, strain.
 te'o cal'li, an ancient Mexican temple.
 tes'ta ment, a last will.
 thor'ough fare, way through, passage.
 thwart, to interfere with.
 tithe, tax.
 tol'er a ble, endurable.
 tor'tu ous, twisting.
 tran'quil, calm.
 trans ac'tion, business deal.
 trans late', to change into another language.
 trans mit', to carry on, send along.

trans verse', arranged crosswise.
tro'phy, anything taken from an enemy, an object kept in memory of an important event.
trous seau', the outfit of a bride.
tur'mult, noise, uproar.
tur'bu lent, stormy.
typ'i cal, regular; serving as a model for others.

U lys'ses, the hero of Homer's "Odyssey."

u nan'i mous ly, without an opposing vote.

un can'ny, unearthly.

un daunt'ed, unafraid.

un gain'ly, awkward, clumsy.

un im paired', unhurt.

u nique' (û nêk'), entirely unlike anything else.

un'i son, moving or sounding together.

u ni ver'si ty, a number of colleges under one general head.

un per turbed', calm, unruffled.

un pre ten'tious, simple, modest.

un qual'i fied, without exception; out and out.

up braid', to blame.

u surp'er, one who seizes power for himself.

u til'i ty, usefulness.

u'til ize, to use.

va'can cy, empty place.

va'cil lat ing, unsteady, turning from one thing to another.

val'iant (vâl'yânt), brave.

vaunt, boast.

ve rac'i ty, truthfulness.

Ver dun' (vêr dūn'), a city on the Meuse River in northern France.

ver'i fy, to prove to be true.

ver'i ta ble, true.

Ver sail'les (vêr sâls'; French, vër sâ'y), French city a few miles from Paris.

ver'ti cal, having an up and down position; perpendicular.

vest'ure, clothing.

vex a'tious, annoying.

vi ands', food.

vi'cious (vish'tis), bad, evil.

vie with, to compete with.

vig'il, watch.

vin'di cate, to prove to be true; to free from wrong.

vin dic'tive ness, spirit of hate.

vis'age, face.

vis'ion, view of the future.

vis'ion ary, one inclined to accept fancies for facts.

vogue (vôg), custom, practice.

vol'u ble, talkative.

vol'u bly, in a talkative way.

vo'tive, given in fulfilment of a vow or pledge.

vouch safe', to give, yield.

wain'scot ed, covered with panels of wood.

wam'pum, Indian money made of shells.

wan (wôn), pale.

wan'ton, cruel.

warp, to bend or twist.

war'y, shy, careful.

wee'vil, a beetle that feeds on grain and other vegetable crops.

weird, (wêrd) strange, unpleasant.

Yo sem'i te, a great park in eastern California.

zen'ith, the point directly overhead.

